VISCOUNT

STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

VOL. I.

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Shatford Tarney.

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THE LIFE

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

STRATFORD CANNING

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

K.G. G.C.B. D.C.L. LL.D. &c.

FROM HIS MEMOIRS AND PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL PAPERS

BY

STANLEY LANE-POOLE

With Three Portraits

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PREFACE.

Of all biographies, that of a diplomatist is the least liable to suffer from lack of materials. An ambassador's life is passed among papers, and the responsible nature of his written communications, both with his official chief and with foreign ministers, necessitates the careful preservation of copies, in which the whole course of his public career is faithfully recorded. Lord Stratford was peculiarly tenacious of written documents. The difficulty has therefore been rather one of selection than of research, and it has sometimes happened that several thousand papers have been examined without the acquisition of a single material fact bearing upon the life. This however is but the natural consequence of the diplomatist's habit — and duty — of communicating the same events or opinions to several different persons, often in almost identical terms.

The materials from which the biography has been written are nearly all comprised in Lord Stratford's private library. The individual sources will be found indicated in the margins of the work; but a general summary of the chief classes of documents upon which I have relied may be given here.

I. The greater part of the first volume consists of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's *Memoirs*. It was not until he approached his eightieth year that the necessity of no longer delaying the important task of writing an authoritative record of his public life became imperatively clear to his mind; and even when he was convinced that his share in the political events of the century must be related, and that, owing to the

remoteness of many of the events, no one could relate it but himself, he began the work with reluctance. To some men the collecting of their reminiscences is a pleasure resembling that which the garrulity of age finds in recounting the exploits of its youth: to others it has more of the mournful character of acting as one's own executor. Lord Stratford belonged to the second category, and though he was absolutely free from the superstition which finds in the writing of one's life or the making of one's will an omen of approaching death, he could not gaze down the long vista of three-quarters of a century without many a touch of sadness. The last survivor of the Congress of Vienna might well shrink from the recollection of so many friends and colleagues whom he had known in the vigour of youth and seen in the early triumphs of their career, but of whom hardly one survived to read his record of their deeds.

That he was fully conscious of the difficulties of the task is shewn by the words with which he prefaced his recollections: "Biography," he wrote, "however in most cases interesting, is generally a protracted, and sometimes a very delicate, undertaking. Whoever records the incidents of his own life, though he may derive no small advantage from his personal recollections, can hardly in other respects have fewer difficulties to encounter than one who writes the life of another. He is more especially answerable for the truth of his statements. He is bound in honour to deal fairly with adversaries, impartially with friends, and candidly as to his own actions and circumstances. These obligations are not only the more stringent, but also the more liable to defection, whenever he entertains the idea of immediate or eventual publication. One cannot even figure in thought these snares and responsibilities without almost shrinking from the intended performance. For my own part, if I had the public immediately in view, I should feel myself called upon to enumerate the motives which enabled me to overcome the natural unwillingness to undergo a voluntary exposure to so many risks: as

the case now stands, I feel at liberty to rest for motive on my own inclination. A German poet of great celebrity has said that friendship and occupation are the only resources we have in a worldly sense for the loss of youthful illusions and the decay of those enjoyments which life at its best so lavishly affords. Great must be the interest and at times the pleasure of retracing one's footmarks through the labyrinths of a varied and anxious pilgrimage, whose rugged paths may have been sometimes strewed with flowers and not unfrequently cheered by gleams of realized hope. At all events the pursuit is one which supplies an ample stock of occupation, even if the rarer comfort of friendship be no longer its companion. Is it not Rochefoucauld who suggests that we had rather talk to our own disparagement than not talk of ourselves at all? He had much knowledge of mankind, and few narrators of their own lives would venture to contradict him. For myself I cannot presume to disclaim a share of the general weakness."

Nevertheless, it was in no light spirit that Lord Stratford undertook to relate the chief events of his life. With him everything was a serious matter, capable of being well or ill done, and he never contented himself with imperfect work. When he set himself to write his autobiography he did so with the resolution to render it as truthful and impartial a narrative of earnest diplomatic work as an unclouded memory and a carefully preserved store of contemporary documents could produce. He determined to tell of the great purposes, the aims and achievements, of a life spent in the service of his country. He set aside as trivial and unworthy of record most of those passing impressions and recollections with which so many memoirs are filled. The ambassador's work, not the man's private character and tastes, formed his theme. It is impossible to help regretting that one who lived through the stirring years of the Napoleonic war, and who remained for half a century in communication with the chief statesmen of Europe, did not consider even the trivialities of his inter-

course with such men worth registering—except sometimes in letters, which have happily been preserved; but it may well be argued that the world has lately had perhaps almost too much of the autobiography of the diner-out, and in any case, if Lord Stratford wished at the age of eighty to present a complete record of his diplomatic career, there was no leisure for side issues. Even with this limitation, he left the record unfinished. From his first appointment as précis-writer at the Foreign Office in 1807 to his resignation of the embassy at Constantinople in 1829, the Memoirs are fairly consecutive. They relate in detail the tedious course of negotiations at the Porte which resulted in the signal achievement of the Peace of Bucharest: they tell of the formation of the Helvetian Federation, and the creation of the kingdom of Greece;—three acts of European significance in which Stratford Canning took a leading part. After 1829 the recollections become fragmentary, but the fragments are full of interest and throw important light upon the later developments of English influence in Turkey.

In the course of the narrative Lord Stratford apologizes for an interruption in the composition, and adds that he resumes his task "after entering his ninety-third year." To most it will appear almost incredible that a statesman who was born before the French Revolution could have been writing his Memoirs after the Treaty of Berlin. Yet there is no trace of either the enfeebled memory or the inconsequent wordiness of extreme old age. The history is told with a firm hand and in finished, almost too stately, language; and it has only been necessary now and then to rearrange the sequence of the records, which were not noted in exact chronological order, and to add such personal and collateral material as was afforded by other sources. It is true that Lord Stratford was aided by occasional reference to his public and private despatches, and to other official and personal papers bearing upon the events he described. But much of the contents of the earlier chapters depends almost wholly

upon memory, and here we trace no signs of weakness. The writer's eyes were not dimmed nor was his mental strength abated. Even the "loss of youthful illusions" to which he himself referred would seem to be rather an assumption based upon general experience than a real deprivation. The nonagenarian describes the beautiful scenes of his early diplomatic labours, the shores of the Bosphorus and the Alpine majesty of Switzerland, with an enthusiasm which proves that neither age nor disappointments could quench the essential romance of his character.

After noting in brief outline the main incidents of his diplomatic career, he thus concludes the preface to his *Memoirs*: "More than fifteen years have elapsed [since the farewell visit to the Sultan in 1858], and with the exception of a winter's residence in Nice, I have uniformly enjoyed the comforts of domestic quiet and the society of numerous friends in the land of my birth and affection, connected with public life by the House of Lords alone, and never otherwise interrupted than by those occasional accidents of health and sorrowful casualties from which no period of our earthly existence is wholly exempt. Even to the present, my eighty-ninth year, time and habitual gout have dealt mercifully with me, and ever more and more to the Giver of all good ascends the tribute of my heart's most fervent gratitude."

In this calm and peaceful spirit the Great Elchi looked back through the long years which he had seen come and depart, laden with their burden of good and evil, and sought to recover from the vanished past the essential acts and guiding circumstances of his life.

II. *Foreign Office.*—The most important source of information for his public life, after the Memoirs, is the correspondence with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This falls into two principal divisions: *official despatches*, and *private letters*. The ambassador's despatches, which vary in number from 300 to 1,100 in a year, are to a great extent unpublished, and, whether published or not, I have found it necessary to

read them all. The total does not fall far short of 15,000. The private correspondence with the Foreign Secretary is even more valuable, since it is necessarily more frank than an official despatch which may have to be laid before Parliament; but it is also more irregular. With George Canning or Palmerston at the Foreign Office the letters on both sides are frequent and unreserved; with Lord Aberdeen they are rarer; but with Lord Clarendon they are both numerous and very informing. I have drawn largely from this source, which, politically, is of unrivalled interest and authority.

III. *Local communications.*—The greater part of Lord Stratford's work was done at Constantinople, where personal interviews with the Ministers were not so common as in other countries. Instead of visiting the Reis Efendi (or Foreign Secretary) an ambassador would ordinarily send a message by one of the interpreters of the embassy, a special class of Levantines, of mixed nationality, and often mixed principles, though partiality for *bakhshish* seldom interfered with the due delivery of a message. All the "instructions" to the dragomans were written by Lord Stratford's own hand, and these, together with the replies written by the dragomans after audience of the Turkish Secretary of State, are preserved to the number of many thousands. They form an invaluable record of daily work, and a sure check upon any risk of misrepresentation in the official despatches.

IV. *Correspondence with colleagues.*—Lord Stratford maintained a large correspondence with the diplomatic representatives of England at the several Courts interested in Turkey, and with the naval and military commanders in the Mediterranean and the Crimea. Among these letters, those to and from the ambassadors at Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, the Minister at Athens; the High Commissioner at Corfu, the legation at Palermo, in early days; and Admirals Sir William Parker and Sir Edmund Lyons, and Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, in later times, may be signalized as specially frequent and useful.

V. *Consular correspondence.*—For a history of the internal

affairs of the Ottoman Empire this source is of the greatest value: for the present purpose, however, it is only of occasional service. Lord Stratford was of course in regular communication with the consuls-general, consuls, and vice-consuls in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, and the Islands, and when his correspondent happened to be a Rawlinson or a Newton the letters or reports possess special interest. As a rule however they are too local to throw much light on the ambassador's work.

VI. *Private correspondence.* — This is of too varied a character to permit of any general description; but it may be stated as a rule that the private letters are chiefly occupied with public work, and even the most intimate—those to his wife—contain more political than domestic details. The absence of Lady Stratford in England, indeed, is the biographer's opportunity, for never are the ambassador's letters more replete with political interest than when he is keeping her *au courant* with his proceedings at the Porte. In the earlier periods, when he was unmarried, the letters to his mother and sister, to Joseph Planta of the Foreign Office, and to some old Etonian friends, are the most useful: and these too are chiefly political. In fact, he was always so engrossed in his work that it is almost impossible to separate his public from his private character, and those who find too little of the man in the correspondence of the ambassador must remember that Lord Stratford's conception of a true man was of one who forgot himself in his devotion to his country.

VII. *Personal recollections.*—Many friends of Lord Stratford have kindly given me the benefit of their memories, and I have often derived from this source the element of personal anecdote and traits of everyday life which no written document can afford. Among those who have thus assisted me I must gratefully mention Mr. A. W. Kinglake, the Earl of Harrowby, Sir Henry Layard, Dr. W. H. Russell, Sir Collingwood Dickson, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. E. W. Harcourt, the Rev. H. Robinson, Sir Charles Newton, and Mr. Gladstone.

To the preceding sources I may add the official Blue

Books, which sometimes add to the information of the despatches, and for the Crimean period are most ample and valuable; occasional private journals, seldom extending over a long period; and a few published narratives of travel or history in which an incident or a trait of character is recorded: their titles are given in the margin at the places where they are quoted.

Statements of fact are authenticated by corresponding references in the margin, and the person to or from whom a letter or despatch proceeds is also named in the margin, save when sufficiently described in the text. Unless otherwise stated, it is understood that the person to whom a letter is written or from whom it is received is Stratford Canning himself. The date at the top of the margin gives the year of the letters or authenticating references which occur below. Despatches to the Foreign Secretary are referred to in *Roman* figures by their number in the Embassy books: *e.g.* Vol. i. p. 130 "To Marq. Wellesley, XVII." indicates the seventeenth despatch addressed by Canning to Lord Wellesley in 1812. When several such references occur in succession in the same page, the name of the Foreign Secretary is omitted, and the number and date of the despatch are alone given. For the intricate negotiations preceding the Crimean war it has been necessary sometimes to quote an unpublished despatch or unpublished portion of a published despatch. In this case the despatch is referred to by its Embassy number in Roman figures, while the reference to the Blue Book is expressed in Part and Number: as "E. P. II. 18"=Eastern Papers, Part II. No. 18. References to Mr. Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea* are to the small or Cabinet edition. The *Memoirs* or autobiographical paragraphs are distinguished by being enclosed within inverted commas, and by the marginal reference MEMOIRS in capitals at the beginning of each separate portion. Editorial insertions in the body of the Memoirs are enclosed in square brackets.

The orthography of Oriental names is a sore subject. I

have tried to be consistent without pedantry, and I have especially endeavoured to preserve a spelling consonant with the English language. In so doing I have committed what some editors regard as an unpardonable sin : I have systematized the orthography in my authorities. My reasons are, first, that hardly one of those authorities knew the Turkish spelling ; secondly, that they varied their spelling to suit their correspondent ; and, thirdly, that many of the documents were copied by different persons who spelt the same name in different ways. A good example is seen in the name of Reshid Pasha, which I find written Réchid to a Frenchman, Reschid to a German, and Reshid to an Englishman, to which the official chiefs in Downing Street added the remarkable form Redshid. The first three are equally correct in the several languages, but Reshid is the natural form for Englishmen. Moreover, it depended entirely upon the attaché employed to copy a despatch whether Lord Stratford was made to write Reshid, Reschid, or Réchid. In such a confusion it was idle to preserve the spelling of each original letter or despatch.

For the orthography of Russian names I have followed the system recommended to me on the high authority of Mr. W. R. Morfill. *Ch* is used instead of the cumbrous *tsch*, and *v* instead of *ff* and *w*. The same Russian letter *B* (pronounced *v*) corresponds to the italicized letters in the popular spelling of the following names : Su*w*arro*w*, Orlo*ff*, Se*b*astopol, Brunno*w*, Tito*v*, Boutenie*f*, Azo*v*. If *ff* is consistently adopted, we have as the result Su*ff*oro*ff*, Se*ff*astopol, &c. ; if *w*, we have Se*w*astopol, Orlo*w*, Azo*w* ; if *v*, Su*v*oro*v*, Orlo*v*, Se*v*astopol, Bruno*v*, &c. The last has been chosen partly because it is least offensive in all combinations, but principally because it is the correct pronunciation for English lips. *W* is for Germans, and M. Titov when he wrote to a German spelt his name Titow. *Ff* implies a double letter when there is but one in the Russian.

The proof sheets of the work have been submitted both to

Lord Stratford's immediate representatives, and to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: but while gratefully acknowledging the scrupulous care with which the revision has been conducted by both, I think it important to state that no single alteration of political consequence has been introduced. The former have perhaps led me to maintain a greater reserve about the private life of the Great Elchi than I should myself have thought desirable. The Foreign Office has excised two or three names which, it was considered, might hurt the susceptibilities of living persons, but, though declining to accept any official responsibility, has made no alteration in the substance of a single sentence. I cannot too amply express my grateful sense of the kindness and care with which Sir Edward Hertslet has performed the troublesome task of reading the sheets for the Office.

I must also record my deep obligation to Mr. A. W. Kinglake and the Dean of St. Paul's. The former has given me the advantage of his intimate knowledge of the period of the Crimean War, while to Dean Church I owe some critical suggestions such as he is peculiarly qualified to make.

I have only to add that, though Lord Stratford, in the course of his long life, was almost inevitably concerned in occasional controversies and personal differences with colleagues and subordinates, I have not considered these of sufficient importance to be worth, at the outside, more than a slight reference. I have, however, kept the various *pièces justificatives* at hand in case a different opinion should be entertained in other quarters; and if I have as far as possible suppressed the details of such controversies, the reason is to be found in the futility of stirring up buried animosities, not in the want of a complete justification of the Elchi's conduct. A diplomatist's papers are so ample and confidential that I have been unwilling to use them even against his enemies.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

Birling, Sussex: 15 *May*, 1888.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

STRATFORD CANNING, aged 29
(*from a miniature by A. Robertson*) . . . *Frontispiece*

MRS. CANNING
(*from a portrait by Romney*) . . . . *To face p.* 6

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Errata.

VOL. I. p. 23, margin *for* 1826 *read* 1806.
,, 122, line 25, *for* manquent *read* manque.
,, 238, last line *for* Mareschale *read* Maréchale.
,, 259, line 5, *for* Lende *read* Leude.
,, 442, *for* Caraiscaci *read* Caraiscaces.
,, 448, *for* bello *read* duello.
VOL. II. p. 416, line 8 and margin, *for* D. B. Morier *read* D. R. Morier.

LIFE

OF

STRATFORD CANNING,

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

INTRODUCTION.

EARLY YEARS.

1786–1807.

THREE statues stand side by side in Westminster Abbey: they represent George Canning, the Minister; his son Charles, Earl Canning, first Viceroy of India; and his cousin Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. The dates on the first and last of these monuments indicate a period of no less than one hundred and ten years. From the birth of Mr. Canning in 1770 to the death of Lord Stratford in 1880, at the advanced age of ninety-three, more than a century of the world's history had elapsed. For fifty years of that time Lord Stratford was actively engaged in public life, and the task of his biographer is no easy one, to portray the man clearly against the background of tangled politics and shifting scenes which occupied the world around him. In character essentially an Englishman, he was destined to live and work abroad, while his heart and his sympathies remained fastened to the country he loved, in a way which perhaps few, who do not remember the struggle when England faced the world alone and won, can understand. His ambition, never relinquished through life, was to serve England in England.

Fate sent him to the East, and he took up the burden—for burden it was to the last—and did there what he would fain have done at home: he made the name of England great with a moral force emanating from the strength of his own character. Beautiful in feature, pure in mind, with the self-confidence without which no man can be called great, and a humility which honestly depreciated his own powers, with commanding intellect and unswerving principle, he held the balance of power between contending nations, and virtually ruled the country in which he dwelt. He belonged to a past age; things were more real to him than they seem generally to this latter world around us. He wanted no elaborate argument to prove that life was "worth living:" it was a reality with an ever-changing delight in all that was great and good and beautiful; and it was worth living because it was worthily lived.

The Cannings from early times had been honourably known among the merchant class of the West of England. From Bishop's Canynge in Wiltshire, which appears to have been their early home, they moved to Bristol, where they first appear in the civic annals in the person of William Canynges,[1] who was bailiff in 1361, and was subsequently six times mayor and thrice member of Parliament for the city. He was a contemporary of Thomas Blanket, whose connexion with the woollen trade has been immortalized in one of its products, and like him was a wealthy clothworker and shipowner. With other members of his family he liberally contributed to the building of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe: Chatterton, in the fictitious Rowley Manuscripts, referred to his father as

> Thys Morneynge Starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
> A true manne, goode of mynde, and Canynge hyghte.

The connexion of the family with the civic offices of Bristol did not end with this worthy merchant, round whose name many local associations still linger. His son was also mayor,

[1] The family name is variously spelt at different periods: Kanynggs, Kanynges, Canyngg, Canynggs, Canyngges, Canyngs, Canyngge, Canyng, Canninge, and Canning. The following account of their early history is mainly derived from *Memorials of the Canynges Family*, by George Pryce (Bristol, 1854), a work full of curious information and interesting illustrations, which should be consulted by those who wish to learn more of the subject.

and of his grandsons one followed in the same office and another became Lord Mayor of London. The former, the Sir William Canynges who lies buried in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, was even more famous in the annals of his native city, where he has always been regarded as a type of the merchant princes of his age. He was four times Mayor of Bristol in the middle of the fifteenth century, and in that capacity entertained successively Margaret of Anjou and Edward IV. when they visited the West. Tradition has linked his name closely with the enlargement and restoration of St. Mary Redcliffe, but it is difficult to prove that he took any conspicuous part in the work. The College of Westbury on Trim was certainly indebted to him for its restoration, and here he ended his days, having exchanged the cares of business for the repose of a monastery. Many members of his family had formerly belonged to the Benedictine order, and in that society he was enrolled in 1467, and, rapidly rising to the dignity of dean of the college, died about 1474. With this second and greater William the family disappears from the municipal annals of Bristol.

His brother Thomas Canynges was sheriff of London in 1450, when he took an active part in the suppression of Jack Cade's rebellion. He was elected Lord Mayor in 1456, and exerted himself in preserving order in a time of riot and confusion. By his marriage with Agnes Salmon, heiress of Foxcote, the seat of Le Marshal in Warwickshire, his posterity became possessed of a county position, in which they lived in tranquil obscurity until the estate, in default of heirs male, passed in the present century into the possession of the Howards of Corby. The fact that they always remained Catholics may account for the small share they took in politics ; but the ancient commercial instincts of the family were not quite extinct, for members of it continued to uphold the traditions of their forefathers as merchants of Bristol ; one was a Turkey merchant and died in that city on the Bosphorus which one day was to ring with the fame of his great namesake ; and his brother enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being Ambassador to the "Great Mogul," in the interest, no doubt, of British trade in India.

The family of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is connected collaterally with that of Foxcote. It combines the blood of the West-country with the honest strain of Ulster. A certain George Canninge, descended in the fourth generation from Sir Thomas the Lord Mayor, obtained the grant of the manor of Garvagh in Derry from James I. in 1618, and there died in 1646. His son William was killed in O'Neill's rebellion, and his grandson was attainted in the Irish Parliament of 1689, but two years later the attainder was reversed. From him descended the present Lord Garvagh as well as George and Stratford Canning. The last name was introduced by the marriage of Lord Stratford's great-grandfather with Abigail, daughter of Robert Stratford of Baltinglass, in 1662 member for Wicklow. The only son of this marriage was the first Stratford Canning, generally known in his later days as Counsellor Canning, on account of his legal training. Like his immediate predecessors he lived in retirement, though his marriage with Letitia Newburgh of Ballyhouse, co. Cavan, brought him a substantial addition to his moderate income. His tastes, however, were not sociable; in his family he bore a character of extreme austerity, and his children used to recall the terror with which they listened to the creaking of his shoes as he walked about the house. His habitual sternness found ample exercise in the repression of his three sons, and it is a question whether the world ought not to be more grateful for Counsellor Canning's severity than for the indulgence of other parents. At least it is remarkable that the two sons he disowned were the fathers of the two most distinguished holders of the name. The stimulating influence of comparative poverty upon men of worth has seldom been better exemplified than in the disinherited offspring of the first Stratford Canning. Banished from their father's house, the sons were forced to face the world upon their own resources and to make their way upon their own merits. Both died in early manhood, but each left a son capable of imitating the spirited independence of his father, and able to make a name for himself in the great world of European politics.

Of the three sons of the Counsellor, George the eldest displeased his father by an imprudent attachment, broken off,

but followed by an equally imprudent marriage, which was soon dissolved by his premature death, after his wife had given birth to the well-known minister and orator, the Rt. Hon. George Canning. The youngest, a second Stratford, and father of the third of that name, was, like his elder brother, turned adrift penniless and unforgiven to the last. In both instances the cause of disinheritance was nominally the same, but with an essential difference. *He* could not be induced to abandon an attachment which had grown up under the sanction of parental acquiescence. From being the favourite he became an outcast, with no assistance but what he derived from his marriage with Mehitabel Patrick, the daughter of a respectable Dublin merchant. Under these circumstances he came over to England with his wife and settled in London. His firm was that of French, Burroughs, & Canning, merchants and bankers. The business seems to have been carried on with moderate success, and in such manner as to earn him the esteem of his neighbours. He had several children, five of whom survived him—four sons and a daughter.[1]

Our knowledge of the father rests chiefly on his letters, of which a good many have been preserved. They shew a sensitive sweet disposition, stronger in the affections than in the will, and confirm the impression produced by his portrait by Romney at Frant Court. The countenance is singularly refined, and the expression gentle and winning; but the finely moulded features, despite a strong family resemblance, lack the strength of his son's powerful face. The elder man had, however, will enough to resist his father's veto and to marry the lady he loved. He made indeed one effort to renounce her, and went abroad with that object; but on his return an accidental encounter in the street convinced him that he was no longer master of his heart, and there was no further talk of renunciation. The old Counsellor remained

[1] Henry, the eldest, died at Hamburg, British consul-general and diplomatic resident in that city. William, the second, closed his days at Windsor, a canon of the royal chapel. Charles, the third, fell at Waterloo, a lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, and one of the Duke of Wellington's aides-de-camp. The sister married the head partner in the old banking house of Barnett, Hoare & Co., by whom she had a numerous family. Her eldest son inherited the estate of Glympton Park in Oxfordshire, and was member for Woodstock.

inexorable, and an aunt from whom the son had "expectations" revised her will and left him five shillings instead of a thousand a year. But while his affectionate nature was sorely wounded by their alienation, he made light of his poverty.
1775 "Will you not now," he wrote to his wife, "cry out, my dearest Hitty, that you threw yourself away upon a beggar? Were you to say so it would be but truth. And my poor boys, what are they to do? They must look up to a better chance than the good luck of their father or the inheritance from ancestors. I am not, however, dispirited: it would be most ungrateful in me if, in spite of these disappointments, I did not thank Heaven with gratitude for having given me the blessings I enjoy independent of the frowns of fortune or the caprice of relations. While I am blessed with a wife whom I prize far above riches, and while she is happy and contented with me, I shall endeavour not to repine." They had a very hard struggle during the early years of their married life, and it is a sure proof of the goodness of the man's nature that in the midst of his own troubles he never ceased to help and comfort the widow and children of his elder brother, George, who had died in destitution in 1771.

Unfortunately, just when his business was growing into a prosperous state, and his boys were becoming old enough
1787 to need a father's guidance, Stratford Canning died. His wife was left with an infant of only six months—the future ambassador—besides four elder children. To tell how she brought them up, how she sat at her husband's desk in Clement's Lane, and carried on his business till her eldest son could take it up; how she contrived to combine the functions of mother, tutor, and banker, and to do all this with infinite credit, would be to write the life of this remarkable woman, which is not the present purpose. She survived her husband nearly half a century, and to the last retained her mental vigour and much of her unusual bodily energy. Her strong sense, her admirable combination of practical wisdom and earnest piety, her keen intellectual qualities, shine out from the long series of correspondence which she always kept up with her migratory son. Through all her troubles, her poverty (for the business missed its old

always my dearest Stratford's loving
Mother M: Canning

master), her dependence; in the solitude which the marriage or death of children necessarily brought upon her; in the anxiety which she endured when they were exposed to the chances of war or the perils of the Plague,—she always kept a brave heart and the bright spirits of that Irish nature of which she was so proud. Her beauty and her character are alike luminous in Romney's delightful picture.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's Memoirs open with a few words of explanation:—

"Who am I that I should think of sitting down to write the story of my life? What have I done to impart any durable interest to my name or actions? What benefit can a knowledge of such trifles confer upon those who are to succeed me in the cares and pleasures, or, it may be, in the sorrows and glories of this chequered pilgrimage? When a few years shall have passed over my grave, who, beyond my own immediate relations, will pause from his daily pursuits to bestow an hour on the memory of one who cannot pretend to have stamped either his thoughts or his example on the age to which, in common with millions, he has belonged? These questions are entertained with the deepest sincerity. They spring from a mind too much disposed to admire whatever is best and greatest in the actions and characters of others not to feel conscious of its own defects, and apprehensive of courting the judgment of a world but little indulgent to second-rate merits and commonplace distinctions. There is something, nevertheless, in my nature which leads me to take pleasure in retracing the past, however open to feelings of regret or self-reproach, and in giving a connected order and distinctive expression to the various transactions in which from an early age I was successively employed. It has been my fortune to live in times of extraordinary excitement and of rapid vicissitudes extending by fits over the whole civilized world, to be brought personally into contact with many remarkable men of high rank or eminent abilities, and to take part, more or less, in proceedings on which depended the fate of empires and the balance of European power. An interest which I cannot pretend to claim for myself may certainly attach to scenes

MEMOIRS.

1786 — where I have moved, and to events of which I have been no idle or unobservant witness.

"My earthly existence began 4 November, 1786. My birthplace was London. A house in the very heart of the city received my first cries. It was situated in St. Clement's
No. 10 Lane, a narrow dingy street not far from the Mansion House and sloping towards the river.

"Less than a century ago the city was not abandoned as now to workmen, mechanics, and shopkeepers, many even of whom in these days repudiate it as a place of residence during several months of the year. Moneyed men, merchants of high credit, families of good connexion used to have their household establishments within the sound of Bow Bells. They literally resided, eat, drank, and slept in the same quarters where they were making their fortunes. They nevertheless kept up a social intercourse on equal terms with the politicians of St. Stephen and the acre-holding worthies of St. James and St. George. I have heard my mother say that the great house of Boyd & Co. was also in Clement's Lane, and that Fox, Sheridan, and other notorieties of their party occasionally supped there with her and my father, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and their distance from the West End.

"My father died at Brighton when I was only six months old. After a short interval the house in London and also one at Putney were given up, and the sorrowing widow took up her residence at the village of Wanstead in Essex, on the skirts of Epping Forest, where my reminiscences begin. The first of them is my being promoted from a nondescript dress to that of a boy. I remember with what conscious importance I went to the old-fashioned iron gate which closed our garden on the side towards the road, not doubting that my new clothes would be admired by anyone who might happen to pass by. The garden was small, but well stocked with objects of domestic enjoyment. Gradual improvements took place indoors and out, but in size and general character the premises underwent no real change during the fifteen or sixteen years of their occupation by us. Such as they were, my childish, my boyish impressions of them are still vividly

present to me, nay, almost visible to sight; and when some five-and-twenty years ago I drove down to Wanstead they were so little changed that for the moment I could hardly realize the changes which since I left them had taken place in my own life. The house had no corner, the garden no tree, that did not come to sight like a long-absent friend returning from distant lands. I could have moved blindfold to any spot in either, and where was the spot unlinked in my memory with some loved person or cherished incident of the past? 1790 ÆT. 3

"We were rather a large party for a small house. My mother, her unmarried sister, their own mother, four sons and a daughter, with the addition at one time of three cousins, were certainly stock enough for such a warren. All, however, were not often at home at the same time. My eldest brother was already abroad in the city preparing for a merchant's life. The two next, William and Charles, were at school. Nor was I left long to lisp monosyllables on my mother's knee. The time had now come when I was to exchange parental education, the most important perhaps of all, for professional instruction and the discipline of school. To me, as to others of my tender age, the transition was painful.

"One of the earliest recollections I retain belongs to some day in my fourth year. About a mile from Wanstead, in the direction of Woodford, stood the Eagle Inn at a spot called Snaresbrook, and half a mile beyond that seat of hospitality was a group of houses fronted by one of those commons so numerous at that time in the neighbourhood of London. Thither I was taken for a walk, and there was I shown the modest building, shaded in front by two or three plane trees and a cypress, where Miss Blackburne and her lieutenant, Mrs. Martha, were to make me acquainted with the first rudiments of literature and school discipline. The reality followed close upon the indication, and I soon found myself the youngest of twenty urchins, competitors in the race of knowledge.

"I could not have been more than six, if even so much, when I was sent to a school of sterner discipline. How the

1792–4 ÆT. 5-7

Muses ever came to settle at Hackney under the auspices of Mr. Richard Newcome I find it difficult to conceive. That somewhat priggish potentate had been preceded in the tuition of seventy or eighty boys by his father, whose ability and conduct had given reputation to the school. It was recorded of Newcome the First that when a passionate young gentleman of noble birth, in dread of the ferula, threatened to kill himself, he rang his bell and ordered a knife to be brought. The deadly instrument, on being put into young Cato's hand, retained its polish and contracted no suicidal stain. Many persons of rank and property placed their children under his government, and I remember a large entablature of painted wood which bore a list of distinguished names in golden characters on a blue ground, and served at once to decorate the schoolroom wall and to stir a generous emulation in youthful breasts. Annual recitations and the enactment of a play by the elder boys every third year were used as incentives to study and attractions for the curious in education. The emblazoned names were those of boys who had repeated the longest orations with fewest trips, and the only play I witnessed—namely, the *Merchant of Venice*—was acted so impressively that even to this hour I bear distinctly in mind all its principal features together with the names, the faces, and the merits of the principal actors. An elder brother of the late Earl Cadogan appeared as Portia, and a brother of my own was her successful suitor.

"Hard in those days were rudiments of instruction at any considerable school, and awfully rough the manners of the boys amongst themselves. The smaller ones were neither more nor less than slaves. Children of tender age were often sent on a cold November evening to pilfer turnips from a neighbouring field, and many were the logs of firewood or kettles of boiling water that I had to carry up the dark and winding staircase in winter time. Compared with one of us Caliban was a sybarite, and our Prosperos were ever ready with hand or stick in cases of disobedience or awkwardness. The Sabbath, though free from lessons, was a dismal day. The formal walk to church in a line of two abreast, headed by the master and closed by his usher, the droning organ, the

long-drawn, spiritless sermon, the monotonous reading from the 'Whole Duty of Man,' all tended to more than drowsiness, which fear of detection and punishment could not entirely repress. 1792–4 ÆT. 5–7

"The mansion occupied by the school was a large antiquated brick building with gable ends and latticed windows, having the air of a respectable old manor-house. Contiguous to it was a bright new building where Mr. Newcome and his family resided. Order was maintained in the schoolhouse by a resident usher, who in my days was one of the Coleridges. There was no lack of playground, and ample time was allowed for relaxation and exercise. At the back of the house lay a square of grass, walled in, and overlooked by two very tall pine trees with smooth trunks and wide umbrella tops like those of Italy; to climb them by swarming was held to be a feat of no small distinction. Beyond was a large field of which the boys in play hours had the run; and therein was a tree with low spreading branches which they used as a kind of watchtower for extending their view, especially when the horizon was lit up by some distant fire. The most adventurous did not always keep within bounds, and, small as I was, they took me more than once to a farm hard by and hoisted me on the back of a bull, its most civilized inhabitant. But the spot of deepest interest on the premises, at times the scene of no very laudable exploits, was a back-yard, half shaded over by a venerable walnut tree, and having communication by means of a small square aperture with a pastry-cook's shop. A sliding shutter prevented unseasonable intrusions, and the master's study windows peered over the space. This latter circumstance did not protect the walnuts when some strong wind in autumn had blown them down by night; nor was it of much use to the baker's lad who occasionally crossed the yard with a tempting batch of new-baked loaves on his tray. The 'pickers and stealers' were not inactive on such occasions. In summer we were taken on genial afternoons to bathe in the river Lea. Even now I almost feel the joy with which we traversed the cornfields, as rich with gaudy blossoms as with golden ears, and the dread with which, nevertheless, I contemplated an approaching

1792–4 immersion in deep water at the hands of some big roysterer of the school.

ÆT. 5–7

"Our school was more a little world by itself than any school is now. Events in the great external circle had but slight interest for us. Its greatest explosions failed to disturb our secluded atmosphere. A single grand exception lives in my memory. It was ushered in by the clamour of a large sonorous dinner-bell paraded through the premises at an unusual hour. As soon as the boys within hearing were assembled, our pedagogue-in-chief made his appearance and, placing his hat upon the table with an air of lively importance, announced the great naval victory won by Lord Howe. Loud was the cheer which ensued, and louder still the second shout, when, as corollary to the joyful news, a holiday was proclaimed.

1 June, 1794

"I had soon to turn my back upon Hackney. A rumour prevailed that I was bound for Eton, and that my position there would be that of a Colleger. In consequence I took my departure under the salutation of 'tug-mutton,' which rather invidiously referred to the well-known diet of those *Togati* who received their nurture, both of mind and body,

> Where grateful science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade!

"At this period, and still later, what of my life was not spent at school belonged exclusively to Wanstead. There Sheridan resided after the decease of his first wife. There at times our most welcome relation, George Canning, came to enliven us. There periodically appeared Philosopher Walker with his Eidouranion and fiddle-case. There not unfrequently did William Smythe, the kind-hearted Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, share our Christmas dinner, and there we made acquaintance with Canning's devoted friend, John Hookham Frere, his associate in scholarship, wit, and poetry. Nor were local resources entirely wanting. More abundant than select they certainly were, but nevertheless we had neighbours recommended by their worth and intelligence. On every side the walks and rides were charming, whether in forest or by field and pleasure-ground. Lord Tilney's beautiful

gardens were always open to us, and so were the spacious well-pictured house and grounds of our nearest neighbour. 1792–4 ÆT. 5–7

"Smythe was a Christmas guest at my mother's house the first time I was allowed to sit up to supper. In the course of conversation he made mention of a young gentleman in Scotland who had written a few short compositions in verse, and was thought by a small circle of friends to have a promising turn for poetry. He quoted some pretty lines from *Lord Ronald's Coronach* in confirmation of his statement. The 'young gentleman' turned out to be no less a person than Walter Scott.

"Of incidents I find no dearth in my recollection of that period, but very few that deserve a thought at this distance of time. I was once taken to dine at Sheridan's, and I remember that when the cloth was removed he made a little boy of my age mount into a chair and deliver a speech with appropriate gestures and intonation. On another occasion I found him in our parlour bobbing in nurse-like fashion a tiny child, well pleased with the exercise, before a picture."

Mrs. Canning had long been intimate with Miss Linley, and did not at all approve of her marriage with Sheridan. It was, however, impossible not to see much of so fascinating a neighbour, and Lord Stratford's reminiscences retain many memories of the famous wit. One is thoroughly characteristic. One of the Canning boys had his head broken while playing at quoits with Tom Sheridan. Bleeding was considered essential, but the boy obstinately resisted the operation. Sheridan himself came to the bedside and by the promise of a pony induced him to submit. "It was a great success. Resistance ceased: the arm was held out, phlebotomy triumphed.—Promise answered its purpose so completely that *performance would have been superfluous.*" The pony never appeared. Stratford once heard Sheridan speak in the Commons, and was deeply impressed by his commanding tones, though the composition of the speech was embarrassed. Many years afterwards, while he was conversing with his cousin George at the Board of Control, a note was brought in from Sheridan, then at death's door. It begged for the loan of £200 and

1792–4 ÆT. 5–7

enclosed an I.O.U. for the amount, "as you know my delicacy in such matters." Canning wrote the cheque, and threw the I.O.U. into the fire. The last recollection of all is curious. Stratford was one day examining a collection of skulls in Deville's shop in the Strand. One skull struck him as familiar, and he exclaimed, "Surely that is Sheridan's!"—and it was.

The influence of his cousin George, which afterwards moulded to a large degree his career, was already felt in these early days. The future premier had always found a home with his uncle while he lived, and he was a frequent guest with his widowed aunt.

MEMOIRS.

"At the time when Canning first takes up a place in my memory, I was a laughing riotous brat. He was then about twenty-five years old. His features, alternately expressive of deep thought and lively wit, his mild yet penetrating eyes, his full but rather scornful lip, the handsome contour of his thin and slightly freckled face, are still before me. His dark well-shorn chin bore witness to the colour of his hair, which before he wore powder a raven might have envied. He took me to Eton and placed me there in the summer of 1795, when I was within a few months of completing my ninth year. We started on a fine day in July from the Treasury building in St. James's Park, where he had an official room. All on the road was new to me, and in those days people did not pass from place to place with the ignorant speed of steam. On turning into the Eton road at Slough, where the colossal telescope of Sir William Herschel first caught my sight, I felt a sense of awe on finding myself thus suddenly so near the great public school which had loomed to me in the distance like a new world of unknown and questionable inhabitants. We were to drive at once to the Provost's Lodge. That dignitary had been described to me as the local sovereign, the king of Eton. He had been headmaster of the school when Canning was gathering his first laurels as a boy of distinguished talents, and the recollection of his merits gave him, and even his little cousin, a seat at the doctor's table, who shrouded his local royalty under the simpler appellation

of 'Stentorian' Davies, as he was styled in the *Pursuits of Literature.* 1795

ÆT. 8

"Next day I was presented to Dr. Langford, master of the lower school, and I should blush to relate that my starting point was settled to be [below] the form called 'Nonsense,' were I not at liberty to attribute that location to the scanty number of my years. Let me add that by the name of 'Nonsense' was meant that form in which the metrical composition of Latin verse was taught by the selection of unconnected words having syllabic quantities. The next form upward was that of 'Sense,' so called because the exercises in verse were expected to have meaning as well as metre, and from this double source proceeded whatever additions to classical poetry are to be found in the *Musae Etonenses.*

"One more day, and I was left to my own resources in a strange country. My childhood, fraught with health and spirits, recommended me to the notice of some older boys, and the masters were indulgent, so that I went home for the holidays with a cheerful impression of my new community. At the end of a year I was invested with the college gown, and exchanged the comparative quiet of my dame's boarding house for the roystering publicity of a chamber containing fifty beds. Rough was the life I had then to endure. Fagging was in force, a custom having a strong family likeness to slavery, and tending greatly to substitute acts of servitude for habits of study. It is not wholly destitute of advantage, but the evils which result from it greatly preponderate; and if it cannot be made to undergo the fate of Montem, that long-favoured relic of medieval fancies, a judicious limitation of the practice would do no harm to the best of our public schools." 1 Aug. 1796

A letter from George Canning to Stratford's sister contains almost the only contemporary comment that has been preserved on his cousin's early school days:—

Stratty, I suppose, is with you by this time. At least, I judge so from Lord Malmesbury's boys having returned home yesterday; and as Stratty had no election for which he was to stand this time, I see nothing that could have detained him longer. The account that I Belmont, 28 July, 1795

1795 ÆT. 8

hear of him from the Harris's, who, however, are too big to have had him fall much in their way, is that he is seen frequently *walking by himself*—a turn for meditation highly laudable, and which, I hope, will in due time qualify him for the *Praecordia*, or even for the *Nonsense*. I see, by a list of the school which these boys have brought with them, that Dr. Langford has so far kept his word with me, or indeed more than kept his word; that he has placed him, not in the second form, but above it, in a place called the *unplaced* (if one may talk of *placing* in such a *place* as the unplaced, without a bull). I hope the Doctor will be equally mindful of his promises in every future stage of Stratty's advancement. I wrote to him, to this effect, as soon as I had received your mother's answer to my letter from Eton; and put her acquiescence in the proposal of keeping Stratty a year out of college wholly upon the footing of *deference to his advice*. I wrote also to Mrs. Hannington, Dr. Heath [the Informator], and the Provost. There is only one other person, who was made acquainted in form with the important event of Stratty's coming to Eton and his destination for college, to whom I have not written upon the change of plan: but if your mother desires it, I can easily repair the omission. This person is a gentleman known in the circles of Wanstead by the name of Nobbs, but at Eton and its neighbourhood called the King:—to whom (I believe I forgot to mention it to you before) the Provost took the earliest opportunity of announcing, on the Terrace (where we had an audience together one Monday evening), that I had brought a little cousin to Eton, who was to go into college, and who, as he (the Provost) hoped, would turn out very like his cousin. To all which His Majesty was pleased to signify his perfect assent and approbation.

MEMOIRS.

"In the days of our good old king George III. much royal favour was bestowed upon the Eton boys. Large numbers of them were invited to the *fêtes* at Windsor and Frogmore, and the king never failed to notice some of them who in summer on Sundays joined the company on the terrace of the Castle. On one occasion his Majesty honoured me with a passing word. He asked me what part of the school I was in, and upon my replying in the sixth form, he said,—'A much greater man than I can ever make you.' Some of us were invited on another occasion to an oratorio at the Castle, and there I remember to have seen Pitt and Addington in the new court uniform, of which scarlet breeches were a conspicuous portion. The King was a regular patron of Montem, and it was my lot to flourish the college

flag in his presence. On recovering from his last illness but one he returned to Windsor through Eton. The boys flocked out into the road and cheered him heartily. He stopped his carriage, and as he shewed himself at the window I saw the tears trickling down his kind and honest countenance. 1795-1806 ÆT. 8-19

"A greater man even than the sovereign visited Eton while I was there. Who at that time could it be but Nelson, with all his wounds and all his honours? He came with Lady Hamilton under his arm, and made amends for that weakness by obtaining a holiday for the school.

"Though but a schoolboy when it was sometimes my fortune to hear a debate in the House of Commons, I was old enough to listen with awed attention to a speech delivered by William Pitt. There was something singularly consistent in the principal qualities which combined to form his character as the minister of a constitutional monarch and the leader of a representative assembly. His features though plain were imposing; there was an air of natural command in his person; his voice was sonorous; he was at once without effort master of his subject, his language, and his arguments. From a window in Fleet Street I saw him go to St. Paul's with the grand procession of King, Lords, and Commons, which went to return thanks for the great naval victories of the time. He was more admired than popular, and his reception by the public partook of both sentiments. At one moment he might be seen bowing to a chorus of cheers and a display of waving handkerchiefs; at another, he slunk out of sight while the dense air of London seethed with hisses, groans, and reproaches.

"Conceive him once more in the House of Commons, as my own sight beheld him not long before his death. The House was crowded; all the chief leaders of opposition were in their places; the Minister rose to speak; he was greeted with that sort of insulting noise from the opposite benches which boys at Eton sometimes make for the annoyance of their master. Mr. Pitt, without more change of posture than was necessary to place his hands upon the table before him in support of his tall advancing form, looked for a few seconds in silence into the noisy ranks, and said, in tones of resistless

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ÆT. 8–19

power, 'Am I to be interrupted by clamour?' The effect was complete, and an impartial spectator might have perceived in it the triumph of a supremacy sustained on the whole during twenty years.

"Once, and only once, I saw the great debater [Fox]. It was in the field of his glory. He was walking up the House to his seat. Dark but open features, beetling eyebrows, short stout legs, and a broad expanse of waistcoat composed the figure which still lives in my memory. I never heard him speak at any length. He appears to have been more or less intimate with my parents, and a brother of mine who fell at Waterloo was his godson.

"My passage through the various grades of Eton was by no means a short one. It took me more than ten years to reach the summit, and my progress was marked by little to distinguish it from the ordinary routine. In all the early years I kept my head above water, but not without an occasional ducking, and in the upper classes I obtained a moderate share of that honour which was called being 'sent up for good.' On looking back I recognize traits of character in matters apart from the requirements of school. The greater number of them I call to mind with varying degrees of satisfaction. There are others which I cannot quite remember without regret. I rather think that when a monitor of the lower school I was more pugilistic than became that period of education."

He was at this time fond of athletic exercises, and played against Byron in the first Eton and Harrow cricket match. He acted Morland and Stedfast when the Eton boys played the *Heir-at-Law* in 1802 or 1803, and wrote the prologue, which ended with these lines:—

> Ye that from open bedsteads give your nods
> To boxes turned, or lofty raised to gods,
> Ye need not be both critic and physician;
> Kill us at once, for fear of repetition.
> We die, but, while our parting breath we draw,
> Leave you the guardians of our *Heir-at-Law*.

The bedsteads drawn round in a semicircle made the

boxes, and, turned upwards answered the purposes of a gallery. 1795–1806

ÆT. 8–19

MEMOIRS.

"I was scarcely seventeen when a sharp illness obliged me to go home suddenly. Dr. Moore, a skilful and amiable physician, brother to the celebrated but unfortunate general, carried me through it, but it left traces in my constitution, and I became more studious and less spirited.

"Every boy at Eton has a special tutor whose duty it is to prepare him between school hours for the daily lessons or exercises of his class. The assistant whose pupil I was never won my respect, and I succeeded at length in being allowed to exchange him for Mr. Sumner, who closed his illustrious career as primate of all England. I found encouragement in his judicious method and kindly manner, nor did he appear in his palace at Lambeth other than I had known him in his pupil-room at Eton. I was under his tuition when I took part in a publication similar in plan to the *Microcosm*, that bright Etonian classic. It came out in numbers and reached a second edition, but now the *Miniature*[1] probably lives in no recollection save my own. My literary colleagues were Rennell, son of the then Dean of Winchester, Richard Wellesley, eldest son of the marquis, and Gally Knight, who in after times was one of the members for Nottinghamshire."

If a man is known by his friends, still more is a boy by his schoolfellows. At this distance of time it would be impossible to apply this test to Stratford Canning, but for his habit of preserving all letters and papers that seemed of any importance. Letters were much more rare and valuable eighty years ago than they are in the present age of overflowing correspondence, postcards, and telegrams; they were written with more care and preserved with better reason. Canning retained this habit of keeping papers in later years; all the daily business of an embassy, carefully preserved in

[1] It ran for thirty-four numbers, 1804–5, and was published in book-form by Charles Knight. A dispute appears to have occurred with the publisher, and John Murray took over the work, which, he stated, was "in high demand," and brought out a second edition (of 750 copies) in 2 vols., 1805. In the British Museum Catalogue Gally Knight is erroneously named as editor instead of Canning.

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the original instructions to interpreters and other documents, has come down to us intact. Among the many bundles of old letters which were found in his despatch boxes, a considerable proportion were written by the friends whose names have just been mentioned as associated with him in the *Miniature*, with whom he maintained a regular correspondence for many years after they had all separated to pursue their several ways in life. A few of these letters belong to the time between school and college, when he was waiting his turn for King's, whither Gally Knight and Rennell had preceded him. They are not worth quoting in their entirety, but some extracts will serve to shew in what light he was regarded by his schoolfellows. In his later years, when Lord Stratford could afford to look back with a critical eye upon his boyhood, he was wont to confess that he must have been something of a "prig;" and a study of these letters is sufficient to convince one that, if he was not, it was for no lack of encouragement. His schoolfellows write to him with an air of deference which was enough to make any boy conceited, and the flattery was the more dangerous because wholly unsolicited. George Canning's letter, quoted above, told of his habit of solitary walks, and in spite of his high spirits Stratford was not indiscriminately sociable. When little more than an infant he was chary of his friendship. He was fond of his own thoughts, and loved to indulge his romantic imagination in solitary musings. He was very sensitive to the influence of nature and the charm of association, whether in history or legend, and somewhat intolerant of those who could not see these things with his own eyes. In the majority of his schoolfellows he would naturally seek in vain for a kindred spirit: and this intellectual barrier was widened by another quality which distinguished him from the generality of schoolboys. If he was impatient of a dull soul, he was at least equally fastidious about his friends' moral qualities. There are rare and refined natures in whom the inspirations of romance and enthusiasm suffice to fill the place which in others are held by the passions. The letters of boys to boys are an almost infallible test of such moral tone, and while Knight, Rennell, and Lonsdale were more than his equals in such mental feats

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as came within the range of Etonian studies, yet they write to him as to a critic and a superior. The reason is found in the ascendency of a strong purposeful character, in which the imperious will was softened and beautified by a romantic sensibility and by a purity of thought and speech which seldom fails to have its effect in school or college.

What was thought of him at the period of his leaving Eton may be gathered from a letter addressed to him in September 1806 by his junior, John Lonsdale, who afterwards was well known as Bishop of Lichfield. He begins by giving an account of the highly reprehensible manner in which some of the boys had broken bounds and gone to the play, and then goes on to describe the evening amusements of the fast young gentlemen of the period, not without a touch of pious horror:—

> The *reading* in Carter's chamber has risen to an incredible height; whist is quite discarded, and nothing is to be seen or heard of but lansquenet, a *dreadful* game of Heath's introducing. What do you think of Slingsby's having won £18 at cards since the holidays, and Heath's having lost £10? Where the money comes from I cannot divine. Even Oppidans are introduced into the *Library*: Eden has been several times playing there. (Heaven defend me and my friends from such a method of spending time!) . . . .
>
> I assure you we all regret your loss most sincerely, but you are *nulli flebilior quam mihi*. I speak what I feel when I say that I find the want of you continually. Poet's Walk appears desolate; if I find a beautiful passage I have no one to shew it to; no one to admire the beauties of nature with; nobody has a soul for these sources of pleasure—for such they are to me. Believe me, this is not mere cant and flattery. Goodall [the head master] spoke in the highest terms possible of you, saying that no boy ever left the school with so good a character from all persons of all ranks, ages, &c. I shall expect to hear from you when you get to Cambridge; only do not turn Simeonite and send me a lecture on free-will and election.

After reading a series of Gally Knight's epistles one comes to the conclusion that he too entertained the same respect and admiration for Canning that appears to have prevailed throughout their set. He sends him a score of Latin elegiacs in which he predicts every kind of distinction for his correspondent in any walk of life he may choose:—

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Sic rapiam vivas lauros inglorius ipse
Nobilis et pariter laetus honore tuo.
Quicquid eris, scribas ; tua mittit charta medelam
Luctubus et veneres miscet amaritiis ;

and apologizing for doubtful quantities, in the absence of a *Gradus*, sees a distant vision of Canning's sensitive nose "curling and twisting in all the delight of haughty contempt, like an elephant's trunk when water is near."

It is hardly worth while perhaps to search very curiously among the pages of a school magazine for evidences of character. This sort of composition is generally very much the same — necessarily artificial and precocious,—and we may expect a good many crude judgments and not a little obvious imitation of earlier models. The style of the *Miniature* is elaborate and Johnsonian, but there is some variety among the different contributors. Of the thirty-four numbers (23 April, 1804 to 1 April, 1805, when the editor's farewell to Eton is recorded), Canning wrote nine, and his subjects were large and varied. Few of the essays are brilliant in the eye of modern criticism ; they lack the lightness of touch which is essential to the essayist ; yet they are well written, and at times epigrammatic. The poets and essayists of the eighteenth century were evidently often in his hands, and there is frequent evidence of familiarity with the *Tale of a Tub* and other works of Swift, to which the youthful cynicism of some of the essays may be ascribed.

The affection of Eton boys for their old school is something apart. No other school possesses quite so compelling an influence and awakens such loving memories. Many years after he had left, Canning wrote from America to his mother in reference to some recollections of his old school magazine :—

To his Mother, 5 Oct. 1821

Excuse my weakness, but I have been particularly tickled by your little polite flattery on the subject of a certain amusing and instructive work, which you tell me is not yet forgotten at Eton. You would at least understand it if you knew how much of my feelings and affections is still concentrated on that spot. If I were ever fortunate enough to merit at my last hour the good word of my countrymen, it

is there that I would wish the record of my praise to be preserved. But this is all vanity and nonsense. Duty, not fame, is our business here. 1806 — ÆT. 19

"Year followed year until I became captain of the school, the first in turn for any vacancy which might occur in the sister college of King's. The term of my fitness in point of age for the succession had almost expired, when the welcome messenger arrived post-haste from Cambridge. Congratulations poured in from every side, and their sincerity was attested in many cases by presents of books, which still preserve an honoured place on my shelves, and, if there be any life in such names as Bacon, Shakespeare, Thucydides, Addison, and others of high renown, will keep it, when literature, whether ancient or modern, shall have ceased to retain any charm for *me*. MEMOIRS. Admitted 31 July, 1806.

"Much as I was alive to the sense of freedom and dignity which cropped out as the scholar's gown fell from my shoulders, I could not leave the scenes of boyish interest so full of varied recollections without a strong feeling of regret. Tears filled my eyes as I turned once more to bid a last farewell to the old college buildings, the playground shaded by venerable trees, and that clear bordering river which gives a name to the royal towers reflected in its stream:

> Ah! fields beloved in vain,
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd
> A stranger yet to pain!"

A letter from his mother—his own letters of this early period are nearly all lost—describes the preparations she had made for his outfit, and gives him a good deal of sensible advice. Fox was just dead, and a howl of triumph had been raised by his enemies. Stratford, as a fervent admirer of Pitt, had evidently written to his mother from his friend Rennell's house, the Deanery, Winchester, in an unsympathetic manner about the event, and she begins her letter with a rebuke:—

I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your entertaining and *agreeable* letter, on all subjects but *one*. I perceive I must enter into a complete defence of poor Mr. Fox, and argue the point roundly with you, so as either to conquer or be conquered at once. Time, I From his Mother, 20 Sept, 1806

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fear, will not permit me to engage in it to-day, but, *en attendant*, I would recommend it to you and your two learned and reverend friends to read over Blair's most excellent discourse on Candour, and try if you cannot find some sentiments therein to mitigate your rancour, and teach you to be more charitable in your censures of a man who possessed at least a humane, forbearing, and benevolent spirit, as he has proved on many occasions. And such a spirit, I trust, will have found more mercy from his Creator than his character is likely to experience from the malevolent animadversions of his fellows. The same illiberal spirit of party which they reprobate so much in others influences their own opinions, and to the praise or censures of such partial censors I should equally turn a deaf ear, being persuaded that it would not be a very difficult matter if the *proper remedy* were applied to turn their bitter railings into fulsome panegyric. . . . I like the account of your Sabbath Day's employments and occupations, and likewise the regularity and punctuality of the Dean's family. I hope you will take a hint from it, and apply it immediately to practice . . . Be assured, my dearest Stratford, that order and regularity are of the greatest consequence both to our temporal and spiritual concerns, and if at the beginning of our career we lay down good rules on that head, and have the resolution to adhere strictly to them, the habit will become easy and delightful to us, and it will turn to good account in every occurrence of our future lives. *Now* is the moment for *you* to acquire this useful habit. Let me therefore conjure you to determine upon it at once, and appropriate every hour in the twenty-four to its proper object, not allotting more to the animal part than is necessary to keep the body in health and the mind in vigour; and you will soon find its good effects in the accumulation of knowledge and the improvement of all your mental faculties. You have a mother's blessing to speed the good work.

MEMOIRS.

"My college life was a short one. The scholars of King's enjoyed the questionable privilege of drifting into their degrees without examination. Lectures and rare compositions in Latin were the only demands upon their time. I was one of those who were volunteers in the study of mathematics. My teacher was a member of Trinity. He did his best to make me a worthy disciple of Newton, but I very much doubt my aptitude for solving the mysteries of Euclid. I was sorely puzzled by some of them, and once left my tutor's room in an agony of despair which might have proved fatal to further progress, had I not chanced to meet

1806

ÆT. 19

Professor Smythe, who, on learning my distress, explained the point of difficulty in popular terms so clearly that I went to work again with fresh zeal. Even in classics I had little to boast of. Though a charitable friend might suggest that the shortness of my stay at the university shut me out from the chance of obtaining any academical honour, candour requires that I should acknowledge the failure of my only attempt in that line. Rennell, who stood so high at Eton, lost his footing, I know not how, at Cambridge. Our common friend Lonsdale, the late respected Bishop of Lichfield, was more successful. In mathematics Pollock was the most distinguished, in classics Blomfield, the former in after life attaining the dignity of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the latter closing his days in the lawn sleeves of London. They were both members of a spouting club, to which I also belonged, and where Lord Palmerston had made his first flights in oratory, and where, at St. John's, Ellenborough, future governor of India, laid the foundation of his parliamentary fame. Two famous men of a preceding generation, Porson, the Grecian, and Simeon, the Methodist, came within my sight, but nothing more, while I was at the university. They were both remarkable for their appearance, and on that account their portraits are still, as it were, before me in the mind's eye. Porson, when I saw him, was in cap and gown, a thin middle-sized figure, with lank black hair and cheeks of the palest cast. He walked at a stealthy pace, and seemed to have a book which he hugged parentally under his arm. Simeon I saw in the pulpit. He was seated in some way which kept him out of sight till he rose to preach. His hands, with fingers flattened against each other and pointing upwards, played the part of dawn to his countenance, which came slowly into view, the eyes turned up, and mouth invested with a smile of sweet complacent piety. The church was crowded, and a strong religious feeling seemed to prevail throughout the congregation.

"My rooms in the college were part of the original structure. They had little to recommend them except a certain celebrity as having been occupied by Sir Robert Walpole when he was a scholar of King's. For the fellows

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there was a new and spacious edifice, and the chapel had nothing to rival it among the cluster of collegiate buildings. I rack my memory in vain to bring to mind any event of exciting interest contemporary with my college terms. The life was one of pleasant monotony, in which an easy amount of study was mingled with healthy exercises, and social enjoyments suited to the character of the place and its youthful occupants. I had friends, or at least acquaintances, in other colleges besides my own, but I had nothing to do with horses, carriages, or boats."

He had only kept a couple of terms when he was called away to the Foreign Office. In spite of his new duties, however, he contrived to come up for the Easter and summer terms, 1807, when a more serious break took place in his university career, and he was sent as second secretary to Copenhagen. Even then he still hoped to complete his residence at Cambridge. On his return he again went up to college, until Easter 1808, and then a new diplomatic appointment terminated his undergraduate life. It had been sufficiently difficult to keep his place and rooms for him while absent at Copenhagen. Other Etonians naturally wanted to step into his shoes, and the Provost of King's had some trouble in calming their jealousy. When his appointment as secretary to Mr. Adair's mission to Constantinople was made, it was evident that he could no longer retain his post as a scholar, and he accordingly resigned, and contented himself with the position of a fellow commoner, with every hope of speedily returning to his academical studies. His protracted detention at the Porte frustrated this hope. He held, however, strong views as to the possibility of effecting almost anything by influence, and we learn from a letter of Rennell's that the youthful diplomatist actually contemplated keeping terms *at Constantinople*, on the ground that an undergraduate "regiis intentus negotiis" was by university statute entitled to wide geographical latitude. It is difficult to imagine the feelings of a modern Head of a House at such a suggestion, and even in 1810 the proposal was negatived. The university, however, was proud of its son's successes in the East, and in 1812

granted him the degree of master of arts by a royal mandamus,[1] which passed the Senate without a dissentient voice, in virtue of his absence "occupied in the king's affairs." "Under that high sanction I jumped at once into the double honours of a bachelor and master of arts. Such activity was rare half a century ago: I should not grieve to learn that it has since become an impossibility." The following extracts from a letter addressed to Canning by his friend Rennell, during his absence in Denmark, throw a faint light upon the Cambridge life.

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From Rennell, 16 Nov.

. . . I congratulate you most sincerely on your mission, as it will entitle you to some permanent reward which will compensate for the loss of King's. First with regard to this loss or the probability of it. The Provost, on his arrival, having heard (the Lord knows how) that I had received a letter from you, sent for me, and proposed this dilemma. 1st, Whether you *had*, 2ndly whether you *had not*, received his letter? In the first case you must have set off in spite of his direct refusal; in the second, without any leave at all. In this difficulty I thought that the latter would be least prejudicial to your interests, and I chose the second *horn*; nor had I any reason to repent of my choice, as I found that he was much more satisfied with your conduct in setting off without any leave than if you had acted in direct opposition to his orders, which would have been a grievous insult on the dignity of *Tetoighty*. Be assured, however, that you have a most excellent friend in him, and that he is *obstinately bent* on your staying here if he can effect it by any means *in* or *out* of his power. You *must*, however, keep the *last day* of this term, which, as I understand your return to England will be soon, is, I hope, practicable. Leicester has exerted himself for you, and as for the rest of the college, they know little and care less about the matter . . . The scholars gaped a little on being told that you were gone into "foreign parts," but even that, as well as every other idea, is now totally defaced from their minds, and they grunt on in their ancient piggish apathy. Ben Sheppard, hearing that you were gone by the *grace of God* to the place where *Lord Nelson* gained his victory, on both these accounts gives you his free permission. The Eton heroes are not so quiet, as your resignation will make a material alteration in the interests of Montem. A report has gone abroad that the Provost has given you leave for two terms, which made Goodall and the Sixth Form quite outrageous. Your room is kept

[1] Lect. et concess. 2 Dec. 1812.—Admissus et creatus 3 Mar. 1813. *Univ. Register.*

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well aired; and I see that the dear creature Harradine dusts and sweeps, &c. She gives you a very good character, and laments your departure much as a nice *still stiddy* man.

The letter goes on to give the latest Cambridge news, the last arrivals, the doings of the debating society—where Blomfield was very popular, Law was president, and Pollock, who had nine pupils, came occasionally, and made "crack" speeches,—but nothing to throw light upon Canning's friendships or life at Cambridge. He seems to have lived in a small set, rather contemptuous of the ordinary run of King's scholars, and a good deal to himself, as became his bedmaker's character of him as a "still stiddy man." The "stiddiness," however, did not prevent his taking the bit in his teeth and going off to Copenhagen without a scrap of authority from his college.

CHAPTER I.

COPENHAGEN—CONSTANTINOPLE.

1807-9.

"In the spring of 1807, my near relative, George Canning, was placed for the first time at the head of the foreign department. Pitt had died the year before, while I was still at Eton, and I can never forget the impression made on the whole school—masters and boys—by the announcement of his death. A passage in Virgil in the lesson of that day struck me as singularly applicable to the event: 1807 — ÆT. 20 MEMOIRS.

> Utcunque ferent ea facta minores,
> Vincet amor patriae, laudumque immensa cupido. *Aen.* VI. 823-4

"Fox, his chief ministerial successor, had followed to Westminster Abbey in the autumn of the same year. The Grey and Grenville administration, known popularly as that of 'all the talents,' had flourished and given way, after a six months' tenure of office, to the Duke of Portland and his cabinet, of which Mr. Canning became a prominent member. To him I owed my first step in public life. The duties I had to perform were those of précis-writer at the Foreign Office. They were more interesting than onerous, more instructive than brilliant. They consisted principally in making summaries of the official correspondence carried on between the secretary of state and the diplomatic agents employed under his direction abroad. I had also to assist occasionally in writing out fair the drafts of instructions from the same source. The confidential nature of these duties gave a precarious character to my position. A change of ministry was sure to be as fatal to the précis-writer as to the minister

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himself; but this air of fellowship with a great man made up, as some might think, for the uncertainty of the tenure.

"The interest of my employment was greatly enhanced by the opportunities it afforded of bringing me into closer communication with my illustrious cousin. Having a room in his house and a place at his table whenever he dined at home, I saw more of him than I was otherwise entitled to expect. I saw him in the free play of his genius and in the full enjoyment of success. I cannot easily forget the first diplomatic dinner at which I was present under his auspices, and still less the composition, which I took down as he uttered it, of his once celebrated reply to the Emperor Alexander's offer of mediation for peace between England and France. At dinner I sat at the foot of the table opposite to him, and my curiosity was not a little excited when I looked round the company and wondered which of the guests was the Austrian ambassador, or which the representative of some other Great Power.

"I had but little time for getting tired of my new employment. Still an undergraduate, I was bound to keep terms at college. This obligation took me back to Cambridge after a time, and kept me there till the ensuing Easter [1808]. But before my return to that seat of learning, another very different duty made me an absentee from London, and even from England, during the autumn which was made remarkable by our second expedition to Copenhagen. Thither I went in the capacity of one, the lower, of two secretaries attached to Mr. Merry, the object of whose mission was to persuade the Danes that, as they had surrendered their ships to our fleet, they could not do better than make peace with the captors. No happier selection than that of Mr. Merry could have been made for a pacific embassy, but the gentle manners of the gentlest of plenipotentiaries failed to smooth down the wrath of our exasperated victims. The man who, when called to represent his country at Paris, was familiarly accosted by Napoleon with the words of his family motto, *Toujours gai*, the same who retained the most unruffled placidity when President Jefferson received him with insolent disregard of his character as British minister, could not even

obtain private access to the meanest official of the Danish Government. The Crown Prince would have nothing to do with us, and of course the royal example was followed by every Rosencrantz and Guildenstern of the Court." 1807 ÆT. 20

During the two months occupied by this fruitless mission, the young secretary wrote many letters to his sister which give an interesting picture of the life of the British invaders of Denmark, their impressions of Copenhagen, and the manners of the Swedish Court of Gustavus IV. at Helsingborg. After five days at sea, during which he suffered moderately from the usual calamities of a first voyage, he arrived off Elsinore on 8 October. Writing a few days later, he describes his entrance into Copenhagen, where his soldier brother Charles had quarters.

We soon got on dry land near the Citadel, where Lord Cathcart has taken up his head quarters, in the house belonging to General Peymann. The word citadel always gives one the idea of a castle, and I had pictured to my imagination one of the most venerable description. Yet nothing of the sort was to be seen; and, after passing a fosse and through a very strong gate, all that I could find was a range of miserable buildings, bearing very much the appearance of good stables in England, and an old house, not a great deal better than a large English farmhouse. Yet, in spite of the wretchedness of this place, both as the citadel of a capital city and the residence of a chief governor, the fortifications are wonderfully strong, and one cannot but be surprised at the readiness with which the Danes gave it up. Besides the heavy cannon with which it is mounted, it has ten enormous mortars, so happily situated behind a bank and between the sea on the one side and the fosse on the other, that they seem calculated to destroy everything within their reach, while the gunners might remain almost in perfect safety. Here I breakfasted, and then proceeded into the city on my way to the palace of Frederiksborg in search of Charles.

Towards the land Copenhagen is fortified on every side. As I passed through the fields on the outside of the town, I saw several of the holes made by the shells fired from the batteries. They are nearly large enough for a man to sit down in, and give one a tolerable idea of the amazing weight with which they fell. I understand that the Danes directed them with great exactness, and that we were indebted to a fortunate circumstance for the smallness of our loss. The fuzes of their bombs are extremely long, so that the

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shell reaches the ground before it bursts, and, if the earth be soft, as was the case where our army was intrenched, buries itself, and after the explosion, instead of flying about in every direction, goes straight up in the air and falls down in the same place. The silly Danes did not discover this. . . .

After *sloshing* through the mud of several streets, and asking the way of people who could not understand me, I got to the Palace of Frederiksborg. Here I soon found the ensign's room, who saw me enter with an expression of dismay that I cannot attempt to describe. He was very glad to see me, but had scarcely breath to tell me so. . . . The Danes retreated from the apartments with such rapidity that they left most of their furniture behind. Charles found in his a very comfortable bedstead, a wardrobe, stove, chairs and tables, not to mention featherbeds and other comfortable appendages. He and his messmate seem to have little to do besides eating, drinking, and sleeping. He returned with me to the Citadel, and dined with Lord Cathcart. His lordship's dinner exhibited some degree of what might be ill-naturedly called affectation. He dines at two : no dishes are placed upon the table ; but the eatables are handed round in succession by the servants, cut into slices, and consequently very far from comfortable. After soup and fish and boiled beef, and a long rank and file of successive fricassees, when those who had despised the salt beef had sufficiently *nauseated* their appetites with the bad and cold imitations of French cookery, in walked a haunch of venison and a sirloin of beef, which fortunately, to diminish the mortification of their tardy appearance, were served up in frozen slices and stagnating in congealed gravy. Only one knife and fork during the whole time, even to the dessert. In rather less than ten minutes after the removal of the plates, his lordship rose, and coffee was brought in. So much for a military dinner in an enemy's country.

Helsingborg, Friday, 23 Oct.

On Wednesday morning at seven the fleet sailed out of Copenhagen road. The morning was fine, the wind fair ; and a most glorious sight it was to see upwards of 400 vessels with their sails set crowding up that narrow channel. When we had proceeded about twelve miles, we left the *Prince of Wales* and went with Admiral Gambier on board the *Africaine* frigate. In a short time we got into our boats, and, with the Admiral, Lord Cathcart, and a few officers, landed at Helsingborg in Sweden. We found the King and Queen with their attendants standing on the pier. The King recognized Lord Cathcart. Admiral Gambier was presented to him, as also was the *Chevalier* Merry, to his no small annoyance, poor man ! For he had that morning been obliged to submit to an operation on his finger, and in consequence his arm was in a handkerchief ; he had not been able to shave himself, and withal had much the appearance of not being washed. However,

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he made some half-dozen bows, and surmounted his difficulties with considerable address. On Sunday he is to be presented again in form, when I also shall undergo the same honour, if in the meantime I can by any means manage to procure a dress-coat. . . .

Helsingborg, which is situated at the entrance to the Sound, directly opposite to the castle of Kronborg, is called a town, but is not so good as a respectable village in England. Here, like all other places in Sweden, everything is scarce, though the kindness of Mr. Pierrepont, our minister, has hitherto prevented us from feeling the poverty of the place. . . . Our lodgings, though not splendid, are by no means uncomfortable: and though there is a sad dearth of tables, window curtains, and carpets, yet the rooms are well warmed with stoves, which are on a remarkably good plan in Sweden, and the beds are beyond expectation clean and comfortable. Mr. Pierrepont's house is beyond comparison the best in the place, without excepting the King's, and though built of wood, is very far from being contemptible. . . .

There is nothing here worth seeing; not a *curiosity* for love or money; no society, no trade. What a pretty place for a Court! Yet still there is a something on this side of the Sound which pleases me more than what I saw of Copenhagen, which, as far as the pavement, the walls of the houses, and a few public spectacles, I saw *most thoroughly*. To me, who know of no capital but London to compare it with, Copenhagen (or Kiobenhavn, as the inhabitants spell it) seemed small, poor, and ill-inhabited. But that is in reality a very unfair judgment. In order to give you an idea of its size by comparing it with a place which you have seen, I should think it was about three times as large as Winchester. The streets are generally narrow and excessively dirty. There are two or three irregular squares containing some handsome houses. The shops have an air of poverty, which perhaps may arise from the articles for sale not being exposed at the windows as they are in London, though at the same time their not being so appears very much as if there were none to make a shew with. Almost everything is dear, and has risen much in price since the admission of our troops. It is an ill wind, they say, that blows nobody good; and I am very much deceived if individuals have not collectively made as much as the Government has lost.

There is a part of the city called the Amelien Gade, containing about half a dozen streets and squares, which has a very handsome appearance. These streets are tolerably wide and well paved; the houses lofty and regular, and being generally stuccoed look very clean. But the best houses have very much the air of country inns. The doors do not open into the street, but in the centre of every building there is a large gateway, through which you pass into a yard before you have any chance of getting into the house. The very few

1807 buildings that have really any title to magnificence are with one or two exceptions the property of the public or the King.

ÆT. 20 The only *lions* that I could discover in the place are a museum, a library, the King's stud, and an observatory, the top of which you gain by means of a spiral ascent. The museum contains a decent collection of tolerable paintings and a *confused jumble* of curiosities, among which the chair of the Danish philosopher Tycho Brahe seems to have most claim upon one's attention. The library, as far as numbers go, which is all that I had time to observe, is a very handsome one. It consists of five or six large rooms. Its greatest curiosities are the Icelandic manuscripts, which must afford a delicious morceau to the antiquary, as nobody can venture to say how old they are. These rooms are open to the public for two or three hours every day. Charles told me that the librarian would make one a present of any book that one praised and admired very much. I made a trial of his generosity, but whether he was less liberal than usual on that day, or whether he did not understand enough of English, I certainly did not succeed in the attempt.

Helsingborg, Monday, 2 Nov. So utterly destitute of every species of amusement is the place at which fate has already destined us to remain twelve days, so exactly similar is each recurrence of twenty-four hours, that when I look back upon the space of time elapsed since our arrival here in order to recall any one individual day to my recollection, it is with the utmost difficulty that I can laboriously squeeze out any particular circumstance that may detach it from the dismal sameness in which it is enveloped. Breakfast and dinner are the two points of time which make the strongest impression on my memory; but unfortunately, as these daily operations are with the utmost precision performed at the same moments, they afford but little assistance to the toiling recollection.

Happily however, in this almost trackless void, the two Sundays have been marked by our going to Court, on the first to be presented, and yesterday in honour of the King's birthday. If you remember in my last letter I told you that my being presented depended upon my being able to get a dress fit for the occasion. By good fortune my fellow-secretary, Pole, had brought with him two most *elegant* uniforms of the Duke of Cumberland's regiment. One of these he lent to me, which, with the assistance of a military hat, a sabre, and spurs, from another friend, made me smarter than I ever was in my life. At five we went to the King's house, which for a crowned head, and particularly for one who has six or eight most splendid palaces in different parts of his dominions, is very miserable. After waiting a few moments in an outer room with five or six Swedish noblemen, the folding doors of another apartment were thrown open, which discovered the King and Queen standing in the middle, two maids of honour in the back part, two Swedish

officers standing one on each side of the stove, and about four other attendants. Mr. Pierrepont presented us in turn to both their Majesties, who received us very affably. When the King saw Pole and myself in our cavalry uniforms, he turned round to Mr. P. and said "C'est une ambassade, il me paroît, bien équestre." He asked me whether I was related to *Mr. Canning the secretary of State*. He is one of the smallest made men I ever saw, though not particularly short: he wears the Swedish uniform, blue turned up with buff, and boots coming above the knee. The Queen is certainly a very handsome woman, but has more affability than dignity in her manner. When they had both said a few words to each of us, we made our three bows and retired into the outer room. In about five more minutes the doors were again opened and the King walked through the room in which we were and made his *exit* through a door at the other end, upon which we were at full liberty to retire.

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Yesterday the Court was more numerously attended, and making allowances for the unavoidable badness of the house in so small a place as this, gave us a rather high idea of the magnificence of the Swedish Court at Stockholm. It is not the custom here to kiss hands as in our Court, except that the ladies to whom the Queen speaks kiss her hand as they curtsey almost with their knees upon the ground. I cannot say much for the beauty of the fair ladies who were present. Their dresses, which are made according to regulation, are, I think, very handsome and becoming. In the evening there was a ball which I honoured with my presence. The company was a mixture of Court ladies and shopkeepers' daughters, counts, barons, grocers, and cheesemongers. The Swedes dance very well, and have manners and appearance far superior to people of the same condition in England.

The next time that Canning saw Gustavus was in April 1815. The deposed king had an interview with him at Aarau in Switzerland, in which he sought the countenance of the English minister for two schemes which he was then revolving in what was left of his mind. He wished to succeed Napoleon in the possession of the island of Elba; and he was anxious to be present at Wellington's headquarters during the campaign which ended at Waterloo. Canning shewed him every respect in pity for his changed condition, but he could not favour the ex-king's designs.

"The Danes continuing to maintain an attitude of hostility towards England our mission soon ceased to have

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any motive for remaining in their neighbourhood. We had reached the middle of November, and the Baltic had already given signs of shutting up for the winter, when I embarked with Mr. Merry for Yarmouth in a small government vessel which happened to be on its way home after a long cruise in the northern waters. We bargained in our minds for a passage of three or four days, but found to our cost that in such calculations not a little depends on wind and weather. We had to encounter two violent gales, and to take refuge for a day or two in the rocky harbour of Gothenburg. The accommodations on board were, moreover, so wretched that every attempt to eat or sleep was equally a trial of temper. The biscuits crawled, the water was almost the colour of mahogany, and I have a vivid recollection of a boiled leg of mutton not larger than a turkey's drumstick. At night —and the nights were awfully long—I swung outside the cabin by a neat port-hole where a gun ought to have been, and at every roll of the ship to leeward a rush of water announced the pressure of that intrusive element on its side. How the sailors contrived to hold on to the rigging, stiff and slippery as it was with ice, and dashed to and fro in utter darkness, I cannot conceive. It seemed, I must confess, as if no human art could possibly bring us into port, and under that impression, with the misery of sickness to confirm it, I cannot deny that a firm determination (*heu frustra!*) never, if once landed, to go to sea again, was my only comfort. One night at a very late hour I heard an alarming scuffle overhead. It turned out that our captain going on deck had found the quarter-master steering direct for a well-known shoal, which helps to form the roadstead of Yarmouth. In that old-fashioned town, however, we finally disembarked, and thus ended, with more amusement than instruction, my first diplomatic adventure across the world of waters.

"The next six months were spent either in London or at Cambridge; in London for the performance of my official duties at the Foreign Office; at Cambridge in keeping terms, attending lectures, drinking milk-punch, which was then in fashion at all the colleges, and exercising my unfledged wings at a spouting club for eventual flights in oratory.

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"Before we had reached midsummer a new prospect opened for me abroad— one so alluring for youth and its natural aspirations that I looked to it with eagerness and delight, though not quite forgetful of my late miseries at sea, nor by any means inclined to relinquish permanently the more congenial position I had obtained at home. We were then at war not only with France, but, conventionally at least, with all the countries over which the influence of our real enemy extended. For the support of Russia, on grounds of temporary policy, we had gone to war even with Turkey."

Robert Adair, who was chosen to mend the situation, has stated the position of affairs in his *Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles* (1845) :—

Early in 1807 we find England at war with Turkey ; not for any wrongs of her own, but for those of Russia ; and late in the same year at war with Russia herself. We had thus completely changed sides with regard to the Turks ; for more than once in 1809 after our footing at Constantinople had been made good, Russia offered them peace if they would send me away, and more than once I was obliged to dissuade any peace which should leave them without protection against that power. . . .

The case shortly with regard to Turkey was as follows :—In 1802 a treaty was made between Russia and the Porte, containing stipulations relative to the election and permanence in office of the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia. Towards the end of 1806, and in the midst of Napoleon's operations against Prussia and Russia in Germany, General Sebastiani, the French ambassador at the Porte, (one of the ablest of Napoleon's officers, whether employed on diplomatic or military service,) persuaded the Turkish Government to break this treaty with Russia, as well as that for the passage of the Bosphorus, to depose the Hospodars favourable to Russian interests, and replace them by others favourable to France.

Russia on this occasion did exactly what Sebastiani wished and foresaw. She marched an army into the Provinces. This is not the place to inquire with what justice or prudence she took such a step, after Turkey, through the mediation of Mr. Arbuthnot, had given her full satisfaction in regard to all the matters in dispute between them : suffice it that England took part with her ally, then engaged in a last effort for the independence of Europe, and sent a fleet to Constantinople to enforce the renewal of the treaty of 1802. The event of that expedition was unfavourable, and our ambassador left Constantinople [1807].

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In the same year Russia made her peace with France at Tilsit, and in December broke with England, and sent away our ambassador from St. Petersburg. This rupture, among its other evils, left us with the Turkish quarrel upon our hands. Worse than this: by acceding to the French system, which excluded England from the Continent until a general peace, Russia made it, as far as it lay in her power, impossible for us to get out of it (Preface, v. vi.)

The Porte, however, was not altogether satisfied with her new friends. Some inkling of the treachery planned between the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander on their raft on the river Niemen had reached her, and she was not unwilling to heal the breach with England. Austria, already burning to retrieve the humiliation of Ulm, eagerly encouraged these dispositions; feelers were thrown out on both sides, and the result was Adair's embassy.

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"Mr. Robert Adair, who, on his return from a mission to Vienna, had reported these pacific inclinations to the head of the Foreign Department in Downing Street, was appointed by Mr. Canning to present himself at the Dardanelles with offers

8 May

of peace, and I was attached to the plenipotentiary's mission in the character of public secretary. We had no choice in those days but to go to our destination by sea, and the distance could hardly fall short of three thousand miles. We reckoned, nevertheless, on being free to return after a few months, and I was, therefore, allowed to retain my office at home, though, of course, without receiving the salary assigned to it. I had also to keep a good half of my terms at the University."

Fate had arranged the undergraduate diplomatist's career very differently from his wishes. His hope of a speedy return to Cambridge and public life in England was cruelly disappointed. As will soon be seen, when the first poetic glamour of the East had faded in his eyes, his residence at Constantinople began to wear the aspect of a dismal exile, and as years went on his dislike to living abroad became more and more intense, while his longing for a career in England grew more ardent and devouring. Duty, however, always a stern mistress, found in him an unflinching slave. Six times he

shook off from his feet the dust of Stambol with the firm resolve never to return to the hated spot ; six times duty and the compelling desire to serve his country drove him back, and his last farewell to Constantinople was uttered at the age of seventy-three. 1808 ÆT. 21

"We embarked at Portsmouth on board the *Hyperion*, a thirty-gun frigate commanded by Captain Brodie. We made Cape Finisterre, got a distant sight of our squadron, then at anchor in the Tagus, and reached the Bay of Gibraltar without any unusual delay. On our passage thither we had a narrow escape from going ashore on the Berlings. We had to pass those dangerous rocks at night. The moon was up, and the ship was going before a seven-knot breeze, when the officer on watch reported a sail on the larboard bow. Another and then a third sail and finally a whole squadron was reported as visible in the same direction. At each notice Captain Brodie turned in his cot and gave no orders. It so happened that Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Philip Durham, had also a cot, as passenger, in the same cabin. He, fortunately, heard the several reports, and wondered in his mind what ships they could be whose appearance had so often brought the officer on watch below. He lost no time in slipping on his dressing-gown ; and, scarcely had he reached the quarter-deck, when he perceived that the supposed ships were neither more nor less than the above-mentioned rocks glittering in moonlight, and as if by fascination drawing us nearer and nearer to destruction. There was still time to alter the ship's course, and next morning even the landsmen on board found evidence on the log of their night's adventure." MEMOIRS. July

Off Cadiz they held communications with Collingwood's fleet, and heard of the preparations for what was afterwards to be famous as the Peninsular war. At Gibraltar they met the governor, Sir Hew Dalrymple, of Cintra fame, or shame, and learned the plans of the Spanish insurgents. Canning's patriotic fervour was strongly moved by what he saw and heard, and he longed to bear a hand in the good cause, instead of wasting his energies upon Turkish diplomacy. He found

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however some compensation in the associations with which the classic spots of Sicily and Greece were clothed in his mind. No better moment could be chosen to visit the scenes immortalized by Homer and endeared to us by Virgil than now, when the young man was fresh from his studies at Eton and Cambridge, and had his mind well stored with the legends and scenery of the classical writers. It was the age of quotation, and Canning and his friends seldom wrote a letter without a few lines of Virgil or Horace to point an argument or illustrate a scene. His reminiscences are full of such quotations, and his memory of his favourite poets remained vivid and clear down to the day of his death. The fashion has gone out now, but it may be doubted if literature is the better for the change.

In Sicily, where the mission was delayed a month at Palermo, and Canning was presented to Queen Caroline, he found himself at once at home, and the discomforts which with him always accompanied a sea-voyage were forgotten in the delight of visiting places which had long been hallowed ground. On 30 August he wrote to his sister:—

I dare say you have managed to enjoy this beautiful season much better than I, who have had for the greater part of it little more to look at than salt-water and clouds. But the reward of my sufferings is at hand: to-morrow morning I intend to set off on an expedition across the country to Girgenti, where are some magnificent remains of ancient architecture. I expect to find a feast which will doubly repay me for all the miseries which it is necessary to endure in a long voyage at sea; though, if you could conceive the extreme badness of the roads, the heat of the climate, and the stupidity of the people in this part of the world, you would think the terrors of a journey scarcely inferior to those of a voyage. I have already during my residence here ventured to try a classical excursion with my host, Mr. Mellish. And such is the ignorance of the people, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after riding over places which I believe were never trodden before, that we at length succeeded in seeing the beautiful temple of Segesta, which is one of the most perfect buildings that time has spared. When we were within two miles of it, and it was scarcely hidden from our sight by an intervening hill, we asked a peasant if he could direct us to Segesta, where there was an old temple. He put his finger to his chin, which is the way they express

a negative, and said "I am a peasant; what should I know of ancient temples?" 1808

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However, we had the satisfaction of dining in this consecrated spot, and did not forget to make a libation of claret to the divinity of the place. Tell George to fancy what a quiz I must have been, standing as I was in mute admiration, with a *Virgil* in one hand and a bottle of claret in the other.

MEMOIRS.

"On rounding Cape St. Angelo one morning in the first days of September we encountered a north-east gale, and, not caring to be tossed about for no adequate purpose, we bore up from under Napoli di Malvassia or Monembasia to the island and harbour of Milo. There we found shelter during three days, and whiled away the time in clambering over the steep hill-sides, and trying to get a shot at the red-legged partridges, which are not wanting in number, but so wild and strong that it is by no means easy to bring them down. There for the first time I heard the language of Homer and Plato spoken by the native peasants, who welcomed us to their cottages. 'Καθίζετε,' be seated, was their word of invitation, and it still seems to vibrate on my ear. We passed within sight of Hydra, Falconera and St. George; we hailed 'Tritonia's airy shrine' as we swept under the cliffs of Colonna, and after emerging from the Doro passage between the Negropont and sea, we steered across the open sea to Tenedos and the Dardanelles."

Off Tenedos, Wednesday, 19 Oct.

Dear Wellesley,—The news of our late victories in Portugal arrived here yesterday, and if anything could add to the excessive pleasure which such glorious events have given me, it is that we are indebted to your gallant uncle for them. I really feel a sincere admiration for that man (*hero* let me call him), and think that I cannot too often congratulate you upon being related to him. How fortunate he is to have such an opportunity of distinguishing himself—the cause so important—his opponents so strong—his rivals so few. I am the more pleased at his success, as it proves, what I have always expected, that the hour of trial would produce as many soldiers and generals as it has already produced sailors and admirals. It is, thank God! the same British stuff, whether in a blue jacket or a red coat.

Our little fleet, which consists of a frigate and two brigs, did honour to the occasion by making as much noise as their guns would permit, and so much was my patriotic ardour inflamed that I volunteered, in spite of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, to go up to the

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Dardanelles and put the Pasha there in mind of our conquests in Egypt by telling him how the French, all terrible as they are, had been drubbed in Portugal. However, I did not enjoy this satisfaction ; the "malignant and turbaned Turk" was absent, and I saw only his secretary. Still, the secretary was a Greek, and I knew that he understood Homer ; therefore, thinks I, he must have something like a soul capable of enjoying such news. Conceive my disappointment and the dulness of the beast ! When I told him what your uncle had done, his eyes did not sparkle, he said nothing, he moved not a muscle, but stroked his beard. I cursed him in my heart, and told him that we were most probably in possession of the Russian fleet in the Tagus. Then, indeed, he was all joy and ecstasy ! "Ma foi ! C'est très bon. Oh ! quel heureux événement !" Yes, the animal, insensible as he was, hated the Russians, because his masters the Turks hated them, and he had heard them dreaded and abused at Constantinople, and though there was nobody, as usual, standing by ready to bastinado him if his supple face did not exactly express what his master expected, yet so strong was the force of habit that he could not even in absence move a muscle otherwise than he would have done at the feet of the Pasha.

The good effect of our successes is by no means confined to the spot where they are achieved, and I assure you the news of them arrived here at a very lucky moment, and will no doubt quicken the progress of the negotiation : for fear is the only passion by which a Turk is influenced ; prove yourself the strongest, and he is your humble servant immediately. The other day one of them frankly answered, upon my asking him the cause of the war between us, "*C'est l'intimidation de Bonaparte.*" What can you expect from such a people, who acknowledge their weakness without feeling a sense of shame, amongst whom every virtue is either extinguished or perverted, and the best of whom cannot be dignified without haughtiness, nor prudent without artifice, nor brave without cruelty ? In other words, they are, almost to a man, proud, ignorant, sly, jealous, and cruel ; each according to his means, throughout the various gradations of rank and office, cringing to his superiors, quarrelling with his equals, preying upon his dependents, and indiscriminately cheating them all. There are doubtless some exceptions, and I shall do my best to find some of them out when we get to Constantinople.

I wish you could be, as you once gave me reason to hope, my companion in this *arduous task* ; but as that cannot now be, I will console myself for the disappointment by telling you how much you have lost. Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Africa,[1] Balearic Islands, Sardinia, Maretimo, Sicily, Malta, Peloponnesus, Attica, Greek Islands,

[1] "N.B.—This enumeration of names will give a pretty exact notion of what a man generally learns by travelling."

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not to mention the ancient temples of Segesta and Girgenti, the ruins of Drepanum and Agrigentum, &c. &c. &c., temple of Minerva at Colonna—not to mention the opportunities of seeing the different manners and customs and productions of almost innumerable countries ! ! ! Add to these treasures that while I am now writing my eye is either traversing the waters of the Archipelago, whose every wave is immortalized by some celebrated exploit, or resting with awful reverence upon the summit of Athos or the snowy ridges of Rhodope, or scanning with amazement the dark forests of Ida *with many fountains*, and the fertile declivities of the Gargara (*ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes*), or tracing the course of the Simois and Scamander *with many whirlpools*, or gazing upon Tenedos—*notissima famâ insula, dives opum*—or expatiating in the vast expanse of the Trojan plain, where nothing remains to mark the situation of Troy, once so great and powerful, but the tombs of her destroyers ! ! !

But whither does the enchantment of the scene lead me? The above detail will shew you what you have lost, and now that you have read it you will be *surprized* to know that I almost envy you for being in England at such a moment as this. I assure you I long to be with you that I may more closely partake in the enthusiasm excited by the revolution in Spain and the joy of our common successes against France. In passing through the bay of Lagos we had the pleasure of subscribing a mite to the assistance of *the righteous cause* by giving a supply of arms to the Portuguese; and when at Algeciras I may *boast* of having been one of the first Englishmen who shook hands with the Spanish patriots. My interest is so strongly excited that I cannot express to you how much I desire to have it in my power to assist them *personally*. I never before felt so deeply the misery of insignificance. If I were in England I think I should set to scribbling in *mere despair*; which, by the way, you and *Co.* may attempt with better success, for I doubt whether you will find a better opportunity for putting our old designs [1] into execution. Surely Gifford would lend a hand towards drubbing the *invisible Napoleon*; and if I mistake not Signor Cobbett and *Morning Chronicle*, &c. &c., will very soon get unruly again. I see morbid symptoms.

I only wish I was with you; in the meantime write, and believe that I am not the less your sincere friend,

STRATFORD CANNING.

MEMOIRS.

"We had now all but reached the scene of our future negotiations; an opening for their commencement had yet to be

[1] This refers to a project for a Tory opponent to the *Edinburgh Review*, which Stratford and his Eton friends of the *Miniature* thought of starting. The idea was taken up by George Ellis and others, and the result was the *Quarterly*. See p. 192.

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effected. The willingness of the Porte to make peace with us rested on doubtful intimations the value of which remained to be tested. Between Portsmouth and Gibraltar we had indeed spoken at sea with a vessel which was conveying to England a Turkish agent, sent by Ali Pasha of Janina with overtures of a pacific nature. But the Sultan's government had not committed itself to distinct propositions, and the fear of offending France, added to the proud reserve which habitually marked its policy in treating with Christians, might raise insuperable obstacles to our success.

"Meanwhile we were surrounded by classical inspirations and great was the enjoyment derived from that abundant source. Without an effort from the deck of the *Sea Horse* we could survey the plain of Troy, with Ida and Gargara in the background. The tomb of Antilochus rose from the fine coast which terminated in the Chanak castles and entrance of the Hellespont. Tenedos, with its far-seen hill, lay astern of us; Imbros and Samothrace were on our starboard bow, and sometimes at sunset we could descry the broken outline of Lemnos and the still more distant peak of towering Athos. These objects of our early study operated strongly on the imagination at a time when steam, as applied to locomotion, was unknown, and a voyage to Constantinople had not the everyday aspect which it has since acquired. We felt what a beautiful and accomplished ambassadress had felt a century before, when she invested 'the immortal islands and the well-known seas' with a new charm—the charm of her own delightful genius.

Lady M. W. Montagu

"Turning from these seductive illusions to the grave realities of duty, our plenipotentiary had to find the means of setting his negotiation on foot. There was an officer of rank, a Turkish pasha, at the Dardanelles, and through him lay the only road to Constantinople. It was necessary to make him acquainted with our pacific views, and to impress him favourably, not only as to them, but also as to our prospects in the war with France. Fortunately the latter were good, and we had only to make known the progress of our arms in Portugal. I was commissioned to perform this service. A Greek interpreter was the channel of interpretation with Haliki Pasha,

11 Oct. Adair, i. 27

and his acquaintance with the French language, our only medium, was scarcely more advanced than mine, which, taken on Fahrenheit's scale, would have been somewhere between zero and freezing point. By what process we contrived to understand each other I know not, but on my side the French armies in Spain were as ill treated as their grammar. At the same time we accredited our olive branch, partly by offering fair terms of accommodation, and partly by suspending all restrictions on the traffic of the Straits. The pasha, however, would take nothing on himself. On every point reference was to be made to the capital. No steam ; no telegraph ; winds and currents shewed little respect for our impatience. We were not even allowed to enter the Dardanelles. 1808 ÆT. 21

"Luckily the pasha stood in need of our doctor's assistance, or his intercourse with us would in all likelihood have been reduced to nothing. The process of cooling our heels could only be relieved by shooting over the deserted vineyards of Tenedos, which had been taken and abandoned by the Russians some months before, and by questioning for news the merchant vessels which had to pass up or down within hail of the *Sea-Horse*. Supplies of excellent grapes were obtained at no cost and with little exertion from the unoccupied vineyards, and we revelled in floods of capital spring water, until we had the ill luck to discover a dead Turk at the bottom of the principal well.

"At length, after many weeks of detention and every possible variety of vexation, we learnt that a plenipotentiary was to be sent from Constantinople, that the British dragoman was to be recalled from exile, and that a house would be assigned for our residence on shore during the future negotiation. Finally, on 11 November we were at liberty to proceed, and early in that day, befriended by a strong south wind, the *Sea-Horse* stemmed the fierce current of the Dardanelles, and cast anchor within the straits about a mile or more below the inner Asiatic castle. A sad disappointment was at hand. The house, on which we had fed our expectations of escaping from cabin-life and sea-fare, vanished into space on our approach. The farmhouse, or *chiftlik* as it was called, had no accommodation of any kind, and could only be used for an occasional conference. Our prospect was that of an immediate

Adair, i. 46–7

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return to the prison afloat, with winter coming on, and no small difficulty in communicating with the shore. The conferences were to be held at intervals. The plenipotentiaries had far to go. Their meetings depended on weather and instructions from Constantinople. The Turks seemed bent on delay. We were to be worried into certain concessions: the French were to be mystified by doubtful appearances.

"The negotiation was thus protracted under various phases to the end of the year. Conflagrations and revolutions took place meanwhile at Constantinople, and no stone was left unturned by the French in order to dissuade or to deter the Porte from accepting our terms. This struggle of mutual endurance could not last for ever. It was matter of curiosity to see which of the two heads under water would be the first to rise for breath. At length Mr. Adair sent in his ultimatum, and prepared the *Sea-Horse* for instant departure in case of any further demur. The picturesque attitude of the ship, with its sails loose and its anchor a-peak, accomplished the work of twenty conferences. Mohammed Emin Vahid Efendi, so was the Ottoman plenipotentiary called, gave in, and the Treaty of the Dardanelles was signed on 5 January, 1809 [19 Zu-l-ka'da 1223], while the French consul's express, announcing our failure, was on its way to Napoleon's embassy at Stambol."

Adair, i. 113 ff.

The French chargé d'affaires had warned the Porte that the landing of an English ambassador would be the signal for his own departure with every Frenchman in the place, and that war would infallibly ensue. The unfulfilled threat injured his prestige almost as much as did Adair's success.

MEMOIRS.

"Late one evening almost immediately after the conclusion of peace, as I was pacing the deck with Mr. Adair, he suddenly turned round to me and said that after the exchange of ratifications he was to be the King's ambassador at Constantinople, but that, instead of remaining there, he was to go on to Vienna in the same character as soon as our relations with Austria would admit of it. He then inquired whether I should like to have the appointment of secretary to the Turkish Embassy, which, on his departure, might lead to my having for a time the

direction of its affairs as minister plenipotentiary. After expressing my thanks for his kindness, I assured him that I had no wish but to resume my office in England, and that the proposed opening in diplomacy, if realized in my favour, would only take me away from a line which I preferred. There, to the best of my recollection, our conversation dropped ; but I presume that he persisted in his idea, as in due time my commission, agreeably to what he had suggested, came out together with his letters of credence." 1809 — ÆT. 22

In sending out his cousin's commission George Canning wrote as follows :—

My dear Stratford,—I have great pleasure in sending you your appointment of minister plenipotentiary ; although I hope you may not soon have occasion to make use of it. London, 30 July

Mr. Adair's reports of you and yours of him lead me to wish that he may continue where he is, and you with him ; at the same time that I feel myself justified on public grounds in doing, what, on private grounds *alone*, you know me well enough to know I would *not* do, in your favour, in the event of his coming away.

Let me hear from you constantly, secretary or minister ; and so my dear Stratford, God bless you. You will find me ever

Your affectionate cousin and sincere friend,

G. C.

"Meanwhile the whole mission had been transferred to Constantinople. Our audience of the Grand Vezir, and subsequently of the Sultan, had taken place in the customary form. We occupied a hired house in the main street of Pera, that well-known [Christian] suburb of the new Byzantium,—the ambassador's residence, or palace, as it was called, not being ready for our reception ; and a most friendly understanding prevailed between Mr. Adair and the Turkish ministers. MEMOIRS.

"It was now the month of February. A year of great importance had begun. The Emperor Napoleon had consolidated by a peace of apparent duration the military, territorial, and moral advantages which he had obtained, as the case might be, at the expense of Continental Europe. Where his troops were not quartered, or his frontier not advanced, he exercised either an accepted authority, or a predominant influence. [Besides being emperor of the French, with Tilsit, 7 June, 1807

1809 Belgium, the left bank of the Rhine, Nice and Savoy,] he was
ÆT. 22 king of Italy, master of the Low Countries, protector of the Rhenish Confederacy, and mediator of the Swiss Cantons. His numerous armies occupied the greater part of the countries west of the Pyrenees. Their positions were as yet but partially threatened by the Spanish insurrection and the British successes in Portugal. Austria was secretly collecting the means for a fresh trial of strength with the victorious legions of France. Russia was occupied with her military operations against Turkey. Denmark had become the creature of Napoleon, and Sweden, though allied with us by the policy of its gallant and unfortunate king, was drifting towards a change of government destined to prove subversive of the English alliance.

"England, though triumphant everywhere at sea, and wielding a power which was capable of making itself felt wherever the enemy or his forced allies presented a weak point upon the coast or a distant colonial possession worth attacking, had to bear up against a heavy financial pressure, and to encounter much occasional discontent at home. She was nominally at war with every European government controlled by France, and as far as ever from any approach towards peace with that country, while serious discussions with the United States of America held out to her the prospect of another war dangerous to her trade and difficult to be met without much additional expense and many a hazardous exertion. The Duke of Portland was our prime minister and Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning were members of his cabinet."

Napoleon was then in the glow of his second great military passion. Foiled by England in his eastern schemes by the destruction of his fleet at Abukir and the consequent imprisonment of his army in Egypt and Syria; foiled again by England in his naval combination with Spain, by the splendid triumph of Nelson at Trafalgar; foiled once again by England in his last attempt to raise a fleet, by Mr. Canning's seizure of the Danish ships: his invincible resolution to humble the island empire burned hotter than ever; but the means of realizing the resolve were changed. On the seas,

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England remained unassailable; France could muster no fleet to cope with her. The attack must therefore be by land; and Napoleon was now carrying out that policy which Mr. Seeley has tersely expressed as "conquering Europe in order to conquer England." He was creating that universal blockade of English trade, that general "boycotting," known as the Continental system, by which he hoped at last to bring the pride of the stubborn islanders to the dust. The surrender at Ulm and the battle of Austerlitz in 1805 had broken the German coalition; Jena had reduced Prussia (1806) to despair; Friedland (1807) had completed the work of Austerlitz in Russia; and the treaty of Tilsit had united for the moment all the Great Powers of Europe in a general conspiracy against Great Britain. England held important posts in the Mediterranean, and had a grip on Portugal and Sicily: and that was all. Turkey was the only neutral power, and would not long remain so if Napoleon could have his will.

Short Hist. of Nap. 294

MEMOIRS.

"The state of Turkey itself was anything but satisfactory in view of those Powers who did not wish the Porte to become the prey either of Russia or of France. The throne of the empire was filled by a young Sultan, who had recently succeeded to his brother Mustafa, whose immediate predecessor, their cousin Selim, had, like the last sultan of that period, fallen a sacrifice to the mutinous spirit of the Janissaries. Mahmud, the reigning sovereign, was for some time the last of his race. Young, ignorant, and inexperienced, he had everything to apprehend from the circumstances in which he was placed. Both morally and materially his empire was bordering on decrepitude. The old political system of Turkey had worn itself out. The population was not yet prepared for a new order of things. A depreciated currency, a disordered revenue, a mutinous militia, dilapidated fortresses, a decreasing population, a stagnant industry, and general misrule, were the monuments which time had left of Ottoman domination in the second capital of the Roman Empire and throughout those extensive regions which had been the successive seats of civilization, ever varying, generally advancing, from the earliest periods of social settlement

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and historical tradition. A continual and often a sanguinary antagonism of creeds, of races, of districts and authorities within the frontier, and frequent wars of little glory and much loss with neighbouring Powers, had formed of late the normal condition of the Porte's dominions.

"Russia, France, Austria, and even Persia had by turns contracted the area and drained the resources of the empire. From the corrupt monotony of his seraglio the Sultan had to send forth his firmans, his emissaries, his bands of irregular soldiery, or, it might be, his naval armaments, against an invading enemy, a rebellious chief, or an armed insurrection. Several great families, several unsubdued tribes, and here and there an over-powerful pasha had succeeded in braving and circumscribing the imperial authority. The Mamluks still prevailed in Egypt. The most important part of Syria was under the sway of a Christian Emir. Ali Pasha of Janina exercised royal power in the provinces bordering on Greece, and Greece itself, excited by Russia, was preparing to burst the fetters which had so long bound her to the Ottoman throne. Servia, Montenegro, and the Danubian Principalities were all more or less in league with Russia, and the Porte, at war with that formidable Power, had everything to apprehend from the Russian forces concentrated upon her northern frontier. The Sultan's fleet was manned with Christian Greeks from the island population of the Archipelago; the Barbary powers were scarcely even in nominal dependence on the Porte; and a sect of Mohammedans, called the Wahhābis, and having a kind of analogy with our Puritans, had hoisted a separate standard of religious belief in parts of Egypt and Arabia.

"To these causes of moral and material weakness the Sultan had to oppose an imperial authority founded on the dominant faith, and unlimited in practice, if not by law; a martial spirit of fanaticism among his Musulman subjects; and a military organization, of very irregular action for the field, but powerful in the collection of numbers and supplies, animated by a contemptuous hatred of all Christians, whether enemies or fellow-subjects, and capable of long-sustained resistance behind walls and entrenchments. The country, though wasted by centuries of contention and mismanage-

ment, was naturally in most parts productive, the strong arm of power was still there to force every kind of produce into the service of Government, and, if loans from abroad were not yet in play, the accumulated wealth of oppressive pashas and usurious capitalists afforded a resource of which the State in its necessities might be expected to avail itself without doing much violence to its conscience." 1809 ÆT. 22

It is interesting to learn what were the earliest impressions made by the Turks upon one who was destined in after years to hold a predominant place in their councils. In the spring of 1809 Canning wrote of them thus :

To George Canning, 27 April

Very false notions are entertained in England of the Turkish nation. You know much better than I do the mighty resources and native wealth which this enormous empire possesses. I am myself a daily witness of the personal qualities of the inhabitants, qualities which if properly directed are capable of sustaining them against a world of enemies. But the government is radically bad, and its members, who are all alive to its defects, have neither the wisdom nor the courage to reform it. The few who have courage equal to the task know not how to reconcile reformation with the prejudices of the people. And without this nothing can be effected.

Destruction will not come upon this empire either *from the north or from the south*; it is rotten at the heart; the seat of corruption is in the government itself. Conscious of their weakness, and slaves to the Janissaries, of whom they have not discretion to make a proper use, the ministers have lately introduced at home the same system of deceit that they have so long employed in their intercourse with foreign powers.

MEMOIRS. " In dealing with a government thus circumstanced, friendly indeed to us at heart and hoping for our support, but dreading the vengeance of Napoleon, our uncompromising enemy, and jealous of our European leaning towards Russia [whom we were labouring to detach from the French alliance,] the British Embassy had to exercise a discretion at once firm and delicate. In the midst of many difficulties Mr. Adair had the advantage of having won a strong hold on the confidence of Austria during his recent mission to Vienna, and consequently that of being able to open a private and friendly intercourse with the Austrian Internuncio, notwithstanding that the two governments were formally in a state of war

1809 with each other. He had able correspondents in the Austrian capital, and also, by means of Count Ludolf, the ex-representative of Naples, tolerated but no longer acknowledged by the Porte, occasional access to the Russian cabinet through the Duke of Sierra Capriola, that minister's colleague at St. Petersburg. He possessed, moreover, a general faculty of conciliating the good will of others, and he brought to the discharge of his official duties a conscientious zeal and a liberal intelligence accompanied with an amount of strenuous practical upright ability much above par. Never man possessed a more generous heart, a clearer head, or a kinder disposition.

"Those transactions which more immediately occupied the British Embassy were of interest rather in a broad European sense than in one of mere national concern. French influence was brought to bear against us on every occasion. We had to maintain our position as we best could, at a great disadvantage, and Mr. Adair was ready to avail himself of every incidental opportunity with that view. An opening, as he conceived, was offered by the circumstances in which the Ionian Islands were placed. The septinsular republic, established a few years before by the co-operation of Turkey and Russia, had given way to a French occupation of its territory, and that arrangement had in turn been partially superseded by the success of a British expedition at Cephalonia and others of the secondary islands. Corfu alone was still held by a French garrison. Our ambassador in this state of divided possession accepted as representative of the islands a certain Signor Foresti, who had figured at the Porte in that capacity some years before, and ventured to hope that the Turkish Government might be induced to follow in the same line. He was unfortunately mistaken. The Porte's inclination, which was no doubt with us, soon yielded to the ascendancy of France, and Signor Foresti expiated in prison the presumption of his patriotic zeal.

"An obstinate contest ensued between the Porte and the Embassy. Their friendly relations were mutually chilled, and when at length the incarcerated agent was released, it appeared that we had gained nothing in respect of the main

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object. A somewhat ludicrous scene had occurred during the struggle. Prince Constantine Morouzi, the Porte's chief interpreter, had been sent in form to wait on the ambassador with pressing entreaties that he would take into account the embarrassments of the case and with friendly forbearance cease to urge his claim. His excellency was obdurate, and in despair, as a last forlorn endeavour, the dragoman threw himself on his knees, and vowed that he would not rise until his petition was granted. Mr. Adair was not to be done by this manœuvre. He took forthwith to the same attitude in front of his kneeling suppliant, and declared his resolution not to rise before the prince had himself resumed the perpendicular. It was a regular *fix*, and afforded much amusement to disinterested parties who had the good fortune to witness it from an opposite window.

"Meanwhile the war party at Vienna, joined, if not headed, by Count Stadion, who conducted the Austrian war department at that juncture, was busily engaged in preparing for a fresh trial of strength with Buonaparte and his imperial legions. Week after week the German post brought to Mr. Adair some further indication of its progress, till at length the gauntlet was openly thrown down, and the French armies were put in motion for a direct attack upon the Austrian capital. It was a natural consequence of this rupture that friendly communications should be restored between the cabinets of London and Vienna. A diplomatic agent was despatched from Downing Street for that purpose to the Austrian head-quarters. A nephew of Earl Bathurst was elected for the important mission, and it was hoped that the course of events would enable him to open the way for Mr. Adair's reception at Vienna with the rank and weight of ambassador. Had there been room for selfish thoughts at a moment when destinies of such world-wide consequence hung on the wheel of fortune, I should have looked to the fulfilment of that expectation with absorbing eagerness. The ambassador's departure from Constantinople would at once bring my latent commission as minister to light and invest me, not indeed with the dignity, but with the functions and responsibility, attractive though perilous, of a full-blown Excellency. Young as I was I could

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not be insensible to a prospect at once so near and so flattering, nor does it surprize me even now that when the promised land proved to be a *mirage*, some feelings of personal disappointment mingled with those of sorrow for the down-dashed fabric of European delivery and British glorification.

"Be that as it may, Napoleon displayed his wonted energy in the field. Barrier after barrier was rapidly surmounted by his army, and for the second time in less than five years Vienna lay prostrate and palpitating beneath the talons of

May

an implacable vulture. Heroic valour and military skill protracted in vain and shed an autumnal glory over the last spasms of a dying cause. The previous submission of Austria

Schönbrunn, 14 Oct.

was confirmed by a new treaty of humiliation before the effort to shake it off could do more than rouse the sympathies without obtaining the coöperation of Europe. The spacious theatre of defeat soon became untenable for a British agent, and Mr. Bathurst, single and unprotected, had to seek his way back to England by unfrequented paths and under fortuitous disguises. It is notorious that to this hour his fate is a mystery. A foreigner in our service as messenger was the latest witness, an inn-yard the last known scene of his distress.[1] He was a gentleman of high honour and excellent ability but subject to strong nervous impressions. I had made his acquaintance in Sweden, and the last letter received from him at Constantinople was addressed to me.

"Meanwhile the quarrel between Turkey and Russia had

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broken into active hostilities. Before long a powerful Russian army, commanded by Prince Kutusov, advanced to the Danube. The resistance offered to it by the Turks, however

[1] He had arrived at Perleberg, on the road from Berlin to Hamburg, travelling under the name of Koch and in the character of a merchant. He dined at the White Swan Inn, and there called upon the captain of a corps of Brandenburg cuirassiers who were stationed in the town. He told him that he had strong reasons to believe that his person was in danger, and he asked for a guard at the inn. A lady present remarked that he trembled so that he could not lift a cup of tea without spilling it. The captain gave him a couple of soldiers, and Benjamin Bathurst returned to the inn, where he remained writing and burning papers till seven in the evening, when he ordered the horses. The carriage was got ready, the luggage was put in, Bathurst "stepped round to the heads of the horses—*and was never seen again.*" (The story is well told in the *Cornhill Magazine*, March 1887.) It was a dark November night, and the landlord and servants searched

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strenuous,[1] was ineffectual. The Grand Vezir underwent more than one severe discomfiture. His forces were finally reduced to a few thousand men. The ardour of the Janissaries was cooled. No reserves of sufficient strength could be brought up. The two Danubian Principalities were occupied by Russia. The route to Constantinople had little or nothing to defend it, except the reputation of Shumla, the fastnesses of the Balkan, and the length of march over bad roads, with uncertain supplies. Sultan Mahmud had at first encamped his army on the heights of Daūd-Pasha with the supposed intention of commanding them in person. But the troops struck their tents and marched northwards at the appointed time without being accompanied by their sovereign. An Ottoman army was at that period much the same as it had been in the preceding centuries. Discipline, as we understand it, was confined to the Janissaries and artillery, and even those corps were but imperfectly organized in comparison with the forces of Christendom. The mass of the army was composed of levies, whether infantry or cavalry, drawn together by imperial command from the various provinces of the empire, and animated by a fervent spirit of loyalty and religion, but

in vain for him. The cuirassiers scoured the country. Bloodhounds were set on the scent, wells and rivers were dragged. Some of his clothes were found, and a letter in a pocket told his wife that he feared he should never get home, and his destruction would be Count d'Entraignes' doing. Heavy rewards were offered for information, without result. A dozen conflicting reports were current as to his fate. His sister said that D'Entraignes, who was a French spy in London, told Mrs. Bathurst that her husband had been kidnapped and murdered at Magdeburg Castle, where it is said a skeleton was discovered with bound hands. An extraordinary paragraph appeared in a Hamburg paper stating that "Sir Bathurst" had not committed suicide as supposed in a fit of insanity, but was well. Who wrote this strange paragraph was never discovered. In 1852 a house in the road close by, where had lived a man servant of the Swan Inn, was pulled down, and a skeleton was found under the stable. It was impossible to identify it after forty-three years, and there was not a word against the old servant's character. The skull had been broken in from behind, and the body stripped. It may have been Benjamin Bathurst. The family, and England generally, believed that he had been kidnapped by Napoleon, and the Emperor condescended to deny the charge on his word of honour. The French held that the unfortunate envoy committed suicide, and Napoleon's organ stated that it was only the English diplomatic service that contained lunatics. It is more probable that he was murdered for his money.

[1] The Russians were thrice defeated on the Danube in the spring of 1809. Adair, i. 215.

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quite as formidable to the country which they traversed as to the enemy whom they had to encounter. Nothing could be more picturesque to an artist's eye than their appearance under arms, nothing less satisfactory to an experienced observer than their accoutrements, manœuvres, and commissariat. Considering their backwardness in almost every point of military instruction, it is really marvellous that they were able to keep in check even as firmly as they often did the highly disciplined and well-appointed battalions with which they had to contend. In the defence of walls and entrenchments they could best display their native hardihood and zealous devotion. In the field their artillery was served with effect, and the charge of their wild hordes of cavalry was not to be treated with contempt. On the whole, whether we looked to the men or to their officers, although the advantages of systematic instruction and organic discipline were indisputable, there was enough to explain how much may be done by strong hands and stout hearts when banded together on the spur of the occasion by some predominant motive-power, however unprepared for the use of arms or unprovided with leaders superior to themselves in military knowledge.

"Mr. Adair, not finding the road to Vienna open to him as he had expected, wisely made up his mind to make a longer stay in Turkey. But his tether was evidently tightened by the new triumphs of France. He could at most hope to maintain a respectable position against the increased influence of that Power by adopting a defensive line of conduct, and waiting patiently for such improvement as time might bring into the chapter of accidents."

The overthrow of Austria, however, for the moment put English influence at a great disadvantage, and Adair took so hopeless a view of the situation that one of his secretaries, David Morier, spoke of the alarm with which he observed the ambassador's "terror and dejection."

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"The subordinates could not have much on their hands except time, when their chief was thus compelled to put his zeal and activity on half allowance. For my own part I had

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the lion's share of this unavoidable leisure. My share of business as secretary of embassy [1] lay within narrow limits, capable indeed of development in special cases, but for the time of embryo dimensions and only eventual activity. My assistance was rarely wanted for copying, as the ambassador's staff was numerous for that service. He composed his own despatches. To draw up a report on some incidental matter, to convey an impressive message to some Turkish minister or other person of influence, and to take my place in public ceremonies, formed the whole round of my official occupations. I was at the same time allowed to read the public correspondence, and I had no reason to complain of any stint in the confidence and kindness with which I was treated by the ambassador. On one occasion, when his excellency was ill during several weeks, I had to write for him and to act under his directions.

"We were thrown more than ever on local resources for our amusement and occupation. We had already slaked our curiosity, not only by visiting such objects and places of resort as every itinerant author has described, but also by attending official ceremonies and those occasional sports at which the Sultan presided in public, as well for his own diversion as for the gratification of his many-coloured and many-creeded subjects. We had ourselves figured conspicuously in the official audiences, to which the Embassy had been admitted with customary forms of etiquette. We had also been present, *under the rose*, at some purely Turkish festivities whether of a religious or of a civil character. The splendid old costume, at once so appropriate and so diversified, shone out with Oriental brilliancy. The usage of centuries in dress and manners, associated with history and typical of the unchanging East, occupied even to rapture both sight and mind.

"In the dearth of diplomatic business, a fire, an earthquake, a storm, a revolt, and almost a visitation of plague was

[1] His gross allowance was £1,073 a year, but various fees and duties reduced this to about £840. He was also given the customary "equipage money," £300, and the usual allowance (300 oz.) of plate to start with. The précis post was occupied by Joseph Planta, who of course received the salary, but there appears to have been a deputyship at the Signet Office for which Canning drew pay at least up to the middle of 1810.

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welcome, if not for its own sake, at least as a relief from the dull nightmare of monotony. A disinterested love of events is the natural consequence of that pressure, and the mind, rather than prey upon itself, is ready to accept calamity as a cordial not to be rejected."

Of external events indeed there was no lack. Before me lies a packet of papers docketed in Canning's hand "Bulletins. Pera, 1809." It consists of a series of broadsides printed by a Jew at a private press established by Adair in the British embassy. The object was to keep the Turks well informed of the successes of our armies in Portugal and Spain and of any other events which might serve to lessen the prestige of France. Side by side with these interesting documents are others printed by the French mission, and in these we see the reverse of the medal, and also read M. de Latour-Maubourg's indignant comments on the "insulting" bulletins which *somebody* had been issuing at Pera to the discredit of his imperial master. The two sets of papers form a chronicle of external events during a considerable part of the year 1809 and shed a vivid light upon the anxious life of the Embassy at that time. It is not easy to realize the eager expectation with which the news was awaited which these scraps of roughly printed paper disseminated in Pera. How those few Englishmen must have trembled when at long intervals some vessel from Gibraltar or a courier from Austria brought the last news from the seats of war! One day they were dispirited by a bulletin from the press of the French mission containing Napoleon's inspiring address to his soldiers after the successes which had attended the beginning of the contest with Austria:—"Soldats! Vous avez justifié mon attente: vous avez suppléé au nombre par votre bravoure; vous avez glorieusement marqué la différence qui existe entre les soldats de César et les cohues armées de Xerxes. . . . Avant un mois nous serons à Vienne." Then they read the Archduke Charles' vigorous exhortation to the armies of Austria on 6 April, and hoped that his sanguine prophecies would be realized. In May they heard of his advance and the triumphs which attended his arms, and on 23 June the embassy press

published the glorious news that the battle of Aspern had been fought and won: "Bonaparte è stato totalmente disfatto a Aspern i 21 e 22 Maggio da S. A. l' Archiduca Carlo; questo principe ha fatto la sua entrata in Vienna il 25 Maggio"; and five days later this Italian bulletin was followed by another in French: "Bonaparte est en pleine fuite. Son armée, défaite successivement dans plusieurs combats depuis le 26 jusqu'au 29 Mai, se trouve presqu'entièrement anéantie. Les débris n'ont pu qu'avec beaucoup de peine gagner la Bavière." We can imagine the enthusiasm with which Canning copied out these joyful tidings for the compositor, and how eagerly he waited for the next news, and read the Archduke's triumphant report of "that battle of giants" at Aspern. Alas! the news of Wagram soon cast down all hopes of Napoleon's immediate destruction. 1809 ÆT. 22

Meanwhile other events were keeping English eyes fixed upon the west. In March they learned that Moore had defeated the French at Corunna. Every month the slow vessels of the time brought some few words to cheer them with the hope that Wellesley would at last make head against the foe. On 16 Sept. the bulletin of the day promulgated the news of the victory of Talavera, and once more the little group of English at Constantinople held up their heads and rejoiced that "the common enemy of Europe" had been beaten. To turn over these bulletins is listening to the hopes and fears of a besieged garrison waiting to know their fate.

"The environs of Constantinople on both sides of the port were at that time infested with robbers; the danger was however not sufficient to prevent excursions into the country. A member of the Embassy rarely went out to any distance without the protection of a Janissary or armed attendant, and the ambassador was always preceded by a bodyguard even in the streets. This was an old custom, intended probably at first as much for the custody as for the safety of his excellency's person, and certainly quite as much required by the risk of insult as of highway robbery. Two favourite rides were along the valleys, each watered by a stream of its own, which joined at last to form the head of the Golden Horn. One of MEMOIRS.

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them led to Justinian's aqueduct, and then circuitously through the forest to the Greek hamlet of Belgrade, where in the preceding age a gifted ambassadress from our country left the impress of her charms: the other by long-drawn windings to the well-known villages of Therapia and Buyukderé, the resort in summer of Christian families both native and foreign, on account of their proximity to the Bosphorus and their exposure to delicious breezes from the Black Sea. No month of May or June, during my repeated detentions in Turkey, ever closed without a pilgrimage on my part to those sequestered labyrinths, where Flora seemed to have scattered her whole lapful of blossoms, and where the long rich grass supplied a welcome feast to endless lines of horses, tethered at suitable distances and neighing joyfully to each other.

"There was also on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus a shrine of natural beauty which year after year received from me the tribute of a visit with pleasing additions of well-earned repose and liberal refreshment. It stood on the brow of a commanding hill called Bulghurlu, of easy access, and laid in velvet to the summit, except where tufts of wild lavender or gum-cistus chequered the smooth turf and filled the air with fragrance. Heavens! What a prospect in every direction! Names alone may suffice to describe it—Constantinople—Bosphorus—the Princes' Islands - the shadowy skirt of Rhodope—the snowy ridge of Olympus—the nearer mountains of Asia. All in varied perspective lay either immediately beneath or at a distance around, while these grand features were intermingled with details of palaces and shipping, of castles and villages, of groves and vineyards, of hills and meadows, each glowing with life and all composing one magnificent panorama.

"Towards the end of July I asked and obtained a short leave of absence. My object was to make a tour in Asia Minor and to visit several places of ancient celebrity in that region. It took me several weeks to accomplish this purpose. I travelled on horseback attended by a Janissary and my Greek servant. My passport was the usual Turkish firman, authorizing the hire of post-horses, and recommending me to the local authorities. My first stage was by water, a distance

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of forty miles across the Sea of Marmora and up the small sluggish river of Mikalitza, or Mohalich. The passage was performed in a large row-boat, fitted with sails. My first resting place was Brusa, the former capital of Bithynia, situated on the rise of Mount Olympus, backed by forests of the Spanish chestnut, and having a vast plain of fertile well-cultivated land stretching far away at its feet. Both site and city presented a very imposing appearance. The domes and minarets of Islam were defended by walls and turrets of Roman construction. The remains of early Turkish conquerors reposed within them. Traditions of their pagan and Christian precursors were not wanting. The famous hot baths with their smoking ducts and spacious basins attracted strangers from afar, and the opulence of the natives found sources of increase in sundry productions, of which wine, corn, and silk were not the least valuable. The last mentioned article found its way at once to the loom, and the silk manufacturers of Brusa helped to give splendour to the Sultan's Court. Even the barren heights of the mountain yielded a precious item of merchandize in the shape of pressed snow, which, wrapt in flannel and transported to Constantinople, served to cool the sherbet of many a glowing sultana and luxurious pasha. Like other travellers I rode to the top of Olympus, and found the rewards of a fatiguing ascent in the rich vegetation of its sides and the glorious views from its summit. The wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople was distinctly visible through a break in the clouds some way below the highest point.

"The Greek family with whom I lodged entertained me most kindly and liberally. In those days an hotel or even an inn was rare in Turkey. Travellers ranking as gentlemen were billetted in the towns on some family of condition, and when overtaken by night in the country they shifted as they could. On one occasion I had to sleep on a platform open at the sides, on another to lie down in a stable, on a third and fourth to stretch myself on a quilt under the canopy of Heaven with my saddle for a pillow. A long day's journey supplied all deficiencies, even when the ground was moistened with rain, or the air resounded with mosquitoes. The

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Turkish caravanserais were unfurnished stone buildings, roofed in, and divided into small rooms round a courtyard. They were fit only for those who travelled in Eastern costume, with their own bedding and cooking utensils.

"My route lay across the country to Smyrna. It was generally a broad horse-track, widened by use into a carriage road in the plains, and strewed here and there with remains of old pavement. The Turks reckon distance by *sa'ats*, or hours, each *sa'at* being about three miles or rather more,—the rate at which a post-horse may be supposed to walk. What with delays at the *menzils*, or post-houses, what with the necessary care of my baggage, I could not accomplish more than thirty miles a day on the average. There was some talk of robbers, but we met with none. We had to cross more than one range of arid hills and wild forest land. We had often to pick our way along the stony channel of some half-dried stream. We passed at times over ground where many a broken column or other architectural fragment told the tale of an obliterated population. We saw the marks even of modern decay in Turkish cemeteries long neglected, and remote from any existing town or village. In one place I could see the half-buried tombstone of some forgotten Musulman, surmounted as usual with the figure of his professional turban; in another a portion of some classical inscription corroded by weather stains, and half covered with lichens. Once, on a marble block the word Θυατειρηνος was visible on close inspection, marking, no doubt, the last home of some Greek, who had been a Christian inhabitant of Thyatira. At Balik Hisar and two or three smaller villages I was hospitably received by the Pasha, Voyvode, or Agha of the place. My bed was the divan or a carpet, my supper was a stew of eggs, fish, or vegetables, added to something more solid from my store of cold provisions, and followed by coffee and pipes. At daylight I started afresh, and in that 'sweet hour of prime,' as Milton calls it, nothing could be more exhilarating than a canter on horseback through the light morning air, while the herbage glistened with dew and the blue hills afar caught the first tints of sunrise. Much of what interested or amused me in this excursion has long since

faded from my recollection; but some fair scenes more striking than the rest still float, like tropical islands, on the halcyon waters of memory. Among these are the wood-girt lake of Apollonia, the gulf of Adramyti, and the distant view of Smyrna from the banks of the golden Hermus. 1809 ÆT. 22

"One of the first objects that drew my attention on the road was a threshing-floor of primitive construction, reminding me of Virgil's description in the *Georgics*: (i. 173 ff.) On just such a floor in the open air were spread the loosened sheaves with the grain still in the ear, and over them, round and round, a rustic was driving a pair of horses attached to a broad sledge, which was turned up in front and studded underneath with numerous pieces of flint let into the wood. Nor was the *ingens farris acervus* wanting. So, on the plain of Troy I had seen a reminiscence of the ancient car, high in front, open behind, and raised on wheels of solid timber not broken into spokes. Every waggon that I met asserted its legitimate descent by groaning and creaking in the most classical discords. When all was hushed in the stillness of evening, the forests would tell of their savage inhabitants. After a deep roll of thunder I once heard a long howl that seemed to proceed from innumerable beasts alarmed by the storm and answering each other through the breadth and length of the shaggy wilderness.

"It was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Magnesia that I stopped to pay my respects to the head of the Kara Osman family, one of the largest hereditary proprietors of land among the class denominated *Derébeys* in Turkey. His Konak, or country mansion, crowned a well-chosen rise, situated in a vast basin of mountains and commanding a distant view of all the woods by which his quarters were to be approached. The premises were spacious but not symmetrical. There was a wild air of grandeur about them. The servants were numerous. Horses, bridled and saddled, stood in the courtyard. The master, a hale old man with a white flowing beard and a mild expressive countenance, received me in a large saloon surrounded in Turkish fashion on three sides by a broad divan. I had been allowed to eat by myself, but was treated in his presence with the customary regale of

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pipes, coffee, and sherbet. His manners were noble, easy, and polite. He gave me at parting a carpet of many colours to go under my quilt mattrass at night, and he sent one of his mounted attendants to conduct me to the next station. His family's influence, together with that of the whole class, underwent a rough curtailment when Sultan Mahmud not long afterwards realized his repressive policy at the expense of so many privileged guilds and half-independent grandees. There is much reason to fear that in the case of the Derébeys the land and tenantry lost, the one in cultivation, the other in comfort, what the sovereign gained in power, and hoped, perhaps, to gain in revenue also.

"At Smyrna I was lodged at the house of our Consul Mr. Werry. Of course I went to see the different objects of curiosity in the city and its environs. Narrow picturesque streets in the former and two or three pretty villages in the latter constitute the whole catalogue. An excursion to Ephesus occupied a part of my time. In going we had to rest a night on the way, and, when there, a second at the wretched hamlet of Ayasuluk. Bugs at the one, mosquitoes at the other, put sleep to flight. Piles of fragmentary architecture marked the site of Ephesus. I had no means or leisure for excavating, and the ground on its surface offered nothing to challenge particular attention. What remained of the city's ruin was originally about three miles from the sea. A portion of what had been the quay, when it was a seaport, fell under my observation, and it was curious to see here and there an iron ring, to which some vessel had perhaps been fastened in the days of Saint Paul. At Ayasuluk the remains of a sculptured gateway, still erect, bore witness to the ancient splendour of the place. The famous Temple of Diana had been less fortunate. Save a few scattered blocks, half buried in swamp and weeds, it had ceased to yield any local evidence of its glory.

Age rocks Athena's tow'r, but spares grey Marathon.

As in Greece so it is in Asia, once her scourge and then her victim, shrines and palaces have crumbled in upon their foundations; but the lofty precipices of limestone rock, which skirted a part of my road, continue to elicit exclamations of

wonder and awe, while streams, immortal without Homer's aid, the Caÿster, the Caïcus, and the Meander, still wind through meadows of surpassing luxuriance and bear along their waves the plaintive notes of many a white-plumed swan. It was with an *Iliad* in my hand that I crossed the Caÿster, and on the open page was printed that passage (ii. 461) which ends with Καϋστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα. 1809 — — ÆT. 22

"After resting a few days I set out on my return to the capital, cooled by the *inbat* and not much terrified by the earthquakes of Smyrna. Nothing could be kinder or more hospitable than the consul and his wife. The consul had in earlier days commanded a privateer, and the performance of his judicial duties took, I thought, a tinge from the authority he had exercised in that vocation. One day before I left, a Greek Suriji [courier] presented himself with a rather clamorous plea against some English travellers who taking offence had dismounted him on the high road and planted him there on foot to get home as he could. I heard a scuffle in the passage and on looking out of my room beheld Mr. Werry in the act of taking his suppliant by the whisker and passing him downstairs with the additional help of an oath and a kick.

Extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit. *Georg.* ii. 474

"I returned to Constantinople by way of Magnesia, a town of no mean size at the foot of Mount Sipylus. The fable of Niobe had its origin on that towering mass of rocks. When the sun at some period in summer has attained a certain height, a cloud or mist gathers round the peaks of the mountain, and rays, the darts of Apollo, may be seen shooting through breaks in the floating vapour. At last, from some atmospheric cause, the suspended moisture resolves itself into a shower of rain, which the lively imagination of Greece converted into the tears of the unhappy mother. The rest of the journey has left no special trace upon my recollection, unless it be the daily refreshment of stopping about noon in some sheltered spot and taking a frugal meal with its usual accompaniments in Turkey. A green knoll, a flowery bank, a spring or fountain of clear water, the shade of a branching plane-tree, were seldom

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wanting, and the weary horses knew well where the best halts were to be found. We reached without further adventure the point whence we had set out on landing from Stambol, there we took boat, and, crossing the Sea of Marmora at night, completed our voyage by an early hour the next morning."

CHAPTER II.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

1809–1810.

"MR. ADAIR had rented a country house at Belgrade, and thither I went to resume my not very arduous duties with the Embassy. September was then in progress, and autumn is ever a delightful season at Constantinople,—almost a second spring. The scenery about Belgrade had much to remind an Englishman of his own country. The village, composed of two separate parts, was situated on a broken slope looking south. It was inhabited by native Greeks with the exception of a few houses occupied in summer by diplomatic or other foreign families. It was surrounded by forests of oak, beech, and Spanish chestnut, covering to a wide extent both hill and valley, though frequently cleared into grassy glades, meadows, and gardens, and vineyards, with large sheets of water, formed by damming up the brooks, and destined to supply the city and its suburbs with that necessary element by means of locks and aqueducts. From some higher points the Black Sea came into sight, and game was said to abound in the woods. My own experience confirmed this report, though not to its full extent. Of the larger kind, stag, boar, and roebuck were indeed to be found, but sparingly, and not without many a weary search. Woodcocks and quails were the staple. Other kinds, the usual tenants of preserves, were far more rare. Still there was something of each, and more than could be expected in lands so partially cultivated, where birds of prey abounded and game laws were unknown. With a double-barrelled gun, which I owed to Mr. Adair's generosity,

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and a horse, which his Ottoman colleague at the Dardanelles had given me, I took my share of the sport. At times we went by moonlight to watch for wild boars in some lonely dell where they were supposed to resort. Now and then a grand battue was got up in some remoter part of the forest. In most cases the interest was greater than the success. But even a complete failure would find some atonement in the vicissitudes of an animating pursuit, when other distractions, including the field of diplomacy, were at zero.

"These out-of-door recreations, abundant as they were, derived an additional zest from the desultory business with which they were connected. I could not wait upon a Turkish minister, or perform any current act of diplomacy on the ambassador's account, without impressions reminding me of some chapter in Gibbon or some tale of wonder in the *Arabian Nights*. Sanctioned alike by memory and imagination they served to illustrate matter of fact with pictures quite as lively as those of the *London News*. They were the more precious as our indoor comforts and social amusements were curtailed not a little by the nature of the place and the character of the times. With Turks, Greeks and Armenians there was no society in the ways of Europe. The diplomatic circle was at zero. Owing to various causes, entirely political, the only house of that class in which we could pass an evening was the residence of the Swedish mission. Its chief, the Chevalier de Palin, was a man of books and coins, of very respectable archaeological attainments; his wife, a daughter of D'Ohsson, the well-known author of several volumes on the laws and institutions of the Turks, without being remarkable for beauty and accomplishments, had enough of both to lend a charm to her lively conversation and engaging manners. The intelligent and educated traveller was a rare bird and at best a bird of passage. What remained was to be sought out with very limited success among the resident merchants and mongrel families of Pera and Buyukderé, who supplied Christian diplomacy with interpreters, and by their means exercised no small influence, not always of the purest kind,[1] over its transactions with the Porte.

[1] "I had not been long installed on Mr. Adair's departure when one of the

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"In general the shores of Turkey were little visited except by the merchant or the mariner. Its interior was a sealed book to those who were not prepared to encounter the perils, difficulties, and privations, attendant, more or less, on every traveller in a semi-barbarous ill-peopled country wasted by oppression and swarming with robbers of every description from the highwayman and village Agha to the Janissary and the Bedouin.

"To one who like myself had been placed more by accident than choice on so vast and attractive a theatre with ample leisure for looking round and some special facilities for moving about, the interest of the situation was naturally exciting. I must, nevertheless, acknowledge the truth. My heart was not there. I had no predilection for diplomacy. My tastes, my hopes, my prospects were at home, in my native land, in its gigantic metropolis, the seat of enlightened legislation, of civilizing power, and of honourable contention for the greatest results of thought and the noblest prizes of ambition. I was pleased with being brought so soon into immediate though partial contact with great public events of the day; I was far from being insensible to the striking objects and various scenes around me; I was neither blind to the beauties of nature nor deaf to the voice of ages; but all these appeals to my attention, however forcible, however seductive, possessed in my view but a passing interest. They would at times, in spite of myself, contract an obstructive appearance, an air of something which kept me away from pursuits more congenial to my real inclinations and inherent cast of character. The consequence was natural enough. I did not by any means throw aside or disregard the opportunities which fell to my lot; but I cannot say that I turned them to the best account, or followed them

interpreters thought proper to sound the depths and shoals of my conscience in the matter of bribery. He spoke to me of a Greek priest, who, wishing to have a wider range for the display of his Christian virtues, would be happy to give me substantial proofs of his gratitude, if he could but obtain a bishopric through my recommendation. It was, if I remember right, the see of Ephesus to which his reverence aspired, and a sum of 20,000 piastres was to constitute my fee. The measure which this suggestion afforded of a prelate's worth and of a dragoman's honesty was remuneration enough. The stream of *legitimate* corruption in our Levant service had run dry. I was never tempted again in the same manner."

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up with that alacrity and enthusiasm which they merited and indeed received from many."

The bloom of the peach was already rubbed off. Canning had seen Constantinople, and was tired of it. No one could have been more fascinated with its picturesque beauty at first, but we may judge from the following letter to Richard Wellesley how completely the glamour had faded away :—

To R. Wellesley, 9 Nov.

Upon our arrival here I was much struck with the strangeness of everything around me. The grandeur of the city as we approached it, the variety of dresses, and the tones of so many different languages, that each person seemed to have some twenty or thirty of those tongues and voices which Homer and Virgil talk about—all roused my curiosity. Above all the hearty welcome that the people seemed to give us made me regard everything in a favourable point of view. I thought my attention could never be wearied ; the time that I expected to stay seemed too short for all I wanted to see ; and even the dark, narrow, muddy, stinking streets, choked up with dead cats and mangy dogs, appeared by no means intolerable. The manners of the inhabitants, their way of living, the shops, the markets, the mosques and dismal burying-grounds, put me in mind of the Arabian tales, and I found that in reading them I had already been among the Turks. This resemblance gave me as much pleasure as if I had met with the lineal descendants of Hector and Aeneas at Bunarbashi, dressed in the armour of their ancestors, and anxious to carry the war into the country of their invaders. I scarcely dared to stamp upon the ground lest a genie should make his appearance. I expected to hear of the neighbourhood being infested by more than one band of Forty Thieves, and as for little Mustafa the tailor, I saw him upon every shop-board in the town. How pleasant and how short is the reign of the imagination ! A few months have passed away—my curiosity is satisfied—the novelty is gone. I have seen all that is to be seen, and wish only to see it no more. I should not regret the cessation of these amusements if there were any society in which we could take refuge, still less if the affairs of this Court were sufficiently important to keep one's mind actively occupied. But we are completely insulated, and living only in a state of honourable banishment. With the exception of the few English who are here, and of the Austrian, Spanish, and Swedish missions—all very meagre—the Christian population of this city is an *omnium gatherum* from all the dunghills of Europe. Equally destitute of education, manners, and common-sense, with no oppressive load of honesty, they are not fit company for our servants. With the Turks we can have but little

intercourse in the way of society. A lady according to our English notions is here an unknown animal. One might as well talk of a red goose. The French, headed by a chargé d'affaires of the name of Maubourg, are the vilest scum that ever fell from the overboilings of the pot of Imperial Jacobinism. 1809 — ÆT. 22

He was already weary of exile, though, little as he thought it, the term of banishment had in reality scarcely begun. He had confidently expected to return home "at the end of the long vacation" in 1808, and as another year wore on he grew more and more impatient of his enforced detention at a spot which despite its natural beauty had few charms for him. He longed for the companionship of his old schoolfellows, he missed his family to which he was bound by very tender links, he pined for the intellectual and social energy of London and the keen contest for fame in politics and literature. He professed himself indeed "comfortable" with his companions; the kindly disposition of Adair warmed towards him, and in David Morier he made a friend for life. But still he was lonely, and the monotonous life at Constantinople was stagnation to his vigorous and ambitious nature. In a word he was young and restless, and needed more variety and interests in his life.

His chief happiness was in the letters of his friends. He must have possessed a curious power of fascination over his contemporaries if these letters are sufficient evidence. The affection of his Eton companions lasted through their lives, and the brightest moments of his exile were the days when the *Sea-Horse* or *Salsette* brought long chatty epistles from Gally Knight, Wellesley, and Rennell. Those were the days of real correspondence, and eight or twelve sides of close writing were no unusual feats of penmanship at a time when a two months' voyage was a rapid mail to Constantinople. Home politics, the news of the war, the doings of their small circle—for his friendships were close rather than many—fill page after page of this ample correspondence, which after three-quarters of a century retains an interest and vitality that constantly invite quotation. The triumvirate of special school friends was now largely increased by a circle of Foreign Office colleagues, over whom his charm of mind and manner seems to have cast a spell. One and all write to

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him frequently and with outspoken affection; they address him by his Christian name, a sure test of popularity, and are constantly proffering services of every description. None was more eager in this than Joseph Planta, who held the précis during his friend's absence and eventually rose to be Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He wrote to Constantinople by every mail, collected huge bags of letters from all the family and friends, kept Canning *au courant* with whatever was going on at home, arranged his money affairs, and was constantly blaming himself for not doing more. Yet with all this unusual and demonstrative admiration and love—a term often employed in the letters of his friends—there is not a trace of sickly sentimentality. The young men write to one another in an honest manly way that speaks of warm hearts and high characters and mutual respect and appreciation.

In the summer of 1809 Canning was in very low spirits about the too distant prospect of return to England: he tried in vain to write cheerfully to his sister:—

To his Sister, 12 June

You seem to have very little expectation of my returning home within the year, yet I assure you nothing is further from my thoughts than staying here so long. The ratifications of the Treaty must come in a few days, and with them I expect leave to return. In truth I am very tired of staying abroad, and my absence has already been much longer than I bargained for. The novelty of a place, however amusing at first, cannot long recompense one for the want of society and the absence of friends. Constantinople is not a fit place for a gentleman to live in, and did not political circumstances make it at this moment more interesting than usual it would be quite intolerable. However, the hope of getting away in a month will keep up my spirits, and I shall try to employ the rest of my time in leaving nothing unseen that can deserve the least attention. I have already seen the Seven Towers with all the horrors of the dungeons and dark passages. We had the satisfaction of being shown the apartment occupied not long ago by a Russian ambassador. When the guide pointed it out, I whistled and tried to look brave: but at the same time I felt a something which quickened my step towards the door. At present the great object of my ambition is to see the slave-market, into which Europeans are very seldom admitted. Still, if it be possible, I will not go away without seeing it, and you shall have the earliest account of so singular a place. In spite of the unworthy manner in which your sex is treated in this country, the noble passion of love is not quite extinguished. At this very moment I hear a man strumming with all

his might upon a wretched guitar, and straining a voice still more discordant, under the windows of his mistress. This amorous youth has played the same serenade at all hours and in all seasons for the last two months: the fair one seems to be very fond of music, or very cruel.—But my thoughts will turn homewards, do what I will to keep them here. 1809-10 — ÆT. 23

The winter of 1809-10 found him still longing more ardently than ever to return home. The climate, from which at first he suffered little, began to take effect, and he had several severe illnesses accompanied by increasing lassitude and despondency. His loneliness was aggravated by the absence of David Morier, who had been sent in October to Tebriz to assist in some negotiations between the Porte and Persia. The friends did their best to lessen the distance between them by frequent correspondence, and Morier's letters availed somewhat to cheer the desolation which encompassed, as he thought, the young secretary who was left at Constantinople. A few extracts from these will help to illustrate the relations between the two men and will shew how Canning was regarded by the staff of the Embassy.

From D. Morier, 7 Nov. 1809

The long wished for packet from Stambol reached us last night and I am sure that I was most agreeably surprized in finding a letter of two sheets from you to me: for after your declaration not long before our parting "that I was to expect nothing from you till you had first heard from me," and so forth, I cannot but admire your generosity in depriving yourself of two hours' sleep to afford me a pleasure which I do assure you I have felt most gratefully in reading thrice over your account of yourself since our separation. . . .

Horribile visu, here I am at the third sheet. I must absolutely leave off and reserve the subject of the Persians till a longer residence among them makes me more master of it. I began this folio with a resolution to be very short, first because I remembered your detestation of prosing, and secondly because I wished to afford you as small a space as possible to indulge in your inordinate lust of quizzing your friends. You see that even at this distance I stand in awe of your lash. Pray spare me on this occasion. Were it not for that single defect, for it is a great one, you would be the best fellow I know. As it is you are quite good enough to make me assure you, my dear Canning, that I am very sincerely and affectionately yours. . . .

5 Dec.

I heartily wish you success in the discharge of the difficult and troublesome duties which will fall to your lot when left as premier. I am sure that where you may fail it will be from a defect

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which you can't help, want of experience :—as for zeal, I think you hate the French and love your country too much ever to be defective in that. At all events I hope you'll manage affairs well enough to ensure my coming back to you in the spring without the fear of being stopped by a French sentinel at the gate of the Palace. I think with you that the Turks will stand by us. . . . I am quite grieved to read what you write about the state of the ministry in England, and for your sake particularly so with respect to what has happened between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh. I am happy to find that the wound of the former is not dangerous. I wish it may be found that the wounds of the State are not more so. All these events must add to your anxiety to get home : but, my dear fellow, who the devil will consent to take your place at Constantinople ? So there you must stick till the Lord have mercy on you. . . . I heartily long to be back with you.

The news of his cousin's duel and resignation had, as Morier suspected, greatly increased Canning's anxiety to be off. He received a detailed account of the affair from Planta, which is here printed as a contemporary document of some interest.

Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, 2 Oct. 1809

First, my dear Stratford, to account for the extraordinary manner in which you will find this written, I must tell you, that thinking it necessary to keep a copy of it, I am scribbling away upon a machine invented by a Mr. Wedgwood and which makes two copies at once. Your cousin has delayed the mail for these few days, in order to give him and myself time to write you some account of the extraordinary and painful occurrences which have lately taken place. They are briefly as follows. Your cousin finding the greatest difficulty in forming such an administration as he thinks the present state of the country requires has offered his resignation. In the meantime, in consequence of transactions which you will see more fully detailed in a paper which I send you, Lord Castlereagh wrote such a letter, and sent such a challenge to your cousin as it was impossible for him (in his opinion) to decline. A duel has in consequence taken place, in which Charles Ellis was your cousin's second, and Lord Yarmouth second to Lord Castlereagh. The parties fired once without effect, but in the second fire your cousin was wounded in his left thigh. The ball entered about eight inches below the hip, and, taking an outward direction, passed out again on the left side of the hinder part of the thigh. The wound, though a smart one, is, thank God, by no means dangerous ; and your cousin is doing as well as he possibly can. The duel took place on Thursday morning, 21 September ; it is now ten days since that, and the wound is healing very fast. Howe attends

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your cousin. I send you two papers which will give you perfect knowledge of the whole of the transaction. One a statement which your cousin has sent about to his friends, and the other a minute taken by Charles Ellis on the ground at Putney ; or written immediately the affair had taken place. I shall therefore make no comment upon the business, but leave you to judge for yourself of the (in my opinion) shameful manner in which your cousin has been used, and of the letter from Lord Castlereagh which left him no alternative but to grant the satisfaction so urgently called for. In my opinion Lord C.'s own letter entirely exculpates your cousin. In it he fairly owns that the *object* in view was justifiable, but that the means of carrying it into effect were unjustifiable. He allows through the whole of the letter that for the *object* Mr. Canning was answerable, but that the *means* were adopted by the Duke of P. and by some other members of the Cabinet, "supposed" (as he says) to be his friends. Thus what Mr. C. did, and intended to do, was justifiable, whereas the actions of his (Lord C.'s) own friends were unjustifiable ; and on this account he selects Mr. Canning as the person on whom to revenge himself. Never was reasoning in this world so absurd ; and the conduct of Lord C. can only be fairly accounted for in one way ; namely, that it was the demand itself for his removal from office which he was determined to revenge, and not (as he states) the concealment of that demand from his Lordship.

You will see that the challenge was received on the Wednesday and that the duel took place the next morning. The most profound secresy was observed on Wednesday on the subject, and neither Hammond nor Bagot was made acquainted with it. Your cousin had first applied to Henry Wellesley to be his second, as he knew Charles Ellis was particularly engaged doing the honours of Claremont to the Queen. As Henry Wellesley could not, however, from some particular reasons, go out with your cousin, he (H. W^y.) went immediately down to Claremont, and as soon as the Queen left him, C. Ellis came up to town. After seeing your cousin he went to Lord Yarmouth and did everything in his power, *as from himself*, to explain the matter to Lord Y. so as to prevent the meeting from taking place. Lord Y. seemed very willing to make up matters if possible, but Lord C. was inflexible. At one o'clock in the morning, therefore, Charles Ellis came to your cousin's at Brompton, and found him fast asleep ; he waked him and told him that the duel must take place the [same] morning. Your cousin then turned round and went to sleep again till five o'clock, when he got up, and he and Mr. Ellis proceeded to Putney Heath. In what a tranquil and delightful state of mind he must have been to have slept quietly at such a time. I should not enter so much into particulars with anybody but you ; but to you every particular I know will be interesting.

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Ross and myself were walking quietly down to the office the morning of the 21st when we were struck dumb with the news as related to us in Downing Street by a person belonging to Lord Castlereagh's office. We hastened to Bruton St., but not finding your cousin there, we immediately proceeded to Brompton, (where he has bought a place called Gloucester Lodge,) and there we found him stretched on a sofa attended by Charles Ellis. He received us with the same kind smile which is almost always on his countenance, and the whole scene, together with the remembrance of the danger which we had escaped (for Howe says that one inch to the left would have been almost instant death from the fracture of the principal bone of the thigh) affected me so, that I was almost in tears. Ross was immediately sent down to Mrs. Canning, and I remained at Gloucester Lodge to copy the letters and other papers which he thought necessary to send to his friends on the occasion. I have been in attendance every day since, and it is from Gloucester Lodge that I write. Mrs. Canning arrived in town on the Friday night, and has, of course, remained here in constant attendance on her husband ever since. I like her very much. I was never acquainted with her before.

Wed. 4 Oct.

We have been fagging away at such a rate that I have not been able to continue this letter till to-day.—Your cousin is going on as well as possible. He intended to have attended the Levee to-day, in order to deliver the seals, but he has been requested to retain them for another week, and he therefore intends to take a walk in his garden instead.

It is no use saying anything to you (who must feel it more than anybody) about my regret at the whole of this unfortunate business and at your cousin's resignation. You lose a most attached friend and relation, I a sincere friend and patron. I feel almost obliged to believe, much against my will, that the whole business has been a deep intrigue against him, and that against his open and unsuspecting temper it has too well succeeded.

With respect to your situation he will write to you himself; he repeatedly presses all your relations and friends to beg you not to be *romantic*; he wishes you to stay quietly where you are, however disagreeable it may at present be to you, and to wait and hope for the best, in the quiet discharge of the duties of your embassy. . . . All your friends, Hammond, Bagot, and Ross, desire to be particularly and affectionately remembered to you, and join with me in begging and entreating you to keep up your spirits and make yourself as happy as you can. . . .

At first Stratford was inclined, as his cousin feared, to be "romantic," and to resign his post without delay. He would

certainly leave Constantinople without a regret; but he might very probably ruin his chances of promotion, and it is not every young secretary who has the opportunity of leaping at a bound into the rank of minister plenipotentiary at the age of twenty-three. Wiser counsels prevailed, and the strong pressure which George Canning and many friends and relations brought to bear sufficed to keep him at his post for the present. The following letter to his cousin explains his sentiments on the subject. It was evidently composed with considerable pains, for it is corrected and recorrected in every sentence. He generally wrote freely and without hesitation: his letters and early despatches are seldom interlined or corrected in any way. But a letter to George was a serious trial to his penmanship. The difference of seventeen years in their ages gave the elder a right to use an air of authority which undoubtedly galled his sensitive cousin, who was grateful for many kindnesses but could not endure to be patronized.

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To George Canning, Pera, 8 Jan. 1810

I have at length had the satisfaction of receiving your two letters of 9 and 20 October last. They reached me on the 23rd ultimo, together with a large packet from Planta containing a full account of the late eventful history in which you have had so large a share. You will have perceived by my last letter of 14 Nov^r. that we had long been in possession of the principal facts, without knowing that they were correct: judge then of the pleasure with which I learn after an interval of such painful anxiety that you were in as good spirits as ever and quite recovered of your wound. Upon the point of main importance, in comparison of which nothing else is worth a moment's consideration, I have never had the slightest uneasiness, nor had I need of the statement which Planta sent me to feel assured that no part of the late transaction has thrown a shade upon your character. On the contrary, I most heartily congratulate you. The only place of true honour is in the esteem of your countrymen, and you have found it.

And now let me thank you for the warm interest which you always take in my welfare. Believe me I am very grateful for your past kindness without turning my eyes towards any future proofs of it, and will endeavour to repay it in the way most acceptable to you, by trying always to deserve your good opinion.

You did me but justice to suppose that the first impulse of my heart, upon learning the circumstances of your resignation, would be to give up the employment which I received at your hands. Not

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that I could so far forget my duty as to run away from my post without permission ; but, had you left me to myself, I should have lost no time in writing for leave to return to England : not as an act of flattery by which I might claim merit in your eyes ; but merely to gratify my own feelings by doing my utmost to testify the opinion which I entertain of the late events. I should abstain from mentioning this intention, were you not already sufficiently acquainted with my abhorrence of this place to know that in so doing I should have made no sacrifice. At present the case is altered. In this instance your injunctions have a right to outweigh my own feelings. Therefore as you have advised me in such decided terms to prolong my stay here, I have no intention but to follow that advice, as far at least as acquiescence in it is consistent with the end for which I understand you to have given it. That end cannot be any other but my interest. Now though it is certainly my interest not to offend your successor by betraying any unwillingness to serve under his directions, I think you will agree with me that it is very far from being to my advantage to remain here after I shall once have secured the rank of minister plenipotentiary by actual service in that situation. I will not dwell upon the disadvantage of being for so long a period thrown out of all society and cut off from my friends of my own age at the very time of life when alone by habits of intimacy and continual intercourse the most useful connexions are formed and strengthened ; nor upon the peculiar state of this Court, which presents to a foreign minister no one compensation for the numberless causes of inconvenience and disgust by which he is hourly overwhelmed.

With these you are no doubt already acquainted. But there is another circumstance which you may not be aware of, that makes it impossible for me to reside here, even should I be permitted to do so. The expenses of this Mission are so great that Mr. Adair finds even the appointments of Ambassador insufficient to the support of them. They are besides of such a nature, so indispensable, so permanent, and so little dependent upon the will of the Minister, that I almost despair of being able to reduce them materially below their present mark. To bring them within the allowance of a minister plenipotentiary is out of the question. I shall in consequence be obliged either to incur private debts to a considerable amount, or to have recourse to the unpleasant expedient of drawing largely upon Government for extraordinary expenses. Will it not therefore be most prudent for me to get away from this place as soon as I can do so, without appearing to withdraw myself abruptly from the service of the Government? With this view I will stay here quietly till Mr. Adair goes ; after his departure, which will probably be about the end of February, I will take an early opportunity of writing for permission to return to England simply on the score of health. Thus you will perceive that I

shall be detained here at least six or seven months longer—a penance to which I cheerfully submit rather than seem insensible to your kindness or inattentive to your advice. With respect to the climate, when I wrote to you in August I was indeed suffering from its effects : at present I have no reason to complain of it ; and as we are no longer pent up in the close air and narrow streets of Pera, I trust that my constitution will be proof against any attacks of the next summer. At all events the effects of the climate are not so rapid but that I may defer my remedies till I am really attacked. I venture to persuade myself that you will not disapprove of the conduct I propose to adopt, which though not in exact conformity to the letter of your injunctions is I believe most strictly so to the spirit of them : were it otherwise indeed my conscience would most bitterly reproach me ; even as it is I shall be very anxious until I am assured by your own words that you are contented with the manner in which I intend to act. 1810 —— ÆT. 23

George Canning threw all the weight of his influence into the opposite scale, to induce his cousin to stay where he was. He was seriously anxious about Stratford's future, for which he felt himself, as the successful man of the family, more or less responsible. The other members were poor, and Stratford's brothers were very meagrely provided for ; the eldest was indeed in difficulties. If he threw up his post at Constantinople there was a probability that he would for some time be left without employment, for his précis writership had of course been transferred on Lord Wellesley's accession to the Foreign Office. Mr. Canning knew that his own return to power was uncertain, and he laboured to dissuade his cousin from abandoning a promising opening in the hope of possible promotion at home. He wanted to make him independent of the chances of party influence. It was with this aim that he sent his "most positive injunctions," on 9 October, 1809, just after his duel and resignation, and added "I may or may not have it in my power at some future time to take you by the hand again. If not, you have a profession in which you may be useful to your country and do credit to your friends and to yourself, and you must not lightly abandon it."

There was no denying the wisdom of this advice, and Stratford reluctantly gave way. He yielded to the entreaties of his relations, but to his sister he confessed the pain it cost him :—

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To his Sister, Pera, 12 Jan.

How unfortunate it is that our interests should sometimes be independent of our happiness! Yet this I am told is the case, though I am yet too young to comprehend the doctrine. However, there are duties the results of faith as well as of conviction. In this world we are often called upon to obey without knowing why, and to give up the exercise of our own reason to the advice of others. This is at present my condition—no very pleasant one, you will allow, and doubly hard, as one has not even the consolation of complaint. For in the sort of willing yet forced submission that one's reason must sometimes yield to the united claims of gratitude, affection and respect, who can complain? It is thought for my interest to remain here; my friends I am sure advise me to do so even against their own wishes. I think differently on the subject, but respect for the friendly opinion of others offered upon such kind and generous grounds leads me equally against my judgment and my inclination.

It is not without great pain and difficulty that I act thus—but in such matters the approbation of those whom I love is paramount to every other consideration, at the same time that I trust that the same regard will be paid to my feelings and opinions as I pay to theirs. . . . In spite of the Devil and Doctor Faustus it must not be long before we meet.

He little knew that more than two weary years were to roll by before that wish could be fulfilled: the Devil and Doctor Faustus were too strong for him. He was obliged to follow Planta's advice and to remember his own family motto: *Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito.* (*Aen.* vi. 95.)

There is one aspect of the question which perhaps would not naturally occur to anyone at the time, and this is the effect of so early and rapid an advancement upon character. In after years one who knew Lord Stratford intimately remarked that much of his exceeding masterfulness was due to the misfortune of having had things made too easy for him in early life. Leaving school as he did, the centre of an admiring circle, what he needed was a few years of real struggle with the world, to enable him to find out the limits of his own powers, and to master the art of getting on with others. But he was pushed up the easiest possible incline to almost the top of the ladder of diplomatic rank before he was twenty-four, and to this premature elevation must be traced in a large degree the faults which have been remarked by his contemporaries. Had he been compelled to work under taskmasters in

youth, he would probably have learned the lesson of submission. He was impatient, because he had never known what it was to have to wait in despair of advancement; he was disposed to be suspicious, because he spent his early manhood in a nest of intrigues. Of all schools for his nature, Constantinople was certainly the very worst. There he was compelled to deal in menace and high-handed authority, and the necessity created a habit. Circumstances strengthened the natural bent, which might have been softened and diverted by a different fortune. But had things been different, we might never have had a "Great Elchi." 1810 — ET.

Meanwhile there was nothing left but to make the best of a distasteful situation. "By the time we returned [from Belgrade] to Pera a new year had begun. Little as there had been during the preceding months to require the exertions of the Embassy, events of the greatest importance had taken place in several quarters of Europe. With the exception of our mastery at sea and our chequered victories in the Peninsula, we had nothing to boast of, and many a reason for looking into the future with doubt and anxiety. With the battle of Wagram followed by the Peace of Schönbrunn fell every immediate hope of seeing the progress of Napoleon checked by the arms of Austria. Our Spanish allies had been compelled to take refuge in Cadiz. Our grand expedition to Antwerp had proved a failure. The fevers of Walcheren had given the finishing stroke to the indecision of our commanders. The Ministry at home was breaking into pieces; our national debt was larger than ever; and symptoms of popular discontent prevailed. MEMOIRS.

"Such a concurrence of untoward circumstances had naturally the effect of depressing our influence. The Sultan, however, was understood to appreciate personally the support and friendly counsels of England. He was persuaded to receive, not indeed ostensibly but under confidential forms, an envoy from the Spanish Junta, one Admiral Jabat, who added to much worth of character the advantage of having a young and pretty Creole wife. The British Embassy was allowed to give its protection to Ionians belonging to such of

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the seven islands as were occupied by our troops. Friendly relations were entertained by the Porte with Persia, notwithstanding that General Gardanne, the French representative at Teheran, had been forced to give way to Sir Harford Jones. Mr. Adair succeeded in bringing the Porte so far into his views, and generally in maintaining a firm position against the intrigues and remonstrances of Napoleon's Chargé d'affaires, who at that time was Monsieur de Latour-Maubourg. What more could he do? The comparative inactivity to which he was condemned, and the very limited resources of our local society, appeared to weigh upon his mind, disposing him to retire as soon as he could do so with complete satisfaction to his keen sense of duty. He sympathized with the despondency of his friends at Vienna; he was mortified by the signs of increasing decline in the Turkish empire, and also by the wearisome apathy of its ministers. He would sometimes complain that a discussion with them was like cutting into dead flesh. The interpreters, moreover, were a constant source of annoyance, particularly the one who was the habitual channel of his communications with the Porte. He doubted their integrity, hated their flattery and stoutly resisted their efforts to cajole him. I remember to have seen one day the head dragoman retreating, tail foremost, from his room, while the ambassador advanced upon him with strong demonstrations of wrath, vowing he would make him lick the dust under his feet, and wholly unsoftened by the bows and thanks which the hapless man of tongues repeated incessantly as he shrank with backward steps from the storm.

"Other circumstances came in aid of these vexations to put his excellency's strength as well as his patience to a severe

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trial. The first was a fire, which reduced to ashes more swiftly than can well be imagined the whole quarter in which our Embassy resided. Every one knows that fires are of frequent occurrence in Eastern towns, and certainly not less at Constantinople than elsewhere. Narrow streets, wooden houses, and an imperfect police are so many auxiliaries to a conflagration. Engines so small as to be carried by the firemen, and scanty supplies of water, help to aggravate the calamity. These evils are not yet thoroughly exploded. Fifty years ago

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they were in full blossom. On the particular occasion which I now record, the British palace, though built of stronger materials than the houses in the vicinity, was exposed to imminent danger, and owed its escape in a great measure to the courage and personal exertions of Mr. Adair.

"It so happened that several members of his staff were absent. We had planned a ride into the country, and starting at an early hour had almost cleared the suburbs when the first symptoms of fire were perceptible. They were so slight and so distant that we had no apprehension of danger to the embassy, and consequently rode on, wondering not a little at the premature hurry in the streets. We soon lost sight of the town and it was not till after sunset that we heard more of the fire. Of course we hastened home. On the way, at a distance we had the melancholy consolation of seeing the British palace unconsumed and alone in the midst of ruins. Smoke and flames still issued here and there from the neighbouring remains of building, and our horses had to tread upon the smouldering embers. We found that the house had been on fire more than once, that the offices had been burnt to the ground, that the Grand Vezir had been with an armed force on the premises, and that the Sultan himself had repressed every attempt at plunder and violence by his presence on the spot. The ambassador had undergone much fatigue and anxiety, but his presence of mind had never deserted him, and in the worst moment no reproach had been cast upon the absentees.

"An illness, after no long interval, ensued. Mr. Adair possessed, without any external appearance of it, an excellent constitution, as he subsequently shewed by living more than ninety years and retaining his faculties to the last. He was nevertheless, brought very low by the insidious complaint which threatened at one time to be too much for his strength. He became so weak as to be unequal to the transaction of business, and as a necessary consequence the official correspondence lapsed into my hands. Fortunately my inexperience was not too severely taxed. Nothing of more than ordinary interest occurred, but what little fell to my charge prepared me for duties of graver responsibility.

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"Before this episode terminated in the ambassador's recovery a frigate destined to take him away arrived at Constantinople. The *Salsette* was a teak-built ship from Bombay, commanded by Captain Bathurst, who many years later fell in the battle of Navarino. He was remarkable for a singularity which sometimes provoked a smile when his countenance and manner were particularly serious. He could not articulate the commonest sentence without throwing in the words 'as it was, as it was;' he would say for example, 'This is really a fine day, as it was, as it was,'——or 'Do you think, as it was, as it was, of riding to-day?' His vessel, moreover, was distinguished by a curious adventure. It had been caught, while traversing the Baltic, in a vast field of ice, and, unable to disengage itself, had been carried about during several weeks with every change of wind. When at length a thaw came on, it was so extremely sudden that officers who had gone to shoot wild fowl on the pools had the greatest difficulty in getting on board.

"By the *Salsette* two young travellers, both of distinguished merit, and one of world-wide renown, appeared within our horizon. Lord Byron and his friend Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, were the luminaries in question. They formed together a most interesting addition to our society. I had already seen the poet at a cricket match between the boys of Eton and those of Harrow; we had both played in the respective elevens, and I had not forgotten the impression then made upon me by Lord Byron's appearance in his flannel jacket with bat over his shoulder. The pleasure of making his acquaintance was reserved for me in the land of 'the citron and vine.' He was then engaged, as I learnt afterwards, in the composition of his *Childe Harold*. His *Poems of a Minor* were already eclipsed by the success of his tilt against the *Edinburgh Review*. We took several rides together, and I still retain a most agreeable recollection of his good nature and varied conversation.

"Meanwhile the preparations for our ambassador's departure were gradually maturing. His health was so far restored that he could venture to apply for the customary audiences

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of leave. Those cumbrous ceremonies were not yet divested of their antique forms. A long procession on horseback, interrupted by a row across the harbour in boats of Turkish fashion, led to the Porte or to the Seraglio, according as the Grand Vezir or the Grand Signior was to receive the Embassy. The pageant began at a very early hour, and took up the greater part of a day. The ceremonial of the Sultan's audience included a dinner given by the Vezir, or Sadr Azam, in the same hall where he had previously disposed of a pile of money bags in payment of the Janissaries, and decided some questions respecting the fisc. The Christian guests were to be clothed as well as fed before they entered the presence chamber, and consequently every one from the ambassador downwards was invested with a pelisse or robe of some kind according to his rank.

"The Sultan's throne, which resembled a four-post bedstead, hung with cloth and studded with jewels, almost filled the small dark room in which he received us. He sat in the ordinary posture of the west, his feet supported by a step. Near him at one side was a rich casket and at the other a scimitar half-drawn. The chief officers of state in their splendid costumes, invented from a dream by Suleyman the Magnificent, were ranged on his right. The ambassador, secretary, and suite, stood opposite. His excellency delivered a short address; the Sultan, or his Vezir, replied. The two speeches were successively interpreted, and thus the audience concluded. In aid of the effect, the dead silence was broken only by the speeches, a lighted lamp glimmered, a small fountain trickled, in their respective corners, and two spare turbans of imperial shape, surmounted with plumes from the bird of paradise, appeared in a recess near the throne. My thoughts went back to the time when a Christian emperor sat enthroned on the same spot. Now, if I were to revisit that scene of grandeur, I should look in vain for the Turkish pageant and find only a half-burnt ruin amidst the deserted groves of the seraglio.

"On the occasion of these audiences an incident took place so amazingly characteristic of our noble bard that I cannot forbear to record it. We had assembled for the first of

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them in the hall of our so-called palace when Lord Byron arrived in scarlet regimentals topped by a profusely feathered cocked hat, and coming up to me asked what his place, as a peer of the realm, was to be in the procession. I referred him to Mr. Adair, who had not yet left his room, and the upshot of their private interview was that as the Turks ignored all but officials, any amateur, though a peer, must be content to follow in the wake of the Embassy. His lordship thereupon walked away with that look of scornful indignation which so well became his fine imperious features. Next day the ambassador, having consulted the Austrian Internuncio and received a confirmation of his own opinion, wrote to apprize Lord Byron. The reply gave assurance of the fullest satisfaction, and ended with a declaration that the illustrious penitent would, if permitted, attend the next audience in his excellency's train, and humbly follow 'his ox, or his ass, or anything that was his.' In due time he redeemed his pledge by joining the procession as a simple individual, and delighting those who were nearest to him by his well-bred cheerfulness and good-humoured wit.

"Little now remained for Mr. Adair to do; his departure was fixed for 12 July. On the appointed day I attended him to the water's edge, and took my leave with a deep sense of his invariable kindness, and with a feeling of bereavement which for a time overpowered every other consideration. With him departed the last of those who had been more or less my daily companions from the beginning, and few are insensible to the void which occurs when a society founded on similar pursuits and cemented by habitual intercourse finally breaks up. In the present case there was one important exception. My functions required that I should have an assistant worthy of my confidence and fully qualified to perform the duties of an official secretary. The gentleman assigned to me in that capacity was my friend Mr. David Morier [lately returned from Tebriz], whom I had already learned to esteem not more on the ground of his moral character than by reason of his talents and literary attainments. He was my constant associate, my never-failing resource during the two eventful years which ensued."

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In a letter to Morier just before their reunion Canning humorously described his anxieties about his new duties :—

I have already ten wrinkles on my forehead, and feel so *responsible* that I dare not take up my tweezers to pluck a hair out of my cheek without due anticipation of results and consequences. The other day Bidwell was putting some mutton into his mouth rather eagerly, and I could not help exclaiming, "Good God ! Bidwell, how thoughtlessly you eat, as if a man could swallow a mouthful of mutton without its consequences !"

On the eve of the great change in his responsibility Canning wrote thus to one of his old Eton comrades :—

To R. Wellesley, 7 July

I shall, *for the present*, abstain from reproaching you for not having acknowledged a lengthy epistle which I sent to you *many* months ago, and which I *know* you have received. Indeed I can readily excuse you, when I consider how much your thoughts must have been occupied by the immediate prospect of going into Parliament. If there be any one step between the cradle and the grave more important than another, it is the transition from private into public life. At that moment the character of a man takes its unalterable stamp, and according to the line on which he sets out will be the direction of his march through the world. To choose with judgment, what must be pursued with steadiness, is now your task ; and I feel confident that you will not belie the expectations of your friends. Excuse these prosing remarks, and remember that prosing is the privilege of an absent friend. I too, after four months of anxiety and putting off, am in the act of passing into a state of responsibility, which one can hardly do in times like these without certain feelings of apprehension. Mr. Adair has been detained here since the end of February, when he meant to have left us, by several unexpected events. His departure is now fixed for the middle of next week, and then my diplomatic labours will begin in good earnest. How long they are to last, I know not : that depends upon the noble Marquis your father. But I most sincerely hope not very long, at least in this part of the world. This climate has made several rude assaults upon my health, and I have but too much reason to be apprehensive of another winter. During the last I was so ill and rendered by the nature of my complaint so incapable of exertion and business that I *thought it my duty* to write for leave to return to England. At this moment I am very well, but three attacks are such rude admonitions of the nature of the climate that I can hardly hope to escape a renewal of them if I stay here much longer. Mr. Adair has also suffered severely from the same cause, and was at one time very near slipping through our fingers. For one of the advantages of

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this place is that there is not a physician in it above the rank of a dog-doctor. Another is that the expenses of the Mission are enough to ruin a much richer man than I am. However the most distant chance of being able to serve one's country honourably, though humbly, goes a great way towards enabling one to bear a thousand such evils and inconveniences. I thank you for your wish that I should meet you in the House of Commons ; perhaps the day may come ; I am disposed to hope it. At all events, in Parliament or out, I trust we shall always be found among the number of those who 'dare be honest in the worst of times.'

Gally Knight has written to me from Malta ; he is on his way hither with Mr. North and Fazakerley, and they cannot be far off. You may guess with what eagerness I look forward to the pleasure of once more seeing his *comfortable* face. . . . He will probably arrive just in time to go with me when I have my audience of the Sultan ; and I leave you to fancy the extreme oddness of our procession, composed of such materials, passing through the streets of Constantinople. It is well you are not here, for I am sure you would spoil the *gravity* of such a ceremony, and completely unhinge my jaws, which I have now screwed up to a proper degree of official dignity. The fame of a certain uniform with which Gally was wont to array his person at Seville has already reached even this remote corner of the globe, and I flatter myself that it is not yet worn out. What a pity it is that Gillray should lose such an opportunity of exercising his talents !

The ambassador and his secretary exchanged the following letters after parting. Canning's is rather laboured, and the draft of it is corrected and recorrected as was his custom when writing anything which required careful choice of words. His best letters were those dashed off pell-mell at the last moment when the messenger was waiting at his elbow.

To Adair, 13 July

My dear Sir,—I need not remark to you that many things may be written, which it would be almost impossible to say—permit this to serve as an excuse for conveying to you in this manner what I should never have been able to go through with by word of mouth. Yet now that I have recourse to my pen I feel that my embarrassment is by no means diminished. Language has been so long abused by flattery and affectation that it is very difficult to find expressions suited to the warm and sincere feelings of the heart. But that you should go away without being fully aware that your daily and uninterrupted kindness to me during two years has not fallen upon an ungrateful soil is what I cannot bear. You must therefore submit to read, in the common phrases of feigned as well as of real gratitude, that I feel deeply in-

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debted to you, not only for the numberless kind offices which you have extended to me in common with others, but for the patience with which you have constantly borne with me, and above all for the confidence you have so generously reposed in me. To repay all this as it deserves is impossible, and I can shew my grateful sense of it in no better way than by making it the continual object of my life to become a worthy and useful member of that country whose welfare is ever nearest to your heart. The best reward of virtue is that she makes others virtuous. I have had the singular good fortune to become acquainted with you just at that period of life when the mind is most open to lasting impressions of good and evil, and I venture to hope that the remembrance of your example will never cease to influence my conduct when you are too far off to direct me by your advice. Though I am now to lose you, I feel confident that you will not in future deny me a place in your recollection or leave me, by your disregard when absent, the mortification of supposing that your past kindness to me has proceeded from no other motive but your natural disposition to make all around you happy.

Again and again I thank you, and sincerely beg your pardon for any faults that I may have committed against you in moments of impatience and irritation. Will you excuse me, my dear sir, when I say that my feelings towards you are those of a son towards an indulgent father? To this I can add nothing but a hope that you will never fail to believe me,

Most gratefully and affectionately yours,

S. C.

15 July

My dear Canning,—I could not read your letter without those strong emotions which the hurry of departure suspended in me for a moment yesterday, or rather helped me to disguise. Believe me that my regard for you is by [no] means the result of facility of temper, or of a loose and indiscriminating philanthropy. I esteem you for the powers of your mind, and I love you for your many virtues : among the first of which I class a proud and independent spirit which I remarked in you from our earliest acquaintance. This spirit is to me so sacred, wherever I find it, that I cannot bear to check even its faults ; for its faults are part of its virtues, all *and the whole* of which we shall want in the adverse hour that awaits us. When these are accompanied with a warm and kind heart, which I know yours to be in an extreme degree, I say in two words that I am content with the man formed of such materials. He is good enough for me, and I am happy when I can call him my friend. Fare you well ! and assure yourself that such I am to you, affectionately and invariably,

ROBERT ADAIR.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

1810-12.

1810 — Æt. 23 12 July

STRATFORD CANNING was only in his twenty-fourth year when he found himself placed in the responsible position of minister plenipotentiary at the Sublime Porte. He could not of course be blind to the honour which was thus early thrust upon him: yet the post was intensely distasteful. Adair had found in diplomatic intercourse with the Divan a resemblance to "cutting into dead flesh;" but Adair was by choice a diplomatist and did not quarrel with the profession in the abstract. His successor on the contrary, whatever gifts he had for diplomacy, had no liking for it, but longed for a career at home, among his friends, and in the midst of all those intellectual and political movements in which he took a lively interest. He had expressly stated his objection to the honour designed for him; but in spite of this the commission arrived and he found himself forced to remain in exile. His sense of duty, strong as it was, could not reconcile him to his position, and his first act was to lock his door and burst into tears. Regrets however soon gave way to anticipations. He began to look round and estimate the work to be done and the resources at his command.

MEMOIRS. "The country's forces in Spain and Portugal, though not universally triumphant, were so conducted as to hold in check the armies of France and in some measure to throw discredit and mistrust on the preponderance of Napoleon. Our squadron in the Archipelago, though reduced to little more than a cruiser or two, was the only one there, and, if no larger, was

known to be equal to all existing demands. Our friendly relations with the Continent were indeed unhappily interrupted, but our state of war with the northern powers was merely nominal, and England was generally regarded as an ark of refuge for the honour of princes and the independence of nations. Our fleets and military stations in the Mediterranean were so many pledges of a determined policy, and several of its islands were either in our own possession or in that of our allies. If the strain on our revenue was great, the growth of our trade and the resources of our dominion were greater still. If we were threatened with a vexatious quarrel beyond the Atlantic, we found in regions bordering the Indian Ocean a source of wealth and influence which gave us an undisputed hold on the Courts of Turkey and Persia. 1810 ÆT. 23

"Such, as to its prominent features, was the aspect of our relations with the political world when the management of British affairs at Constantinople passed into my hands. The tenure, though merely provisional, was decorated with the title of minister plenipotentiary, and I was thereby empowered for the time being to act with full authority on behalf of my government. The instructions under which I had to act were simply those addressed to the late ambassador, in so far as they remained in vigour. They could not of course be followed without due attention to fresh experience and change of circumstances. No provision had been made in them for my particular guidance when left alone, and it is remarkable that during the whole term of my independent service, I received no further directions on any but the most ordinary matters. This is the more strange as our Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Wellesley, enjoyed so high a reputation for talent and activity. To the best of my remembrance the most important despatch addressed to me by him related to some manuscript copies of classical works supposed [by Lord Sligo] to have been stored away in the Seraglio. I concluded that the great man overlooked so insignificant a youth as myself, until it came to my knowledge that his brother at Cadiz fared no better. Whatever may have been the cause of this apparent neglect, I thought it the more incumbent on me to shun no responsibility which the exercise of an unshackled judgment

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might entail if I ventured in urgent cases to steer rather by the stars than by compass. The electric telegraph had no existence in those days. Steam had not been practically applied to navigation. The Continent was no longer open to British messengers, our despatches came as they went, by sea, and the passage by Malta and Gibraltar could scarcely be less than three thousand miles in its whole length. In one instance no official communication reached me in the space of fifteen weeks."

It was often very difficult to find the means of sending a despatch to or from Malta. The cruiser at Smyrna could not be spared unless a colleague came to take up its duties, and it was dangerous to trust despatches to any but a man-of-war. Sometimes indeed the risk had to be run, for want of a better vessel; but the result was seldom encouraging. On one such occasion a whole series of despatches of great importance was sunk, and Canning had to send out fresh copies after months of delay. On another, the vessel was captured by the enemy. It was but a doubtful consolation to suspect that the Government at home did not trouble itself about affairs in Turkey, and was quite as well satisfied when no information arrived from its representative at the Porte.

England was then strangely situated. By sea she could call herself mistress of the road from Plymouth to Constantinople. Save the risk of French privateers the way was safe and open. On land however she was isolated, and her news of events at Paris or Vienna, Berlin or Petersburg, often came home in the despatches which Canning sent from the Golden Horn.

MEMOIRS.

"A correspondence more occasional than regular had to be kept up with various points. Our consuls in the Levant were not so numerous as they are now, but their dependence on the Embassy was greater. They had to report on passing occurrences, to transmit intelligence from quarters more remote, and to receive instructions from the ambassador, or his substitute, as well as from the consul-general. Sir Harford Jones was to be sustained in the hold he had acquired

upon the Court of Teheran. Ali Pasha of Janina could not be neglected without risk of prejudice to the King's service. Communications were to be carried on with our admiral in the Mediterranean, with his delegate in the Archipelago, with the governor of Malta, and with the commander of our troops in the Ionian Islands. I had also to feed a correspondence with Vienna and Petersburg through such by-channels as might still be used in secret for mutual information. 1810 ÆT. 23

"What, however, stood foremost, and required my urgent attention was the continued reception given in Turkish ports to vessels of our merchants captured by French privateers. Although the imperial flag of France had disappeared from the Turkish seas, the privateers of that nation were active and enterprizing. They sailed boldly into the Archipelago, eluded our cruisers, and not unfrequently made our merchant vessels their prey. It was their business to find immediate shelter for the prizes from recapture, and on that account they did not hesitate to take them into the nearest Turkish port. The practice was manifestly inconsistent with the law of nations. The Porte was a neutral power with respect to France and England, and it was not to be borne that depredations made by our enemy on British trade should be encouraged and assisted, as in fact was virtually the case, by her connivance. In proportion as instances multiplied I renewed my remonstrances by the various diplomatic means in usage. All was to no purpose: the evil increased, our merchants suffered, our enemies were emboldened, our credit was impaired. Nothing remained but to obtain redress by an act of decision."

The French piracies were indeed a perpetual source of annoyance during the whole of his mission, and the relations between the embassy and the Porte were frequently severely strained. The Archipelago was a convenient warren for the privateers, and no month passed without fresh additions to the stock of grievances which the Porte, in dread of Napoleon's wrath, endeavoured to stifle. A brief Diary of official transactions which Canning kept throughout his mission positively bristles with indictments of the supine policy of the Turks. In November 1810 he learnt that two French privateers

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commanded by notorious pirates were actually leaving the Golden Horn for the scene of their depredations, after fitting out under the eyes of the indignant British minister. He sent word to the Reis Efendi (Foreign Secretary) that if this were suffered to go on, he would not answer for the proceedings of our fleet, and "the Porte itself must be answerable for the consequences of its own misconduct." In reply, however, to the request that Sir C. Cotton, who commanded in the Mediterranean, should retaliate upon the French, the cautious admiral wrote that it was hazardous and indeed impossible in the then state of his forces to spare more ships for the Archipelago; and his successor, Sir Edward Pellew, the future Lord Exmouth, while thoroughly coinciding with Canning's often repeated views, thought it best to refer to the Admiralty for definite instructions. Thus deprived of any assistance from the fleet, save such as could be rendered by the two or three small vessels stationed at Smyrna, or cruising among the islands, Canning was compelled to fall back upon the bare pressure of diplomacy.

1 Dec. 1810

9 Feb. 1811

19 Oct. 1811

Meanwhile the outrages upon our shipping were accumulating. The *Carlotta* under English colours had been captured by a Genoese privateer, taken to Cyprus, a neutral port, where the cargo was sold in defiance of the laws of neutrality, which require the decision of a court of admiralty before a captured vessel can be claimed as a lawful prize. Case after case occurred of a similar character. The *Carniola*, an English bombard, was carried by her captor, the notorious Giustiniani, into Syra, where it was proposed to sell the vessel and her cargo. The *Catherine* was run into Negropont in June; a British merchantman was carried into Alexandria in August; another outrage occurred at Syra: and so the depredations went on unchecked.

April 1811

The duty of the Porte was clear enough. No neutral state has any right to permit such outrages in its ports or waters. But the Porte quaked in fear of Napoleon and dared not issue stringent orders in face of the active opposition of the French chargé d'affaires. It became a duel between the English and French representatives. Canning was relentless in besieging the Foreign Minister with demands for redress, which M. de Latour-Maubourg sought to postpone or evade.

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The chief weapon of the Frenchman was the declaration which the Porte had presented to Mr. Adair at the time of the conclusion of the Dardanelles Treaty, by which a three-mile sea boundary was drawn round the Turkish coasts, within which limit no recaptures might take place without affronting the sovereignty of the Porte. Maubourg's object was to prove, first, that each French privateering capture took place outside this limit, and being on the high seas was beyond the jurisdiction of the Sultan; and, secondly, that the English cruisers had attempted to recapture the prizes within the said limit, by which they put themselves out of court. The English men-of-war undoubtedly strained their powers to the utmost, and the French chargé d'affaires took advantage of any colourable pretext to insinuate jealous doubts into the minds of the Turkish ministers, several of whom were open partizans of France.

Diary.

In March 1811 the Reis Efendi "promises redress" about an affair at Navarino, and others at Cyprus and elsewhere, but on 17 April the Diary records "no answer still." A firman was to be issued prohibiting the sale of prizes in Turkish ports, but in May the Reis "draws back." Giustiniani continued his ravages on English shipping in June, and in July Canning administered "a severe remonstrance upon the Porte's negligence in the Archipelago." He seldom minced words with the Foreign Minister, who on his side was haughty enough, and was rather fond of requesting the British minister to "use a lower tone" if he wished to obtain satisfaction in these matters. This was when some such message as the following had been sent to the Reis through Pisani the interpreter:

30 Mar. 1812

With respect to the *Active*, you will tell the Reis Efendi that I can regard his demand of proofs for the identification of the vessel only as a pretext whereby to elude what I require, and I am sorry to add that I can attribute such conduct only to the deference paid by the Porte to his Majesty's enemies . . . In short, I demand most solemnly that the vessel in question shall be sequestered. I repeat that the manner in which that vessel is brought to this capital, under the very windows of my house, *is a direct insult to the King my master*; and the Reis Efendi cannot be ignorant of what my duty will inevitably prescribe to me if he persists in refusing my demand, *especially*

1811 *at a moment when I see so much to excite my suspicion.*[1] I have borne a good deal with patience. But an insult to my sovereign I cannot
ÆT. 24 and will not bear.

One is inclined to suspect that the bland interpreter softened these incisive communications, but he could not do away with their substance, which was stern enough to cause the Turkish minister considerable uneasiness. The persistency, too, of such missives was calculated to try the Reis Efendi's nerves. For instance, all through August 1811 the Syra and other affairs were under discussion: a firman was to be issued. Diary. On the 28th we read "Reis Efendi obstinate as ever." 30th, "R. E. refuses conference on Syra." 1, 2, 3 September, "all rejected;" 11th, "nothing but chicane;" 5 October, interviews with Reis Efendi about Negropont, &c., "decidedly negative." 10th, French "very active about Syra affair." 11th, a firman promised about privateers. 14th, "I threaten to take further measures:" the Reis "used most violent expressions," and said Canning "had succeeded in his aim of making discord between the French mission and the Porte." The Bairam festival here fortunately gave time for reflection, and no business was done for a week. On the 22nd Canning returned to the attack and sent the Reis an "important message" on the Syra affair: the interpreter, however, complained of "difficulties and coldness" at the Porte. On the 26th news arrives of a fresh outrage at Syra. This brings the Reis Efendi to his senses; the unacceptable notes which had been presented on either side are withdrawn; promises of redress are made; the captain pasha swears he will avenge the new piracy at Syra:—but the comment in the Diary is still "nothing done." Two days later the English minister presents a fresh note and demands that the promised firmans should be sent through his own hands: whereupon the firmans and everything else are refused. 29th, "Very little progress: Reis Efendi obstinate." 30th, "Note to be drawn up": the promised and refused and repromised firman however is concealed from the interpreter. 31st, "Very little progress." On the 1st Nov. the Porte presented an ulti-

[1] Referring to the French proposal of alliance: see below, p. 167.

matum—granting most of the demands, but appending an inadmissible condition. 3rd, "I refuse the note with the condition." The whole matter is gone over again in detail. The Reis will not yield. 4th, Still going on. The Reis "does not want to be committed with the French." 7th, some arrangement seemed possible, and on the 8th, in order to relieve the Turkish ministers, then in great distress at the reverses on the Danube and the doubts as to the peace with Russia, Canning for the moment "suspended the Syra affair: —Reis Efendi thankful." 1811 ET. 24

The unhappy Turk was not long left to be "thankful" for his immunity. In a week or two it came to Canning's ears that the Porte was not treating him with perfect frankness with regard to the negotiations then going on between the Russian and Turkish camps. He knew that he possessed an instrument of torture that would bring even a Turkish minister to reason: he simply returned to the question of the privateers. Proposals and counter-proposals vibrated backward and forward between the Sublime Porte and the British palace. On 5 Dec. a terrible note fulminated from the latter. The Reis insisted that it "must be withdrawn" 12th, Canning "will suffer no further delay." 14th, The Reis "refuses everything." 17th, news arrived of Captain Hope's action at Napoli di Romania: "Reis Efendi furious."

The foregoing extracts from the Diary and the specimen page given here in facsimile will furnish a good picture of the intolerable shiftiness, the invincible procrastination, and the pretentious *hauteur*, of the Porte, and also of Canning's persistent diligence in bringing it to its senses. It must not be supposed that the message quoted above is typical of the general tone of his communications with the Reis Efendi. Many such menacing words were certainly addressed to that obstinate functionary, but a close study of the whole series of instructions to the interpreter of the Embassy proves that the general tone of Canning's intercourse with the Porte was singularly patient and conciliatory. Much as there was in the interminable delays and vacillations of the Turkish ministers to irritate a temper naturally impatient, he kept a stern rule over himself, and again and again restored by

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some conciliatory act or word the amicable relations which the shifty policy of the Turks perpetually interrupted. He never wearied of dwelling — perhaps in a tone hardly flattering to Turkish vanity—upon the essential good-will of England towards the Porte. He constantly offered his services in effecting an understanding with Russia, even when serious grievances strained to the utmost his relations with the Divan; no coldness, no insolence, could make him forget that the prime consideration was to keep the Porte true to England and prevent it from being drawn into Napoleon's "continental system." He never tired in his efforts to convince the Turks that England, and England alone, was their friend, and in this he undoubtedly succeeded.

But while constantly recommending this policy of friendship with England to the Sultan's advisers, he was fully aware that such friendship would possess little effective value in Turkish eyes unless accompanied by respect and even fear. It was all very well for England to have the interests of the Porte at heart, but there must be a reciprocal good feeling on the side of Turkey. Such, he was frequently assured, was the case: but how could this be credited in face of the many outrages upon the British flag at which the Porte connived or which at least it did not redress or avenge? Goodwill accompanied by such insults was worse than contempt. It was essential to make the Porte observe the laws of neutrality, and, with or without good will, to respect the power of England.

The Turkish Foreign Minister was shrewd enough to perceive the conflict which existed between Canning's desire to act a friendly part, especially with a view to keeping Turkey out of the arms of France, and his duty, as the representative of England, to protect British interests in the Archipelago. An attempt was made to work upon him on these lines.

MEMOIRS.

"One day, our head interpreter brought me a monster note from the Reis Efendi. It was written in Turkish, and, when translated, filled a quire of foolscap. A message was sent with it assuring me that the Porte had regard for my youth and did not wish to injure me. The note, it was stated,

explained the Porte's views ; it was sent to me confidentially in the first instance, and would be put into a formal shape only in the event of my continuing to give trouble by unseasonable remonstrances. On reading the note I found no reason to change my course. There was much complaint of me, but nothing to weaken the arguments I had employed. The Porte, I declared, might do as it pleased with its note, but I should infallibly submit it to my Government, and unless I were instructed to the contrary, should not desist from pushing my claims as before. It was then whispered with affected regard that I was losing my time about trifles, that the Porte was inclined to give me its confidence in higher matters, and in short, that I might help essentially to bring about peace between Turkey and Russia. I knew all the importance of this overture, but felt at the same time that I could not hope to remove the obstacles to success, unless I previously carried my point as to what concerned our trade, our right, and our honour. I therefore replied that with every wish to promote the Porte's legitimate interests, I could not yield to my inclination, so long as the just demands and rights of my Government were disregarded : when satisfied in that respect, and not till then, I should be free to act as the Porte might desire."[1] 1811 ÆT. 24

With this view of his duty, Canning persistently urged the redress of the various grievances briefly enumerated in the extracts quoted above from his Diary. "All was to no purpose," however, he wrote ; "our merchants suffered, our enemies were emboldened." It was then, when all ordinary, and even extraordinary, diplomatic pressure had failed, when conciliation and threats had equally proved unavailing, that he determined upon taking that "act of decision" which made the Reis Efendi "furious." It was a bold hazard, for it might end in a total rupture between England and the

[1] Dean Stanley, telling the story as related to him by Lord Stratford, gives the reply to the suggestion of the Porte to postpone "these little things" in favour of the treaty in these words—"Nothing which concerns the greatness of England is little." "He persevered, and carried the claims and the treaty too." Preface to *The Eastern Question.*

1811 Porte. But peace, he held, with any power could only be valuable "so long as it is consistent with honour and the maintenance of our rights." Moreover he knew his men. He had already acquired something of that insight into the Turkish character which served the Great Elchi so well in later years, and he knew that a Reis Efendi might be "furious," and fume and bluster, but that in the end he would give in. A display of determination by one decisive act would do more, he felt, than another year of diplomatic conference. An incident which occurred at this juncture encouraged him in his opinion, and led him to risk the wrath of the Porte with some confidence.

Memoirs. "It so happened that about this time the Porte took violent offence at some proceeding of the Shah and his government. The Persian chargé d'affaires was taken publicly to task by the Sultan's minister. He was even threatened in so many words with decapitation. 'You may take my head, if you please,' he replied, 'but the master I serve will not be slow to avenge it.' This counter-menace carried the day. Huseyn Agha's head remained on his shoulders; the Porte sheathed her indignation, and the question in dispute passed with many others into limbo. Here was a true scale for measuring my risk. I seized the hint, and called upon the commander of our force in the Archipelago to take the law in his own hands. Captain Hope, like a gallant seaman, was nothing loth. He entered the port of Napoli di Romania, and demanded the restitution of the prizes detained piratically by a French privateer under the guns of that fortress.

To Capt. Hope, 3 Nov. 1811

"The privateer captain ran his prizes ashore, and burned them; several shots were fired by our corvette; the fortress was mute, and it remained to be seen how the lesson would be taken at Constantinople. In due time I was invited to the Porte, and a formal complaint was addressed to me. Justifying the act of our officer, I threw its responsibility on the French who had defied, and on the Turks who had not vindicated the rights of their neutrality."

Canning justified the somewhat high-handed action which Captain Hope had taken under his express orders, on the reasonable ground that the custom of neutral states prohibiting the reception of prizes in neutral ports was based upon the principle that such reception gave the captor an unfair advantage over the opposing belligerent by preventing the chance of recapture by the latter's cruisers; and that therefore if a neutral port in contravention of this principle gave shelter to the privateers and prizes of one belligerent, the other belligerent had a right to enter the port and recapture the prizes if she could, just as though they were in convoy on the high seas. 1812 Æt. 25

"All was of course reported by me to the Government at home. I never had reason to suppose that they blamed my conduct. The desired impression was made, and its eventual result left nothing to be wished." MEMOIRS.

The steady purpose of the British minister, emphasized by this final demonstration at Napoli di Romania, carried the day. At first indeed matters seemed to be going from bad to worse. The Reis Efendi refused to do or say anything until satisfaction had been given for the violation of a Turkish port. He even threatened to set the English minister aside and complain direct to the British Government. Three weeks of suspense ensued. One day the Porte seemed to relent, the next it revived its air of offended dignity; and all the time Canning steadily pressed for a reply to his note of November and accused the Reis in so many words of treachery and bad faith. At last it came, on 20 Jan., and "this curious paper," as its receiver called it, shewed that the Foreign Minister had completely lost his temper. He tried to prove that the Porte had granted or was on the point of granting every just demand, when the English minister "perplexed the business" and undid all that was prepared. He threw the whole blame on Canning, and, in evading a conference, made personal allusions which were not calculated to smooth matters:—"It is particularly requisite," he wrote, "at a conference, that business should not be interrupted by raising the voice, or by shewing at one time a ruddy face and at another a yellow one." This was

To Marq. Wellesley No. v, 6 Feb.

Confid Mem. 20 Jan.

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the last storm before the calm. Canning had probably been somewhat peremptory in his manner to the Turkish minister, and the latter was glad to seize the opportunity of relieving his mind in return. But as soon as he found that abuse had no effect upon his antagonist, he surrendered. Three days after the delivery of the note, he became "more friendly." The points in dispute were in a fair way to being settled, and the hostile notes were withdrawn on both sides.

A special reason influenced the Divan in effecting a reconciliation with the young minister who had bearded them with so little awe for many months. His mediation was sorely needed to smooth away the obstacles that had arisen to the conclusion of peace with Russia. He had long endeavoured unofficially to heal the breach by his correspondence with St. Petersburg, with which the Turkish ministers were acquainted; but now he was formally invited to write direct to the plenipotentiaries at Bucharest. He accepted the overture on condition that the piracy firmans were first granted. This was at last done. The firmans which had been promised for more than a year were finally issued, and he was able to turn his whole energies to the negotiation for peace. It would require, no doubt, constant vigilance and pressure to induce the Porte to put its own enactments into effect; but the enactments had been made, and that was the first and vital point.

16 Feb.

How much further trouble was often needed to induce the Porte to carry its own mandates into effect may be inferred from a letter written to Canning by the Hon. F. S. N. Douglas in August 1811. The latter had been staying at the British palace, and on his way home had visited Syra, where a cargo seized by a French privateer was under dispute. A firman had been issued by the Porte which had made Canning quite "happy," and Douglas arrived at Syra on board the *Salsette* in full expectation of seeing the disputed cargo properly disposed of. Instead of this he was surprized to find that no steps had been taken. The firman had indeed arrived, but it did not appear to answer its purpose, for "the Turkish commodore has refused to act or give his assistance. My opinion privately," adds Douglas, "and perhaps impertinently, is that all the Reis Efendi's oaths were as usual lies, and that

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he either never drew out a firman for the restitution of the cargo, or sent a different one. I really believe you will never nail him to his word till you make him shew a firman of the species that justice requires to one of the dragomans in your presence, and till you send the dragoman down with the Turk who carries the firman to see that the genuine one arrives at Syra and to act as an assistant in all these transactions to Captain Hope, who has no interpreter on whose abilities and honesty he can depend."

Before we enter upon the intricate course of negotiation which ended in the Treaty of Bucharest, it will be well to complete the picture of the ordinary work and occupations of the British mission at Constantinople. The long struggle with the Porte for the protection of English merchants in the Archipelago was indeed the chief and all absorbing business of the two years during which Stratford Canning held the post of minister. Scarcely a day passed without some official communication passing between him and the Porte on this thorny subject, and it is interesting to find that he used the aegis of England to protect the then budding commerce of the United States in the Levant. But matters of considerable importance, besides the usual correspondence with the consuls in the Levant, came up for consideration. The other embassies required to be vigilantly watched, for there was hardly one of them that did not try its hand at some intrigue against the interests of England. Canning had his secret informants in various places. There was especially a Greek in the employment of the Porte, who is frequently referred to as M. G. in the Diary, and never by his full name who seems to have had unusual opportunities for ascertaining what plots were on foot. At one time it leaks out that the French chargé d'affaires has had a secret interview by night with the Reis Efendi; or a carriage has been seen suspiciously waiting at the door of a great personage; or the Internuncio of Austria has had a post from Vienna and gone with it straight to the Porte. The meaning of all such occurrences had to be interrogated. Besides doing his best to checkmate Canning's moves in the privateering question, M. de Latour-

1810–2 Maubourg was using all his master's influence to induce the Sultan to throw over Ali Pasha, whose English sympathies rendered him obnoxious to the French and specially inconvenient in his proximity to their new conquests in the Adriatic.

MEMOIRS. "In the last days of December 1810, I had to answer a despatch from Sir John Stuart, who had done himself so much honour at the head of our small army in Calabria. He was the hero of Maida and he wrote from Messina to inform me of his latest successes. I took occasion to urge the importance of driving the French out of Corfu, where they still commanded, though we were in possession of the other islands. It was obviously desirable that the conquest should be completed while Russia was still at war with the Porte. The proximity of a French garrison to Albania, whence it derived its supplies, was a constant source of trouble to Ali Pasha of Janina, and on his account an offensive weapon in the hands of Monsieur de Maubourg at Constantinople. The Pasha had given proofs of his readiness to do us a good turn when he could, and we had sufficient reasons on our side for keeping well with him. His abilities were far beyond his knowledge, and his character was much less respectable than his power. He was a dangerous subject: an oppressive ruler. His ambition was unscrupulous, his sensuality boundless. But he lay in our path; and we had to make the best of him; and in looking to us for support he could not but find a motive for restraining his habitual lawlessness. Colonel Leake and Mr. John Morier had been our agents at his Court. Their present successor was Mr. George Foresti, whose father had been minister for the Ionian republic and in whose advancement Lord Guilford had taken a friendly interest. He acted in part under my instructions, and I thought that a letter direct from me to the Pasha might strengthen his hands. At that time the Pasha's dependence on the Porte was little more than nominal, and from choice he was so well disposed towards England that I had only to keep him steady. This I endeavoured to accomplish by treating him with consideration and confidence, protecting him, when I could, from French intrigues at the Porte, and encouraging in general terms

his expectations of aid in the event of his being attacked by France." 1810–2

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So long as Canning remained at the Porte the "Old Lion of Janina" was safe from the Sultan's caprice: it was in his absence that Ali was killed in 1820. De Maubourg tried every ruse in vain to obtain the disgrace of the powerful feudatory; the only result was a chronic state of misunderstanding between the Divan and the French mission. The chargé d'affaires complained that the Porte was "plus anglaise que les Anglais mêmes" and said he "might as well go away" for all the good he could do. The Reis Efendi constantly declined an interview, or conducted it in such a manner that no private words could pass. De Maubourg tried to open direct communications with the Grand Signior himself: but the Sultan expressed his strong displeasure and refused to receive representations through any channel save that of his ministers. Indeed the French mission was defeated in every encounter; and this in spite of the fact that it was supported by frequent advices from Paris, while its antagonist remained throughout in total ignorance of the wishes of the British Government.

Another important subject related to Persia, then at war with Russia. Napoleon was trying hard to draw the Shah into the French alliance, and it was Canning's duty to support the efforts of Sir Harford Jones and his successor Sir Gore Ouseley in the opposite direction. The value of Persia as a weapon to reduce the pretensions of Russia and conduce to a peace between the Czar and the Sultan was obvious; and the chief difficulty was to overcome the dislike of the two nations for each other, a dislike founded principally upon theological differences, but partly on antipathy of race and the memories of past wars. The British ambassador at Teheran, though sharing Canning's embarrassment through want of instructions from home, loyally collaborated in his policy.

The common incidents of life at Constantinople have already been lightly sketched. As minister, Canning had less leisure for exploring the country than he enjoyed when

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only secretary of legation, but he still made frequent journeys to and fro between Pera and Therapia or Buyukderé, where he could for a brief season enjoy the cool breeze from the Black Sea and escape from the heat and dirt and worries of the capital. He took however much less exercise than before. Lady Hester Stanhope reproached him with the scanty amount of country air he allowed himself, and one of his suite said that Canning "never stirred out hardly." "Do reform your practice in this respect," wrote Planta; "to be sure it occurs to me that when a man cannot get out without a corporal and two janissaries before and two servants behind, there is some reason for his staying at home; but you *must* preserve your health, and to do that you *must* take some exercise."

During the whole of his mission he kept a brief Diary of his official transactions with the Porte. Extracts from this have already served to give a detailed picture of his struggle with the Reis Efendi about the privateering question. Unfortunately he seldom records anything that is not strictly connected with his official duties: and it is only very rarely that we come across notices of current events such as (28 July, 1811) "5,000 houses burned" or (7 Nov. 1810) "the Pasha of Baghdad's head arrived," or again "the Seyman bashi [Master of the Hounds] cutting heads off at a great rate." Canning was the last man in the world to keep a commonplace book: he hated trivialities, and the ordinary journal would appear to him a complete waste of time. Such diaries as he kept were confined to business, private or official, and it was very rarely that he wandered off from the dry details to note a mere matter of Eastern ways. Always expecting to return home, and regarding his Turkish mission as a merely temporary interruption in his career, he had small motive for making minute researches into the past and present condition of Turkey. It was not till thirty years later that he became interested in the Turks for their own sakes.

An execution on a very large scale came under his notice in 1811. His friend Gally Knight wrote to him from Cairo an account of the massacre of the Mamluks by Mohammed Ali. Knight himself was in the city at the time, and his

story of this famous butchery is worth reproducing here as a contemporary record. Canning states that the Reis Efendi admitted that the massacre had taken place by order of the Sultan, and the admission was certainly supported by the circumstance that the heads of the Beys were duly delivered at the Porte, as is noted in the English minister's Diary. 1810–2 – F.O. 23 5

But before I say a word more, I must give you the account of a tremendous tragedy which was going on at Cairo during the last week we were there. Probably you will already have heard of it. The affair was nothing less than the deliberate massacre in cold blood of the Beys and above a thousand Memloucs, by the orders of the Pasha. He collected all the Beys (except the two or three which still remain with about 800 men in Upper Egypt) in the citadel, and most of their Memloucs, upon the pretext of desiring them to attend, in due ceremony, the public investiture of his son with the Pashalique of Jedda. After the young Pasha was clothed with his pelisse, there was to have been a procession through the city, and this excuse gave the Pasha the means of assembling his troops in the citadel, without creating suspicion in the minds of the Beys. You probably know that before the Beys entered Cairo, the Pasha gave them the most solemn promise of protection. From H. G. Knight, Damietta, 18 Mar. 1811

On the appointed day all assembled in the citadel. The Pasha clothed his son with his pelisse in the great hall, after which the word was given for the procession to begin to move. In the meantime a secret order had been given for the citadel gates to be shut. The Beys, under the pretence of giving them the most honourable post, were placed in the centre of the Pasha's troops. The procession moved on a little way, till they had got the Memloucs into a long narrow passage, where it was impossible for them to defend themselves. The two officers then who alone were in the secret (for even the Pasha's sons knew nothing of the design) suddenly ordered their troops, the Albanians and the Osmanlis, to fire upon the Memloucs. The troops hesitated a moment, doubting whether they had heard the order right, as they knew nothing of the matter before, but the order being repeated they fired, and a vast number of the Memloucs fell. Those who survived endeavoured to escape, but found the gates shut. They were all either shot as they fled, or seized alive, carried before the Pasha, and immediately put to death by his orders. The scene, I am told by eye-witnesses, was more terrible than can be described. The butchery went on the whole day, and not a Memlouc who had entered the citadel came out of it alive.

In the meantime soldiers were sent to find out the Memloucs who had not come with the Beys to the citadel, and to bring them up

1810-2 to share their comrades' fate. Others were sent to all the villages round to massacre every Memlouc they could find. Cairo was like a
ÆT. 23 5 city taken by storm. Firing was heard all the day. The Memloucs were cut down in the streets whenever they were met, and their bodies left where they fell. The soldiers rushed into all the palaces of the Beys and of the other Memloucs, and plundered them of everything. The Harem itself was no longer respected. The soldiers forced their way into the apartments of the women, seized their jewels, and carried off some of the wives of the Beys and most of their white slaves as their prey.

These scenes were going on for six days. At length the slaughter ceased, because there were no more to slaughter. Some, but a very few, of the Memloucs escaped, and fled to join their comrades in Upper Egypt. Above a thousand were computed to have been put to death. The plunder was estimated at several millions of piastres. Indeed the pillage was so indiscriminate at last that the soldiers began to plunder the first houses they came to, whether they were the houses of Memloucs or not, and the Pasha was obliged to put several of his own men to death before he could stop the evil.

You may conceive the effect of being in the vicinity of such a business. The soldiers never came into the Frank quarter, so there was no personal fear; but we heard the firing all day long, and whenever we went into the streets we saw the plunderers returning loaded with their spoil. The first day we had gone to a house half-way up to the citadel in order to see the procession which was expected to pass. The confusion and terror which filled the city, when the news came down from the citadel of the massacre which was going on, is scarcely to be described. The people feared that the whole city would suffer. The shops were shut up in an instant. We thought it safest to make the best of our way home, as we hear that the Turks always take advantage of a riot to vent their malice on a *hat*. In our way home we met several Memloucs whom the soldiers were leading to slaughter; one was cut down close to us. We saw the women of one of the Beys driven off, like sheep, by a party of Albanians, and we met every instant plunderers loaded with shawls, sabres, &c., &c., looking quite drunk with fury.

Such is the narrative of the event. The Pasha, to justify himself, says that he only anticipated the Beys, who had formed a conspiracy against himself; but this is not believed. It is however certain that the Memloucs were always a perfidious race, and if the Pasha had really discovered any treachery on the part of the Beys, *they* perhaps deserved their fate; but the Beys alone should at any rate have suffered, and the indiscriminate and cold-blooded massacre of a thousand men, to whom the Pasha had promised his protection, is an act of perfidy and cruelty, and perfidy unparalleled even in Turkish

annals. The fact was, he found them troublesome, and thought it less trouble to get rid of them all at once. 1810–2

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"Personally it was my lot to encounter a peril infinitely less extensive but more directly addressed to myself. Tempted by the fineness of the weather, I went up the Bosphorus in a boat, and landed for a walk in one of the beautiful valleys which indent its Asiatic shore. Having dismissed the usual attendants I sauntered on alone through the meadows, without perceiving two Turkish sailors, who in holiday clothes and high spirits were enjoying the weather and the scene at some little distance from me. My attention was first called to them by a shout, and on looking round I saw them advancing briskly towards me with cocked pistols in their hands. I had not long to wait. They both fired at me; but their manner of holding the pistols, stock down and muzzle up, ensured a miss. Nothing daunted, they proceeded to load again, and, as running away was out of the question, I only did what was most prudent by going straight up to them. I just knew enough Turkish to say who I was, and to understand from their subsequent exclamation that they recognized me as a friend. Meanwhile my guards had heard the shots, and laying down their pipes, reluctantly no doubt, came running to the rescue. MEMOIRS.

"A Greek or a Jew would have fared ill in my place. In proof of this I may venture to state what follows. The Captain Pasha was lying with his squadron in the bay of Buyukderé. His commission extended to the power of life and death. Walking his quarter-deck with spy-glass in his hand, he discerned on the quay a young Greek very smartly dressed, and wearing on his head a turban of Musulman fashion. He forthwith summoned the luckless dandy on board, and asked him what he meant, infidel as he was, by wearing the forbidden costume. It may be presumed that the answer was not satisfactory, as head and turban were both taken off at once by a stroke of the executioner's yataghan.

"Even my few occasional relaxations partook of the hazardous as well as of the picturesque. Excursions on horseback or in boats were my chief, if not sole, amusements.

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I had no country house, and it was only at long intervals that I could with propriety pass a few days with my friend Count Ludolf at Buyukderé. In May and June the spacious well-watered Valley of the Sweet Waters formed a delightful breathing place, but the enjoyment of it was not free from annoyance, and a shot fired at me from a distance when I was riding home one evening served to remind me that human life had not the same value in Turkey as in Christendom."

We may be sure that Canning with his intense love of nature enjoyed these rides and water excursions more than he was willing to allow. There is no scenery in the world that surpasses the Bosphorus in its peculiar and exquisite charm. To glide silently over its smooth surface in the most delightful water-vehicle that was ever invented, and watch the sun setting over the seven hills of Byzantium or the moon shedding her pale light upon the mountains and cypress groves of the Asiatic side, where the Sweet Waters of Asia beguile the enchanted traveller far into the luminous Eastern night, is to realize something of a dream of an earthly paradise. How must it have looked when the great comet of 1811 blazed forth one evening as Canning rode home to the embassy? But to enjoy it thoroughly one needs companionship, and even then to changeful man the beauties of nature, even such beauties as the Bosphorus lavishes upon him, may become too familiar, and satiety may take the place of delight. After two years one may begin to say that one knows the lovely scenes that surround Constantinople by heart, and Canning probably felt that he had seen them long enough. As a rule he had nobody but Morier to confide in, and even such good friends as those two might naturally wish for a little variety in their social pleasures. "For God's sake send me something companionable!" was his appeal to the secretary at Palermo. He had occupation enough now that he had taken command of the mission, but it was not the sort of occupation he enjoyed. His hopes, his interests were all turned homewards to that England whither he was constantly yearning to return. The following letter to Wellesley shews that he was still bent upon an escape from his exile.

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To R. Wellesley, 31 May 1810

I see you are determined to let me know that you are a member of Parliament. To send a letter half across the Atlantic—through the Mediterranean—up the Archipelago—and again through the Dardanelles and Sea of Marmora—to direct it, and not add a word from yourself to an old friend, is a crime of the first magnitude, and I was meditating how I should take my revenge, when Mr. Douglas *providentially* arrived and brought me a long letter from you, which, though much used by frequent journeyings to and fro in his breeches' pocket during the last ten months, has however completely disarmed me. In proof of which I now proceed in due form to congratulate you upon the commencement of your oratorical career. I understand that after due exertion of silence you have taken one of the most important steps in life, that of presenting yourself for the first time to the public, and what is better, I am assured that you have taken it with success. I beg you will believe that this has given me the greatest pleasure, the more so as I am persuaded that it is not a *vox et praeterea nihil*, and that you have too much sense and too great a desire to do good to your country not to feel that the applause to be obtained by a first speech is but little worthy of *satisfying* a great and well-directed ambition. You start from a noble barrier—you have only to pursue the course before you without deviation to the right or to the left, and the *goal* will be yours one day.

You must bear with this lecture. Such a distance as this from the theatre of your budding glory gives me a sort of right to moralize, and I feel the less diffidence in doing so as I am sure to have expressed only what was in your own thoughts already. I long to be an eye-witness of your triumphs, and certain rumours which have lately reached me from Downing Street encourage my hopes. The *laws of diplomacy* prevent me from speaking more plainly on so interesting a subject, which I regret the more as you are probably more in the secret than I am myself. Be that as it may, I trust I shall soon be at liberty to scramble over the distance which separates us at this moment and explain to you *vivâ voce* why even the "usurpations of Russia, the designs of Austria, or the eruptions in the Morea" have failed to do away my detestation of this vile hole—or this *infâme trou*, as Mr. Adair used to call it. . .

Travellers, especially if they were "something companionable," were a godsend to one who was pining for the social and intellectual pleasures of London. Not many came so far in those days, nor was the passage of the Aegean absolutely safe so long as French privateers were about. But in 1810 a series of visitors arrived to cheer the solitude of the British palace. Among them were Lady Hester Stanhope, who

1810-2 with all her eccentricity was never dull company; Mr. North, afterwards Lord Guilford, and his nephew Douglas; the Æt. 23 5 well-known Pozzo di Borgo of Corsica; Galt, a rather popular novelist of the time: and above all a batch of Etonians, including Gally Knight.

Of most of these visitors, whose arrival made a bright spot in his monotonous life, Lord Stratford's memory retained some characteristic trait when he wrote his Memoirs after an interval of more than half a century. He apologizes for the intrusion of these stray recollections in a sentence, where we feel the half-expressed sadness which belongs to the memories of those who had all gone before him into the silent land:—

Memoirs. "These spectral reminiscences convey but feeble impressions of what I felt at the time, but such as they are I retrace them with pleasure as distant echoes from a period of surpassing interest. Some few incidents, characteristic of the time and place, may find a suitable corner here: and should these pages ever escape from my writing desk, I hope the indulgent reader will not bear hard upon any symptoms of misplaced zeal or youthful conceit which may possibly ooze out to my discredit in the course of their recital.

"My brief intercourse with Mr. North atoned for many privations. His conversation was delightful, he had much varied knowledge in all branches of literature, a lively manner of expressing himself, a never-failing good-humoured cheerfulness, and a large share of the family wit.

"It had been his lot to represent his sovereign at Rome on behalf of Corsica recently taken by a British force. His arrival there, he said, was preceded by a very good-looking secretary, who was mistaken for the ambassador on shewing himself on the balcony of the hotel where the Embassy was to lodge.

"It so happened that a lady of high rank and equal susceptibility saw him from an opposite window, and caught by his appearance, sent his excellency an invitation for the same evening. Mr. North, much flattered by the impression he seemed to have made, and wholly unsuspicious of any mistake, went gaily to the *rendezvous*, and after traversing a long suite

of apartments found the fair expectant in a boudoir luxuriously furnished and evidently arranged for the occasion. Imagine her disappointment and alarm when, raising her eyes, she beheld a plain elderly gentleman, little favoured by nature, and somewhat the worse for Indian wear, in place of the blooming Adonis at whom her shaft had been so unluckily aimed. A moment's silence was followed by a faint scream, and the application of two most delicate hands to the fairest of faces, not in the first bloom of youth, but still quite young, and slightly disordered in its features by sudden emotion. Her power of articulation came back in a single noun substantive forcibly expressive, it must be allowed, of the deep contrast in her mind between a pleasing illusion and a distressing reality. Scarcely had the word *Diavolo!* passed her lips, than the intelligent object of her ejaculation took the hint, and more amused than mortified, retreated backwards with many bows towards his hotel. He delighted to tell this anecdote of himself. 1810 2 Æt. 23 5

"His nephew Fred. S. North Douglas was also a trump, especially at table. He shared in equal proportions the humour and plain features of his family. Young as he was, he shewed bright rudiments of talents in more than one department and his jovial good-natured vanity gave a special zest to the display. In talking with him one day I asked whether Mr. North had ever committed himself to a printed composition. 'Yes, once he had.' 'And was it very clever?' I asked again. 'To say the truth,' he replied, 'I never got to that part.' I could cite other instances of his ready playfulness, but my heart fails me when I recollect how soon the fair promise was blighted by sickness and a premature death. I joined with other friends the sad procession of his funeral, and long felt the blank which he had left among his youthful contemporaries. His wife survived: but three generations of his blood—grandmother, father, and child—disappeared almost at once!

"Lady Hester Stanhope brought with her all the interest which attaches to a person of her sex remarkable for talent and nearly connected with a great public character. Not only was she the niece of Mr. Pitt, but she had lived for a time under the same roof with that unspotted minister in the full

1810–2 intimacy of close relationship and daily intercourse. She had known many whose names were familiar to me, and some with whom I was personally acquainted. She had seen much of Mr. Canning. On these several accounts her conversation had strong attractions for me, notwithstanding its measureless exuberance and the not unfrequent singularities it displayed. Her travelling staff was composed of Michael Bruce, who acquired no little celebrity by the generous part he took in promoting the escape of M. Lavalette; of Mr. Pearse, the reputed son of Fox's friend Hare; and her physician Dr. Merriman, who subsequently published a sketch of her life. She hired a house at Therapia and passed the winter there.

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"She told me sundry curious anecdotes of her uncle and others—too many in fact to be remembered at this distance of time. Speaking of Mr. Pitt, she said that during his retreat from office he shewed no signs of discontent or restlessness; that, although she had slept under his bedroom at Walmer, she never heard the sound of his foot-fall after the hour—an early one—at which he had retired. She told me that he always expressed the highest admiration of his father, taking for himself, comparatively, a more humble position than she was inclined to admit. She spoke of the carelessness with which he often left his papers, either scattered about the room, or, at best stowed away under the cushions of his sofa. General Moore appeared to be her idol, and she took an evident pleasure in talking of him. In proof of his truthfulness and sagacity she said that on taking leave of his minister, [Lord Castlereagh,] under whose instructions he was to act in the command of our army in Spain, he declared with his hand upon the lock of the door, that he had no faith in the expedition, and apprehended a failure. She added that General Phipps had made a call one day, and the conversation turning upon Sir John Moore, that he had sought to disparage that officer in Mr. Pitt's estimation, and that she perceiving his design, had said, 'You imagine, General, that Mr. Pitt does not greatly value Sir John's abilities, but learn from me, you nasty kangaroo'—alluding to General Phipps' paralytic infirmity and imitating his manner of holding his hands—'that there is no one in the King's army whose services he appreciates more highly.'

'Lady Hester! Lady Hester! what are you saying?' exclaimed Mr. Pitt, with an ill-suppressed smile which betrayed his secret enjoyment of the scene." 1810–2 ÆT. 23–5

It was difficult to see much of her eccentric ladyship without risk of offending her. After a very pleasant intercourse, extending over ten months, the inevitable moment came. Lady Hester was dying to see Napoleon with her own eyes, and since, in the relations then subsisting between France and England and the active hostility between the French chargé d'affaires and the English minister, it was impossible to call openly on M. de Latour-Maubourg, she endeavoured privately to secure his concurrence in her scheme of visiting Paris. Few clandestine meetings with the French representative, however, took place without a report reaching Canning's ears. He had spies in all circles of the capital, and his employment of such secret agents was not only justified by the intrigues of the French and Austrian envoys, but was absolutely necessary to the maintenance of English interests at the Porte. When one of his janissaries brought him word that Lady Hester Stanhope had been seen walking with M. de Maubourg at a place of public resort on the Bosphorus, Canning, who held very strong views as to such dealings with the enemy, went straight to the lady's house and requested her to explain her proceedings. Lady Hester admitted the truth of the report and said that M. de Maubourg had promised to write for passports for her journey. She explained the secrecy of the interviews by her desire to keep the English minister out of the business, which she felt might embarrass him: but added that if Mr. Liston or any "old stager" were at the Porte she would have no compunction in giving him trouble. Canning begged she would carry her kindness a little further, and either ask permission of his Majesty's Government to enter the enemy's country, or at least wait for the arrival of the new ambassador, who was weekly expected at the Porte, before seeing M. de Maubourg again. All this was refused by Lady Hester. "I told her ladyship that if such were her determination, neither I nor any of the persons immediately attached to his Majesty's

Mem. 24 Aug. 1811

1810 2 mission here could go to her house again." According to Canning's memorandum of this interview, the conversation
ÆT. 23-5 passed "with perfect calmness" and Lady Hester gave him her hand at parting, and said that whatever he might do in the execution of his duty would make no difference in her sentiments towards him.

The next day, however, a formal note from "his Excellency's obedient humble servant" arrived, enclosing a copy of a letter which Lady Hester had written to Lord Wellesley, in anticipation of Canning's taking the same course. She began by stating that she wished to visit France for her health, and that M. de Maubourg had kindly promised to assist her in that design. Had Mr. Adair or any one of his character been at the Porte she would have informed him of her plans:—

> But Mr. Canning is young and inexperienced, full of zeal but full of prejudice. I guessed, therefore, what might be the line of conduct he would pursue on such an occasion. Respecting, as I do, his many virtues, I do not wish to quarrel with him or appear openly to disregard his authority, or publicly to ridicule the very idea of any person's presuming to doubt my patriotism: because I despise the idea of war with individuals, and also cannot but lament a fault too common to most of our own public men—that of seeing things in the light they wish them to be, not as they are, and trying to impose this fallacy upon the public mind, which, when discovered, must sooner or later destroy the degree of confidence they ought to possess. The above reasons induced me to see M. M. privately, who is also very young for his situation, but which his talents fully qualify him to fill. Nothing can have been more candid, more honourable and delicate, than his conduct upon this occasion. He lost no time in writing to Paris for passports, and his answer may be expected every day.
>
> Not long ago Mr. Canning's spy, who I saw was pursuing me for some time, communicated to his employer that he had seen M.M. and myself walking together upon the coast of Asia. This led Mr. Canning to inquire into the business; the whole of which I communicated to him, and my reasons for having kept it a secret. He has thought it his duty to take leave of me, and also to forbid any of those persons belonging to him to visit me: which, as far as it affects my comforts, is of no consequence, as they were all horribly dull, (except M. Pisani, who is a man of information and merit;) and as far as relates to my politics, I flatter myself that it is not in the power of Mr. Canning or any other person to cast any reflection upon them

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that would be credited in this or any other country—much less in my own.

Although it is evident that Mr. C. has not been educated in your lordship's school of gallantry, yet I give him full credit for acting from the most upright and conscientious principles; and if his zeal has carried him a little too far, there is no one so willing to forgive it as I am, or so little inclined to attempt to turn him from what he considers to be the execution of his duty. Affectation, nor fear, has in no degree influenced my line of conduct towards him; and if I have acted with more moderation than is usual to me, it proceeds from what may (though true) sound like conceit to confess—the persuasion that Mr. Canning and I do not stand upon equal grounds, and that he is by no means a match for me were I determined to revenge what to others carries the appearance of insult. But as he is both a religious and political methodist, after having appeared to doubt my love for my country, he will next presume to teach me my duty to my God!

Before I conclude, I must request your lordship not to receive Mr. C. with dry bows and wry faces, or allow the fine ladies to toss him in a blanket. The best reward for his services would be to appoint him commander-in-chief at home and ambassador extraordinary abroad to the various societies for the suppression of vice and cultivation of patriotism. The latter consists in putting one's self into greater convulsions than the dervishes at the mention of Buonaparte's name. I have, &c.

Nothing more ingeniously malicious than this characteristic epistle could have been devised. The kind patronizing air was even more trying to Canning's self-esteem than the sneers at his "political and religious methodism." He was the last man to take a slight amiably, and Lady Hester wounded his "proper pride" to the quick. Moreover there was just that spice of truth in the charge against him which added to its unpleasantness. Probably he was not conscious of it himself, but there was in him a certain quality which suggested Lady Hester's term of "methodist," and it is precisely because the term contains a truth that this letter has been printed.

Stratford Canning had formed his opinions very early. His clever mother and his brilliant cousin George had accustomed him to classify and formulate his ideas upon most great subjects while still little more than a boy. The result was that when he found himself in a position of great

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authority in the East, with almost none of his own nation or level of intellect to combat or modify his views, these principles and opinions became firmly rooted in his mind. They were generally right, and always lofty ; they were the fruit of much thought, considerable reading, and close intercourse with highly trained and intellectual minds : but they were a little too rigid and dogmatic for rough contact with those who differed from them. In his old age, as has been said, Lord Stratford confessed to a certain "priggish" element in his boyhood. That element was modified, no doubt, in some degree by contact with the world before he became minister at Constantinople ; but the dogmatic and slightly conceited air of a well-informed and clever youth survived for awhile, and it was this air, and this finality in opinion, that Lady Hester was thinking of when she called Canning a "political and religious methodist."

Among the matters upon which his mind was made up was one which suggested to her ladyship the appropriateness of a post in a "society for the suppression of vice." Canning's nature was essentially refined, and he loathed impurity. The correspondence of his friends shews this clearly enough, and no one ventured twice to overstep the bounds of decency in conversation in his presence. As Prince Ion Ghica once said, he was "très pudique ;" and he used to carry his dislike of *risqué* jests and stories to unsociable lengths. It is recorded how at some conference (long after the date we have reached) at which Canning and an attaché were present, the French representative, an old general, indulged his peculiar sense of humour by relating some typical messroom anecdotes. The Turkish minister, Reshid Pasha, a man of great refinement, sat silent in disgust, Canning looked daggers, but the young attaché exploded with laughter. "I brought you here to take notes, not to laugh," said his chief : "you may leave the room." It is easy to see that, given these made-up views on political and social questions, and adding the rare quality of a thoroughly pure and wholesome mind and converse, it was hard to avoid a strong touch of prejudice towards those who did not agree with his views or rise to his moral standard, and hence people came to attack him in the manner though not with the skill of Lady

Hester Stanhope. That he went into convulsions at the bare mention of the name of Buonaparte no doubt represents in an exaggerated form his intense animosity to "the common enemy of Europe." Probably his aversion expressed itself rather vigorously, for when he felt strongly, as he did upon most important subjects, he was wont to shew it plainly. His mother says to him in one of her letters (1809) "I fancy I see you storming and raving when all this ill-news arrives," and she would beg him to "moderate the impetuosity of your character; it is highly necessary to do so among foreigners and strangers. It is the only thing in your disposition that I have any fear of." This "impetuosity" would doubtless find a violent stimulant in the hatred of Napoleon: it was, however, so general an emotion among Englishmen at that time that it can hardly be called an individual characteristic. 1810–2 ÆT. 23–5

Stratford Canning, however, was not at all disposed to find an interesting if prejudiced diagnosis of character in Lady Hester's effusion. He believed she was in earnest about sending it to Lord Wellesley, and he winced at the ridicule which must follow him if it came out that he was acting policeman to the eccentric traveller, whose oddities did not exclude her from a large and warm circle of friends. A horrible vision of her letter going the round of the Cabinet in a red despatch box rose before his eyes, and he wrote to his cousin, who though out of office was in close relations with Lord Wellesley, and begged him, if Lady Hester carried out her threat, to set him right with the Foreign Secretary and anyone else whose opinion was worth considering. Meanwhile he desisted from further conflict with her ladyship, mindful that

Nullum memorabile nomen
Foeminea in poena est, nec habet victoria laudem. *Aen.* ii. 586

The young minister had taken the affair much too seriously. Nothing more was heard of it. George Canning wrote that so far as he knew it had never reached the Foreign Office. What would have been more strange with anyone but Lady Hester Stanhope was the fact that friendly relations were resumed. She did not go to Paris or to Russia, as she had threatened; and she wrote to him from Brusa that she thought

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she should like his successor, Mr. Liston—"but it is little probable that he will shew me more kindness and attention than you have done which, though I do quiz you sometimes, I am perfectly sensible of and shall ever acknowledge with gratitude. Quiz me in return and take one good lesson before you go. When you are no longer a great man I shall speak to you with more confidence. You may think me a strange, but I hope always a very honourable, being. Now don't crack your brain. The wise man speaketh in parables, so may therefore a silly woman. . . Let me hear that you look well and in good spirits. You ought to see this beautiful place, but when no longer a great man you might fall in love with some of these very beautiful Turkish women, and that would be a great sin." Lady Hester evidently delighted in teasing the young man, but it is clear she really liked and respected him. She wrote again from Damascus, 3 Oct., 1812, "I have laughed at you and scolded you, but I must ever wish you well, because I believe you to be an *honest man*, a rare thing in these times."

She retained a friendly recollection of her Constantinople mentor for many years. In 1813 she was enthusiastically trying to help a Mamluk who had escaped from Egypt, and Canning tried to interest his friends in the cause. The following is one of her letters on the subject:—

Latakia, 22 Oct. 1813

You must not be alarmed and fancy that I am going to keep up a correspondence with you, but I cannot avoid thanking you for your letter (which I received a few days ago), and also for the trouble you have taken about the poor victim, who has been driven by the plague from his retreat, but yet I hope has rather bettered his situation. All *you* say is very just, but to say the truth it does not quite please me to hear rich men complain of *poverty*: however, God will take care of his creatures in this and every other country. The English world are about as good-natured as I believed them to be; to ridicule a person said to be starving in a burning desert is very charitable, but poor souls their imagination is as miserable as their humanity is bounded, for it never I suppose entered their heads that I carried everything before me, and was crowned under the triumphal arch at Palmyra, pitched my tent amidst thousands of Arabs, and spent a month with these very interesting people. Let the great learn of them hospitality and liberality. I have seen an Arab strip

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himself to his shirt to give clothes to those he thought needed them more than himself. I have suffered great fatigue, it is very true, because all my people were such cowards, and they gave me a good deal of trouble, but yet I cannot regret past hardships, as it has given me the opportunity of seeing what is so curious and interesting, the manners and customs of the most free and independent people in the world. . . .

In about a week I repair to a pretty convent at the foot of Lebanon for the winter. The Pasha of Acre is come into that neighbourhood to repair a castle, and he Prince of the Druses hunts within an hour of my habitation, so I shall often see him ; we are great friends, he is a very agreeable man, and very popular in the mountain. I am quite at home all over the country ; the common people pay me the same sort of respect as they do a great Turk, and the great men treat me as if I was one of them. In short I am very comfortable in my own odd way ; part of this country is divine and I always find something to amuse and occupy my mind. Now the good people in England may imagine me forlorn and miserable, they are very welcome. I would not change my philosophical life for their empty follies. It would have been more friendly of you to have mentioned your own affairs, because you ought to know I am interested about them, but as I am in a perfect state of ignorance respecting all that concerns you since you left this country, I can only say I hope you prosper. . . .

Mohammed Ali admitted me to the Divan and when at Acre I rode Soliman Pasha's parade horse, having the use of his own sword and khangar, all over jewels. My visit to the Pasha of Damascus in the night during the Ramadan was the finest thing possible. I was mounted on an Arab horse he had given me, my people on foot, and he surrounded with two thousand servants and picked guards, Albanians, Delibashis, and Mograbines. You see the Turks are not quite such brutes as you once thought them, or they never could have treated me with the degree of friendship and hospitality they have done.

On his side Canning was glad to render her every help when her ship was wrecked on an uninhabited island on the way to Syria ; and in July 1827, when again at the Porte, he sent one of his staff to endeavour to arrange her embarrassed affairs and set her right with the local authorities. Her early education, he remarked, had much to do with her eccentricities. Her father, believing in manual labour, had set her regularly to tend turkeys on a common, and her brothers were trained in similarly absurd apprenticeships.

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"Count Pozzo di Borgo, who arrived at the palace in the spring of 1811, was recommended to me, not only by his friendship with Mr. Adair, but also by his personal qualities and political opinions. He was an accomplished scholar, possessing marked talents for business of the highest kind, and gifted moreover with eloquence, fancy, and wit. He had been secretary of state in his native island, and Russian plenipotentiary in 1807 on board the Czar's squadron under Seniavin. He could not remain at Vienna, where he had largely contributed the year before to the declaration of war by Austria against France. Napoleon required his dismissal. He determined to take refuge in England, and so complete was our separation from the Continent that the Hanoverian minister at Vienna was obliged to apply to me in order to obtain his remittances from London! Count Pozzo had therefore no choice but to make a circuit through Turkey on horseback. When quite a stripling he had been intimate with the hero of Lodi, if not his fellow-student. He told me that strolling one day with Buonaparte along the sea-beach, his companion, who as well as himself had sat down to rest awhile, suddenly turned to him and pointing in the direction of Italy exclaimed, 'Sais-tu, mon ami, qu'avec dix mille hommes on pourrait se faire maître de ce pays-là?' To his remark that the inhabitants had not spirit enough to rise, the other retorted—'Comment! est-ce que l'esprit leur manquent? et les muscles?'—striking ideas to be sure for one so young, and strongly characteristic of the future conqueror.

"On another occasion, when we were talking of the future prospects of Europe and the dark shadow cast upon them by the towering ascendancy of France with its spirit of conquest and military despotism, he said, Come what will England has no choice but to resist. If she made peace with Napoleon, she would soon, as before, be compelled to begin again with all the disadvantages resulting from relaxation of purpose and the acknowledgment of a usurped empire. After all, he added, the genius of the man is rather to pull down than to build up.—'Il est comme un géant qui est entré dans une forêt et qui a lié ensemble par la simple force de ses bras plusieurs des grandes arbres qui s'y trouvent.

Eh bien ! le temps passe, n'importe que ce soit, la foudre du ciel ou l'hache du bucheron, le lien se detache et les arbres reprennent leur ancienne position.' Such were his very words, and considering the time they were spoken, it must be allowed that they were more than remarkable, almost prophetic. On other subjects, too, his expressions were often singularly effective. Some one called the Bosphorus by its French name—Le Canal de Constantinople. 'Yes:' he said, 'a canal, but a canal of the Almighty's workmanship.'" 1810–2 ÆT. 23 5

Pozzo di Borgo never forgot his friend. They met frequently in later years, when he was Russian ambassador at Paris, and one of his letters tells Canning "Vous êtes dans le petit nombre d'hommes envers lesquels il ne me serai jamais permis d'avoir tort, et je n'aurais pas de repos si vous pouviez m'en supposer . . . Je vous jure qui je sens pour vous la même amitié [celle d'un frère]."

"It may well be conceived how I revelled in the society of my late schoolfellows Knight and Fazakerley. Years have passed since the grave closed over them: but as long as they lived our friendly intercourse continued in spite of my frequent absences from England. They still hold and will continue to hold a living place in my recollection, MEMOIRS.

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus." *Aen.* IV. 336

One can conjure up in fancy a picture of the symposia of the old Etonians thus happily reunited in the autumn of 1810, but it would have been far more interesting to have had their own recollections of them. Very unfortunately their letters contain hardly anything bearing upon their stay at Constantinople or the numerous excursions and entertainments which their host arranged for their amusement. Their talk was largely political, we may be sure, and the one reminiscence which Canning has put on record respecting their visit shews the direction in which their thoughts were travelling. He and Fazakerley—they were bare acquaintances when they met at Pera, but they parted friends for life—were of opposite schools of politics, but, he says, "we agreed in deploring the lengths to which party MEMOIRS.

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spirit was then carried at home and the unhappy influence it exercised on English society. In talking over the subject we hit upon a notion which we thought might be used with advantage as tending to allay in some degree the evil effects of this malady. It was the formation of a club adapted to the tastes of good society and destined to unite its members round the same dinner-table, without reference to their political opinions, during each session of Parliament. Fazakerley, who had gathered a numerous circle of friends around him [at the old Christ Church Club] at Oxford, succeeded on his return to England in carrying out the idea; and when I reached home myself a year or two later I found the Grillion Club in full existence and my own name in the list of its original members."

There were nineteen of them (1813); and among the names we find those of Gally Knight, Fazakerley, Stratford Canning, Richard Wellesley, F. S. N. Douglas, Thomas Dyke Acland, R. J. Wilmot Horton, R. H. Inglis, Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg), and Lords Dartmouth and Desart. The list was gradually increased to fifty, with which number it celebrated its jubilee in 1863. The members, or some of them, met at dinner every Wednesday, while Parliament was sitting, at Grillion's Hotel in Albemarle Street, whence the club was known as "Grillion's."[1]

MEMOIRS.

"Never was there a more simple institution or one which has answered its purpose more effectually. Two years ago from the time I am now writing its fiftieth anniversary was celebrated by a grand jubilee; and it continues to flourish not only with unabated but with increasing vigour. In its catalogue of names are many of the highest distinction in the literary, professional, and parliamentary walks of life."

[1] *The Grillion Club* [by Sir T. D. Acland and Sir J. B. Ellis]: *Members of Grillion's Club*, 1813-63. Priv. printed 1864.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TREATY OF BUCHAREST.

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THE time had come for Canning to win his spurs in a contest of European importance. In defending the rights of English commerce in the Levant he was perhaps doing no more than any other representative of his Majesty's Government would have been bound to attempt. On the other hand, the work upon which he was throughout engaged *pari passu* was one to test his powers to the utmost; it demanded so rare a combination of caution and prompt decision, of cool judgment and rapid seizure of opportunities; it was hedged about with so many thorny obstacles, and surrounded by such perilous and unsuspected pitfalls, that no impartial spectator could have hesitated to predict catastrophe to the inexperienced young Englishman who had dared to attempt it. This work was nothing less than to defeat the Eastern policy of Napoleon by binding Turkey and Russia to the interests of England; and the first step towards that end was the conclusion of a peace between the belligerents on the Danube.

The situation was dramatic. On the one side was the French Empire, in other words almost all Europe: after the peace of Schönbrunn, Austria dared not lift a finger against Buonaparte, Prussia was his thrall; Alexander of Russia remained at present friendly with the despot, with whom he was bartering schemes of partition. Against this overwhelming coalition England stood alone, supported indeed so far as their power went by the Spaniards, but practically isolated in her strenuous and protracted defiance of France. Turkey remained neutral—the only neutral state in Europe—and in

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Turkey the diplomatic battle was to be fought which supported and completed the effects of the war of arms.

More than one covetous eye was at that time turned upon the Ottoman Empire. Friendly as were the outward relations between France and Russia, Napoleon was step by step alienating his ally. In his zeal for a naval opposition to England he was making a series of annexations on the northern coasts of Europe—Holland and the Elbe and Oldenburg—which were certain to rouse the jealousy of Russia. The preference of an Austrian archduchess over a Romanov was another slight, and the scheme of a resuscitated Poland struck home. War was indeed foreseen as inevitable long before it actually broke out. Hardly was Austria bound at Schönbrunn when Napoleon was already meditating a Russian campaign, and was looking about for weapons to aid his purpose. Austria was bribed by a promise of a share in the partition of Turkey which would follow necessarily upon the success of the Emperor's Eastern projects. Persia was flattered and assured of Napoleon's devotion, and urged to pursue with added vigour the war against the Czar. Turkey, ignorant to some extent of the various plans of partition which were being arranged at the Tuileries, was by turns threatened and cajoled:—threatened, in order that the Porte might not, by refusing provisions, destroy the hopes of the French in the Adriatic, where they intended to make Corfu the first step in a general advance towards a maritime empire in the Levant;—cajoled by promises of perpetual alliance if the Sultan would prosecute the war against Russia with resolution. The grand scheme was so to use Austria, Turkey, and Persia against Russia that the Czar must either submit unreservedly to Napoleon's dictation, or else embark in a general and apparently hopeless war with all his neighbours at once. In either case, Turkey was to be the victim, and the only question was one of detail,—how much of the Ottoman territory should be given in compensation to Austria or to Russia, and how much seized by France.

Adair, i. 322

To defeat this vast scheme of spoliation was now the master passion of Stratford Canning. The policy of maintaining a hold upon Turkey and restraining her from a French alliance had been enunciated by Adair and endorsed by

George Canning and the English Cabinet. The general instructions pointed to a vigorous effort in this direction, and prescribed the furtherance of peace between Russia and the Porte. The great object was to break up the formidable combination which had been founded at Tilsit by the alliance of Russia with France, and if possible to create a new coalition against Napoleon. Adair's first plan was to form a triple alliance between England, Austria and Turkey, to which Russia might eventually be added if a suitable peace were arranged on the Danube. A secret despatch from Mr. Canning refers to this scheme:

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Adair, i. xxi.–xxiv.

> A triple alliance between Austria, Turkey, and England, *without* guarantee of the Turkish territories, and *without* subsidy to either, would be a difficult task I am afraid—and yet I am afraid that is what we must attempt. Money we have not, and guarantee though cheap is hardly honest.

To Adair, 3 Dec. 1808

The overthrow of Austria at Wagram defeated this project, but to detach Russia from the continental system remained a possibility, and, since Napoleon's Polish designs had matured, had even become a probability. Foreseeing this, France at first naturally pretended to use her own good offices for peace between the Czar and the Sultan, with the object of securing the Turks as allies in the event of war with Russia. It thus became Adair's prime duty to keep the French out of the transaction and secure for England the advantageous position of having acted as the Porte's best friend. Very little however had been accomplished; Adair gave up the task in despair; and his secretary was left to carry it out alone. Where a tried diplomatist had failed, it was hardly likely that an undergraduate of twenty three would succeed. The attempt must have been regarded as hopeless by the home government, or they would scarcely have risked entrusting so responsible a post to such youthful hands. It is probable that no ambassador of standing would have cared to imperil his reputation by adventuring himself at the Porte at so critical and desperate a moment. David Morier wrote to his friend at Constantinople that no one would take his place, and the reluctance was natural enough. To beard Napoleon in his dreams of universal empire was a

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task most men would think twice about. To withstand him alone, without a single adviser, and on one's own responsibility, must appear downright madness.

Yet this was precisely what Canning did. There was no one at Constantinople on whom he could rely for advice. Morier, who had returned from Persia to assume the duties of secretary, was indeed a trusty friend, but he was younger than his chief; Count Ludolf was loyal and useful—many years later he was remembered as "my chief and almost only comfort in the way of society"—but he had not the mental ability or the authority which was required in a counsellor; the Prussian and Austrian ministers were not to be trusted for an instant, and in the existing state of foreign relations it was in any case impossible to take them into his counsels. But, it will be said, he had no doubt ample instructions from the Foreign Secretary, and what more support or advice did he need? The fact seems incredible, nevertheless it is true that not a word of political instructions did Canning receive during the two years in which he represented England at the Porte. From the summer of 1810 to the spring of 1812 the Marquis Wellesley and his under-secretary honoured his Majesty's minister plenipotentiary at Constantinople with sixteen despatches, and not one of these valuable documents had any bearing upon the intricate and momentous negotiations which Canning was then conducting at the Porte. Seven of the sixteen merely acknowledge the receipt of despatches; others announce public events, such as the death of the Princess Amelia, or the blockade of the Guadalquivir, or caution him about some impostor or adventurer who is suspected of an intended visit to Turkey; and one conveys the order of Government that ambassadors shall use thicker envelopes to enclose their despatches! One would imagine that the Foreign Secretary was writing to a vice-consul at some quiet secluded spot in a time of absolute stagnation.

But what were the facts which induced the Marquis to neglect in so marked a manner the only working embassy (unless we count Palermo) which England was then able to maintain in all Europe? What were the messages that Canning sent home in those packets which Mr. Culling Smith

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wrote had been "received and laid before the King," or "the Regent"? Was everything so smooth and plain that no authority was needed from home? A few extracts from the despatches will answer these questions. In September 1810 Austria proposed for her own ends to intervene in the struggle on the Danube and suppress the revolt in Servia. Canning immediately wrote home for instructions how to deal with this new danger: but when he left the Golden Horn nearly two years later he had not yet received a reply. In October 1810 he complains of a "total want of intelligence as well from England as from the Mediterranean," at a time when the Turks were pressing him for a loan on English credit. On 20 November the Reis Efendi informed him that the Porte was "much hurt and astonished at the long silence preserved by the English Government." At the beginning of 1811 matters were in such a pass, and the French were working so hard, that Canning even contemplated the exchange of the secret article of the Treaty of the Dardanelles, by which Turkey was to receive an English subsidy of £300,000 in the event of danger from France, and he wrote anxiously for instructions on the subject. Still not a word in reply. In April he stated to Lord Wellesley that his position was "very embarrassing:" and in September, that there was extreme danger of France and Russia settling their quarrel by a partition of Turkey; in October he begs for "some sign of life" from the Office: but the Foreign Secretary took no notice. On 9 November, 1811, he wrote "I can no longer hope to prevail upon the Porte to maintain its neutrality against the violence of the French without the direct interference of H. M. Government." On 20 December he sent a private letter to the Under-Secretary of State remonstrating in plain terms with the neglect to which he had been exposed for a year and a half, which had "very much encouraged the Turkish ministers in their opposition to my claims. If the present affairs are treated in the same manner I shall be reduced to the condition of a Danish or Prussian minister. If it is thought that I have treated any of these affairs injudiciously or that I have taken them up too highly, it were better for our interests that my conduct should be at once disavowed and corrected. . . . Every

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additional day of residence here is a draught of bitterness to me the more painful as there seems to be no chance of getting to the bottom of it." Long before this, at the very beginning of his mission, he had begged for his recall, but the request had never been answered: and it was only from the public gazette that he learnt at last that his successor was appointed. On the very eve of Mr. Liston's arrival at the Porte, the minister who had borne the burden and toil of the mission for more than a year since his successor had been gazetted wrote to him "To this hour I never have received an official notification[1] of your excellency's appointment, much less of your departure from England."

19 June, 1812

During this long period of suspense reasons more and more urgent had called for some definite word from home. The French were pressing every point that could estrange the Porte from England; France and Austria were both intriguing to defeat the negotiations for peace with Russia; those negotiations were in a strained condition which demanded special activity on the part of the English minister and as he thought of the English fleet, and his action needed the strongest possible support from his Government to enable him to impress his views upon the incredulous advisers of the Sultan. As late as 12 April, 1812, he was still absolutely ignorant of the intentions of the Government, and wrote in despair: "Without direct orders from England there is no reason to expect any military or naval aid in case of emergency from H. M. forces in the Mediterranean, and without fresh instructions and the more immediate countenance of H. M. Government it is next to impossible for this mission to struggle successfully with the many and formidable enemies now united against it." Again and again did he thus remonstrate "at the risk of importunity" with the indifference and neglect of the home authorities. The last despairing reproach was written when Liston was already on his way. It is marked "secret," and dated 26 April, 1812.

To Marq. Wellesley. XVII.

I beg your lordship to consider that I am a simple individual without any reputation or other pretensions on which to establish a

[1] It is fair to state that, according to the Foreign Office records, the notification was sent: but, like the government that sent it, it seems to have lost its way.

personal influence over the Turkish ministers. My credit arises solely from the support of my Government, and I am listened to only as I am supposed to speak their voice. If therefore it be for our interest to turn this country as an offensive instrument against the common enemy of Europe, or simply to save it from his grasp, I must humbly beseech your lordship not to refuse attention to what I have represented above as well as on so many former occasions. 1810–2 ÆT. 23–5

I take the liberty to request your lordship will regard this letter as *private*, and to add that I am the more bold in urging the above representations as they cannot be imputed to any motive of drawing from his Majesty's Government a more extensive authority than I have hitherto been permitted to exercise. For to say the truth I have long desired for several private reasons to be relieved from this post which, excepting the distinguished honour of serving his Majesty, is, to say the least of it, a very embarrassing one.

There is no reasonable way of accounting for the two years' silence of the British Government. The ministers ought to have been fully conscious of the critical state of affairs at the Porte—there is ample evidence that they were eager to see an end of the war between Russia and Turkey—and they could hardly pretend that they were relieved from all risk and responsibility by the presence there of an experienced representative: on the contrary they might reasonably have feared the worst from Canning's youth and impetuosity. The pressing importance of the war in Spain might serve as an excuse but for the well-known fact that Wellington suffered from a similarly persistent neglect. Nor is there reason to suspect any personal antipathy which might induce a foreign secretary to indulge his private dislike at the expense of his country's interest. The Marquis Wellesley, far from being among George Canning's enemies, was his ally; and though he had never seen Stratford, his son Richard was among the latter's most intimate friends. The neglect remains a mystery, and forms but one more count in the general indictment which history has brought against an incompetent administration.

Wholly abandoned by his Government, without a single authoritative adviser at hand, Canning was forced to trust solely to his own sound sense, and to substitute instinct and judgment for instructions and experience. In the present

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day of telegraphic ambassadors, who are guided or thwarted ten times in twenty-four hours by peremptory and perhaps ill-considered messages from Downing Street, and cannot move hand or foot without recourse to the meddlesome wire which controls their every action and stifles their individual energy, it is difficult to realize the complete isolation in which the mediator of the Treaty of Bucharest found himself during the whole course of two eventful years. In some respects it was perhaps the best thing that could happen, both for himself and for his country. Little as it might be expected of one who afterwards obtained such a character for despotic decision, he was diffident of his own powers, and anxious to lean upon the counsels of others whom he was very willing to credit with more judgment and knowledge of the world than he could claim. When once his mind was made up, nothing could shake his resolve: but before he fixed his determination there was always a period of receptiveness, during which he collected opinions and information, and anxiously listened to conflicting views. The two years of sole responsibility at Constantinople helped him to learn his own powers and to put trust in his own judgment, though to the end of his life he never lost the desire for other people's advice. From 1810 to 1812 there was no advice to be had, and as success gradually crowned his endeavours he learned by degrees the precious lesson of self-reliance without which no man can be fit for any position of trust. Even in these early years he had come to a good understanding with his own judgment, and had found that when his conviction was assured it might safely be adhered to. Thus he wrote in 1811 to the Marquis Wellesley explaining his views as to an important line of policy, and concluded with the bold assertion that while "submitting" his opinion "with diffidence," he should have "no hesitation to act upon it if necessary." Whatever evil effects this independence may have had upon his naturally autocratic disposition, there can be no doubt that this was the right school to develope a "Great Elchi." And the cause for which he laboured gained instead of losing by the silence of the home authorities. The Government which had not the nerve to support Wellington in the Peninsula would never have

dared to take the strong and exceptional measures by which Canning won the day in Turkey. 1810–2

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Left to his own resources, he had first to discover what those resources were. There was no hope of armed support, for in reply to his repeated inquiries whether any diversion in the Black Sea on the part of the Mediterranean squadron were practicable, the answer from the admiral was decisively negative. The weapons to be used were therefore purely diplomatic—seemingly a poor guard to set up against Napoleon's victorious legions, and especially weak when known to be entirely personal and unauthorized by the British Government. Moreover in mere diplomacy Canning had a formidable antagonist in the representative of the Emperor of the French. Monsieur Just-Pons-Florimond de Fay de Latour-Maubourg, though a young man and only a chargé d'affaires, was a clever diplomatist, and neglected no move in the intricate game which he played for two years with his even younger but not less wary opponent. He resisted Canning's claims in favour of English commercial rights with every argument within his reach; he insinuated doubts of the English minister's honesty and loyalty into the naturally suspicious minds of the Turkish ministers; he asserted the power of his mighty master by more than one overt act of aggression, and left no stone unturned to stimulate the warlike feeling in Turkey and obstruct in every possible way and at every point in the negotiations the prospect of peace between the two belligerents on the Danube. Nor had M. de Maubourg the disadvantage of speaking without his book. Napoleon never left his representative at the Porte without precise instructions on every point; and while month after month the Englishman was forced to admit, in reply to the frequent and puzzled inquiries of the Turkish ministers, that he had no commands from London, the couriers of France were constantly arriving with full bags at the French palace at Pera.

Had the statesmen of Turkey been anything but Turks, it would still have been hard to convince them of the preferableness of the English alliance to the French under such circumstances as these: but being what they were, the task must have appeared hopeless. Canning had formed his opinion of the

1810–2 Divan at an early period of his residence at Constantinople. Whilst still secretary of legation he wrote during Adair's illness to Lord Wellesley of the Turkish Government "in whose conception political measures are best matured by procrastination, and which therefore imagines that peace can as well be made to-morrow as to-day, and that it is always time enough to assume the tone of conciliation when that of defiance has failed." As time went on, his estimate did not improve. "Pride, ignorance, and obstinacy," he said, "are the most prominent features of the Turkish character;" Buyuklu Oglu Mustafa, the Reis Efendi, or foreign minister, was equally "obstinate and ignorant" and sometimes "insolent." The Porte still affected the dignity which appertained to her most glorious days. She forgot that Suleyman the Magnificent was no longer before the walls of Vienna; and her ministers seemed to imagine that the dignity of the Köprilis and Damad Ali the "dauntless vizier" was still theirs. When Canning offered a "protest" against the protection which the Porte afforded to French privateers, the Reis Efendi pretended not to understand the word, and said it did not exist in the Turkish language; and when it was explained to him he declared that "whatever might be the consequences, the Porte would never suffer her subjects to be domineered over by England, and that whatever Heaven might have decreed, that should be abided by."

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4 May, 1810

It was exceedingly difficult to make an impression upon such minds as these. Shrewd and even astute in their way, but lamentably ignorant, incurably fatalistic, and procrastinating to the point of madness, the ordinary arguments of diplomacy were often thrown away upon them. In April 1811 Canning informed the Marquis Wellesley that he "soon perceived that to reason with persons so totally regardless of justice, so insensible to the honour and interests of their sovereign, so ignorant of the law of nations, or rather so utterly unable to comprehend its most simple principles, and so stupidly indifferent to the consequences of their misconduct, was but a hopeless labour." The language is strong even to violence, but there was too much foundation for the irritation it displays. It was not enough to lay a solemn declaration before the Divan; the point had to be repeated and pressed

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upon them again and again. Early in the morning Pisani, the chief dragoman of the British Embassy, received his instructions in writing and repaired to the Sublime Porte, or government offices, where he might or might not find the Foreign Minister. After waiting about for some time, Pisani would probably catch the minister's ear for a few moments, and would urge in milder accents the peremptory demands of his master. In the evening he wrote or delivered verbally at the English palace the reply of the Reis Efendi. All these memoranda have been preserved, and it is easy to see that the business of an interpreter was no sinecure. Many years afterwards Morier recalled one of these interviews between Canning and the dragomans: "You will not be able to resist scribbling me a few lines about old X., when you find yourself seated in the same chair, tho' perhaps not wrapt up in the same dressing gown, where you saluted him with the novel tho' well-deserved title of ASS." Day after day the unhappy men had to dance attendance at the Porte, pressing in more and more decided terms the same unchanging claims, or asking for news from the seat of war, to which the Reis usually replied by saying that his letters had been "sent into the Seraglio." Pisani seems to have spent his life in anterooms. It was the custom of the Porte to transact business with the representatives of foreign powers by the intermedium of the interpreters of the several embassies, and it was only rarely and after asking for a special appointment that personal conferences took place between the minister of a foreign power and the Reis Efendi. The custom, though it entailed possible misrepresentation on the part of the interpreters[1] who were not always above suspicion,

[1] I do not know that John Galt, the novelist and author of the *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is an altogether unimpeachable authority on affairs at Constantinople, where he spent some time, intent on a commercial scheme, in 1810. Some rather violent private letters which he addressed to Canning shew that he was smarting under an assumed neglect of the English minister, whom he even charged with a breach of good faith. The matter was explained with great command of temper by Canning, and Galt apologized with equal candour and right feeling; but it is not clear how much of his *Voyages and Travels*, 1809–11 (London, 1812), was written while under this misapprehension. Still his comments are worth quoting. He says (p. vi.) "the influence of the British minister is in that capital contracted by the strange importance allowed to the foreigners connected with the mission;" and (p. 289 ff.), "the British Legation consists of two

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was nevertheless a relief to Canning. It was positive torture to him to be met day after day with the same shuffling evasions, the same false promises and retractations, the same empty hauteur and insolent air of superiority. Personal conferences tried his hot temper to the utmost, and some expressions of the Reis Efendi seem to shew that there were stormy interviews and high words between them. As a rule, however, Canning maintained a cool manner to his opponents, even when most indignant at heart, and nothing but his keen eye, which people said pierced like a dagger, revealed his inward wrath.

With such instruments to play upon, the task of harmony he had set before him may well have seemed hopeless. But Canning never fully realized the influence he exercised over others. Impervious as the Turkish ministers appeared to reason, the ardent young minister was already a power at the Porte. They recognized his intellectual ability, they had proof enough of his immovable resolution, and in spite of their incurable suspicion they could not help perceiving that he was loyal and straightforward. On the other hand, they did not believe in the assurances of France, and this was Canning's best weapon. "The Porte had too often been

departments, which may be called the Deliberative and the Executive. The deliberative is composed of the minister and his secretaries, who come from England; and the executive is formed of the interpreters, who are natives of the country and subjects of the Sultan. The former consists of persons almost, necessarily, ignorant of the usages of the Ottoman Government; the latter of persons both theoretically and practically ignorant of the British Government, and what is of more consequence, of the British spirit." He describes the Dragomans as vile, degraded slaves, who, until Adair's arrival, had been no better paid than the ambassador's valet, and were consequently open to all sorts of venal influences. He certainly hit a blot in the system when he pointed out how dependent the ambassador was on such persons as the "sole go-betweens" of diplomatic intercourse; and it is a vast improvement, which we owe to Canning's representations, that we have now a regular school of student interpreters composed of English gentlemen. He used every effort to improve the tone of the Dragomans and raise them above suspicion. Galt describes the whole European society of Constantinople, "with the exception of the half-a-dozen gentlemen who compose our embassy and Levant factory, as under the snub and control of the French minister." Of Canning himself he remarks, "I shall ever remember with pleasure the purity of his mind, contrasted with the character of the diplomatic offal of the Ottoman metropolis" (p. vi.). Canning's friend, it should be added, Fred. S. N. Douglas, in his *Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greeks* (3rd edit. 1813, p. 193 *n*), confirms in more guarded language Galt's opinion of the dangers involved in the employment of Greek Dragomans.

deceived by France" said the Reis Efendi "ever to trust her again." On 4 Aug. 1810 Canning wrote to Lord Wellesley : 1810–2

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In all their dealings with the French, the Turkish ministers equally betray mistrust and fear. They have no confidence in the French chargé d'affaires ; they would be glad, I believe, to get rid of him and all his countrymen ; but they dare not incur the resentment of his master on anything short of the main point of breaking with England. To avoid all subjects of dispute with him is their constant aim. If they do not quite yield to everything he demands, at least they submit to many things from him that at any other time would awaken their utmost hostility. Vessels under French colours have been taken in the act of carrying provisions to the enemy ; French soldiers have been found in the Russian army ; a gang of false coiners under French protection has been discovered. But still no expression of anger ; no menaces, no violence on their side. On the other hand they are not deceived by the tone of moderation which M. Maubourg himself has lately thought proper to assume. On my part I never cease pressing upon them that the silence of Buonaparte is more to be dreaded than his threats. . . . III.

With regard to myself, I perceive no difference in their behaviour since Mr. Adair's departure. Professions without end of friendship and confidence ; some proofs of the latter in political affairs ; the greatest difficulty and opposition in all matters of a commercial nature, give a fair measure of English influence at this Court. The inclinations of the whole country are perhaps in our favour ; but as the Turkish ministers are directed by little else but a sense of their own advantage, if that were for an instant brought to plead against us, I suspect that we should soon find the fear of France paramount to any apparent attachment they may have to the existing connexion with England.

The first object was to increase this distrust of France and to diminish this fear of her overwhelming power. The secret article of the Treaty of Tilsit formed a strong argument, and the Turks had never forgotten that signal act of treachery. Napoleon's injudicious speech to the French senate at the beginning of 1810 had also been carefully reported to the Sultan, and its effect was not lessened when it was discovered that the French mission was foisting a garbled version of it upon the Divan, where the passages offensive to Turkey were omitted.

To diminish the dread of the French arms, the successes

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of Wellington in the Peninsula were Canning's chief argument, and I have before me a series of bulletins which were printed at the embassy press and given to the Divan and other persons of consequence with this object. The English minister made the most of these points in the game, but nothing short of Napoleon's own treachery could have sufficed to convince the Turks of the wisdom of his advice. The rounding off of kingdoms by unscrupulous partition of neighbouring states was among the traditions which Napoleon inherited from the *ancien régime*. As one scheme of partition after another came to light, the Porte could no longer refuse to believe the Englishman's voice when he warned her that whether France made war with Russia or not, Turkey would inevitably pay the cost of victory or the bribe of coalition. "The silence of Buonaparte is more to be dreaded than his threats:" for silence meant secret treachery. By degrees the battle was won, but how and after what delays and alternations of hope and despair Lord Stratford's own Memoirs must tell. He writes with the calm judgment of extreme age; but we must not forget that, when the events he described were taking place, more than sixty years before, he was in the turmoil of the fight, alone and without instructions, leading a forlorn hope against overwhelming odds, and feeling his responsibility and isolation with an acuteness which the burden of every day only rendered more sharp and intense, till "the bitterness of the draught" became poisonous to his health and spirits.

MEMOIRS.

"War between Russia and the Porte continued nearly to the close of my temporary mission. The Treaty of Bucharest was not signed before May 1812. In the meantime the prospects of peace were subject to frequent vicissitudes. Much depended on the policy of France, and there was an unusual degree of hesitation in Napoleon's plans. The Russians, moreover, after failing in all their attacks on the fortified positions of Shumla, retreated towards the Danube,

July

and the temptation not to think of making peace at a loss gained among the Turks. It was to be feared that they would become too confident: and in their self-reliance

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neglect the opportunity of recovering some part of the two principalities occupied by the Russian army, if not already annexed to the Russian Empire. There was equal reason on the other hand to fear that the shifting attitude of France would strengthen the Emperor Alexander in his obvious desire to secure his Danubian conquests by a peace humiliating to the Sultan.

"It was, of course, my business to assist, as far as I could, in averting these dangers, and therefore I brought them strongly under the notice of the Turkish ministers. I explained the reasons which led me to attach only a limited importance to their late successes in Bulgaria. I urged them to reinforce their armies and to redouble their exertions, not in the idle hope of recovering their old frontier in its whole extent, but with the sober calculation of discouraging their enemy, and disposing him to peace on grounds of mutual concession. I roused their apprehensions of being made the victims of a blind confidence in their resources, whether Russia got the upper hand of France, or France of Russia in their impending war. Alexander triumphant would naturally be free to turn his whole strength against the Porte. Napoleon with Russia at his feet would hardly scruple to find compensation in Turkey for the territorial concessions which his military expenses and his political schemes would alike oblige him to require from a disheartened adversary.

To Marq. Wellesley. III. 4 Aug.

"I had already suggested the expediency of combined operations between Turkey and Persia, the latter power like the former being at war with the Czar. Confidential letters from St. Petersburg and private overtures from the Persian Government arrived opportunely to second my advice on both points. A conference which I held with the Reis Efendi, and a paper which I took the opportunity of placing in his hands, were employed to enforce my arguments, and while I had the satisfaction of learning from him that the Porte was prepared to adopt my suggestions, as to Persia and the reinforcement of its army, it could not escape my observation that, although unwilling to pledge itself further, the Porte entertained an earnest wish to conclude peace, if possible even before the approach of winter. With respect

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to acting in concert with Persia, the Turks had a strong prejudice [religious as well as ethnic] to overcome, and the Reis Efendi gave me an unquestionable proof of his sincerity by agreeing to set it aside.

"It remained for me to turn my pacific batteries so as to bring them to bear with the best effect I could obtain upon the prevailing policy at Petersburg. The letters from that capital gave room for hope that the Russian cabinet was beginning to feel the financial pressure of the war, and that little more was wanting to incline it seriously to peace. The letters from Petersburg, to which I have alluded, were addressed [by the Duke of Sierra Capriola, the Neapolitan minister there] to my friend Count Ludolf [his unacknowledged colleague at Constantinople], and I therefore found it convenient to make him the channel for conveying my sentiments, which of course were those of my Government, as far as I knew them, to the proper quarter. I did my best to encourage his correspondence and through it to make the desired impression on the Czar and his ministers. I let it appear that there was no ignorance at Constantinople of Russia's embarrassments, or consequently of her real motives for giving so much energy to those military operations, which by their failure had only served to revive the spirits of the Turks and to strengthen their determination. Russia, while on the one side either duped by the intrigues or harassed by the menaces of France, would have to exhaust herself yet more on another campaign by encountering fresh obstacles and a deadlier spirit of hostility. She had it now within her reach to secure by treaty a considerable portion of the Danubian territory occupied by her troops, and to remove a galling weight on her resources, the whole of which might soon be wanted to repel a far more formidable enemy than the Persian or the Turk. I added that the Porte had already confided to me its plan of campaign for the ensuing winter, that its commanders on the eastern frontier were ordered to concert their measures with the Prince Royal of Persia, and that even in the Black Sea there was nothing to oppose the Captain Pasha's fleet.

To Ct. Ludolf. 28 July

"It appears from the correspondence that the Emperor

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Alexander, before his great operations against Turkey, had endeavoured to open conferences for peace by means of Baron Hübsch, the Danish chargé d'affaires at Constantinople,[1] and that he had also (in May) proclaimed the annexation of Moldavia and Wallachia to his empire. It followed from this double proceeding that he wanted to patch up his damaged credit by a large territorial acquisition on the Danube, and that, however determined to effect his purpose if necessary by force of arms, he wished and perhaps expected to secure it more cheaply by practising on the fears and conscious weakness of the Porte.

10 Jan. 1810 Adair, ii. 7

"Austria looked upon the act of annexation with extreme jealousy, and had thoughts of trying to bring about a peace, corrective, perhaps, of that measure, through the mediation of Buonaparte.[2] The Austrian Internuncio had sent in a message to the Reis Efendi by his first interpreter purporting in reply to some previous communication, that the Porte had been remiss in not pressing with sufficient earnestness on Buonaparte's attention the great injury which threatened France as well as Turkey from the excessive increase of Russian power on the Danube and in the Black Sea, that now

To Marq. Wellesley. IX. 3 Sept.

Aug.

[1] Baron Hübsch's mediation was "treated with contempt" by the Porte, and Alexander's proposal rejected. This unsuccessful mediator, who was in the French interest, was at a later period discovered to be secretly conveying information concerning the Turkish military and naval movements to the Russian plenipotentiary at Bucharest: a mislaid paper betrayed him.

To Marq. Wellesley. XXXV. 1811

[2] Canning was kept well informed as to affairs in Austria by an old friend of Adair's, Count Hardenberg, the Hanoverian minister at Vienna; and the authorities at Downing Street, then cut off from all communications with Europe, were often indebted to this source for news. "The channel of correspondence by Vienna had, however, suffered a serious interruption some months before. In a despatch written by me to Lord Wellesley in Mr. Adair's name on 18 May, 1810, it is stated that the channel in question had been recently closed. My words are as follows: 'It has lately come to his Excellency's knowledge that a letter, which he sent to the Duke of Sierra Capriola through the Internuncio's hands, has been opened at Count Metternich's office in that city [Vienna], and not forwarded to its destination.' It appears from another passage of the same despatch that Count Metternich's stay in Paris had been prolonged, that arrangements for a more intimate understanding between France and Austria were thought to be in progress, and that Russia, alarmed by these appearances, had made, or was about to make, some new disposition of her forces on the Danube, which, though it indicated fear of an approaching rupture with France, could be done without any immediate danger on the side of Turkey."

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his agreement with Russia about the annexation and his absorbing occupations in Spain and Holland excluded Turkey from his thoughts, but that another power capable of keeping Russia in check might be induced to intervene if the Russian forces were once driven back across the Danube." In short Austria was prepared to make a diversion by suppressing the insurrection in Servia.

"But Austria was in no condition to intervene effectively. Her intentions were no doubt good, but they were at the mercy of her necessities, and any real confidence given to her by the Porte would have been misplaced. This and more to the purpose I urged repeatedly on the Turkish ministers. I received in return the strongest assurances that their opinions agreed completely with mine, that the supposed overture, if really made by Austria, would be rejected, and that they would enter into no negotiation for peace without our knowledge. There was, however, a drawback on the value of this assurance. The Reis Efendi asserted, in the face of my unquestionable information, that the Internuncio had made no such overture as the one ascribed to him.

Mem. to Reis E. 3 Sept.

"Shadows of an ominous kind very soon gathered over the fair prospects which the Vezir's successful resistance at Shumla had opened. The Turkish army, though in high numerical force [150,000 men], had not left its fortified position at the end of August. Mukhtar Pasha had not ventured to cross the Danube. The Russians under Kamenskoi were besieging Rustchuk with much determination. The Russian fleet was at sea with a superior force, and the Captain Pasha, avoiding an engagement, had returned to the Bosphorus.

To Marq. Wellesley. x. 3 Sept.

"If the finances of Russia were embarrassed, those of Turkey seemed to be in no better plight. Proposals wholly unacceptable were made to me with the view of raising the wind on English credit. There was no unwillingness on our side to render the required assistance, [Mr. Adair had previously obtained supplies of powder and lead from the English stores at Malta,] but subsidies had a bad name in England, and I could only suggest a supply of ship timber from the Turkish forests, much wanted for our navy, and immediate payment for value received by his Majesty's

exchequer. We had agents on the spot prepared to act in that sense, and the timber forests were so situated along the coast as to offer means of easy unobserved shipment: but the offer was declined, not improbably under an apprehension that France would take umbrage at a bargain so useful to her enemy's navy. 1810 — ÆT. 23

"My position was not improved by these occurrences. The annexation of Holland to France had increased the Porte's dread of that power. Perhaps an indifferent harvest, coupled with the failure of supplies from the north,—at all events the requirements of the army had caused the exportation of grain from all the Sultan's dominions to be strictly prohibited. The instructions addressed for that purpose to his Highness's commanders, and communicated officially to the foreign embassies, were couched in such terms as to threaten much vexation and injury to our merchants in the course of their execution.

"No written answers were returned to my official notes on this subject. Even by word of mouth the Reis Efendi would not go back an inch from his pretensions. I had to be contented with assurances that the restrictive system would be followed before long by ample indulgence and that it was not meant to extend its operation beyond the Archipelago, leaving Egypt and the Barbary States unaffected by it. This limitation would have the effect of covering in some measure the wants of our army in Spain and those of our establishments and squadron in the Mediterranean. Besides I had been long enough in Turkey to know that the Porte's most stringent acts were made with elastic meshes, and that official silence was by no means inconsistent with secret attention to unwelcome admonitions. Notes to Reis E. 11 & 16 Sept. To Marq. Wellesley. XI. 7 Sept.

"Time moved on, but not for the better. On 14 October, I had to send home a dismal account of military operations. These are my words in a despatch to Lord Wellesley of that date: 'I must perform the melancholy task of recording victories already succeeded by defeat, and of recurring to events which began in hope, but have long since closed in disappointment.' The principal victory alluded to here was gained by Mukhtar Pasha [over 20,000 Russians on 30–31 XIX.

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August]. The field was obstinately contested during two, if not three days, but the Russians were finally obliged to give way with heavy loss. The defeat sustained by the Turks a few days later was more important. The Russian general [Kamenskoi] attacked two Turkish corps united for mutual defence. He had greatly the advantage in point of numbers. His own loss in the battle was considerable, that of the Turks immense. Of the two commanders on their side one was killed, the other captured. Meanwhile, the Grand Vezir, after moving out of Shumla some little way on the road to Silistria, had fallen back, no one knew why, to his former position, leaving the detachments stationed between his camp and Rustchuk, which still held out, to be destroyed in detail.

"The Sultan's Government was thrown into a state of painful dejection by these reverses. The Sultan himself postponed, if he did not entirely abandon, his declared intention of taking the field in person. It was said that the necessary funds were wanting. All this reacted upon the Embassy. I was suspected of knowing that England had secretly made peace with Russia. My ignorance was construed into a purposed concealment. What could be done? The Porte was mistrustful and out of humour. I had no sign of life from home. I had nothing to offer but condolence, and stale exhortation; nevertheless, if I could not raise hope, I might allay suspicion.

Oct.

"With this idea in my mind I sought an interview with the Kaim-makam. The Reis Efendi was present. They entered at once upon the subject uppermost in their minds as well as in my own, they had recovered in part from the late shock. They were distressed, but not dispirited. Though peace was the constant object of their wishes, they would not purchase it by consenting to Russia's last conditions. Their means were not exhausted. Rustchuk still held out. What they never ceased to regret was that England being at war with Russia could not assist them to obtain peace on terms consistent with honour. This was probably a feeler. I said what I could—it was but little—in the way of consolation and support. On the whole my visit appeared to make a good impression, so much so, that a few days later the Reis Efendi

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sent for me, and after a short preface expressive of reliance on England, requested I would inform my Government that the Porte set a high value on four objects the attainment of which by their friendship would prove most serviceable. The points in question were that the British fleet in the Baltic should make an active diversion on the Russian coast; [" that England should either by arms or negotiation force Russia into a peace with the Porte, by which the integrity of the Ottoman empire should be secured;"] that the secret article of the treaty of the Dardanelles should be exchanged, and that British subjects should be strictly forbidden to violate the Porte's prohibition concerning grain.

To Marq. Wellesley, XIX.

"These requests, which I could only promise to report in favourable terms, were backed by explanations and assurances calculated to shew that the Sultan was not yet prepared to give in and that he relied exclusively on England for assistance whether of a military or of a diplomatic character. ["The terms" said the Reis Efendi "which Russia is ready to propose are so far apart from those which the Porte is willing to accept that a negotiation cannot be entered upon without the intervention of a third power. France is too much the friend of Russia, and Austria is too little her own mistress, to be trusted by the Porte. Sweden, no more than Prussia, is in a situation to assume the impartial and imposing character of a mediator. Notwithstanding therefore that England is at war with Russia, it is through her alone that the Porte can expect to procure the cessation of its distresses without injury to its honour."] In conclusion the Turkish minister, to give me a proof of his sincerity, said that an overture for peace had been made from Petersburg through the Prussian representatives there and at Constantinople, and that his answer had been a positive refusal to treat on any basis involving a cession of territory.

"Worse followed. In October Rustchuk and Giorgevo were taken by the Russians, who, it was now apprehended, would march at once upon Shumla, take advantage of the Vezir's weakness, and perhaps even push on still further: but General Kamenskoi did nothing of the kind, and both parties, with one unimportant exception, rested on their arms. The Russian forces had gradually dwindled down to forty or it might be

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fifty thousand men, and the Ottoman commander, whose army was also much reduced, had reason to mistrust the Janissaries, who were tired of the war, and ready to break out at any moment, if required to face more danger, fatigue, and privation than they relished."

The year closed without any considerable movement of the troops on either side. Two rumours, however, of the utmost consequence to the belligerents and bearing closely upon the policy of mediation which Canning had adopted,

Nov.

reached Constantinople at this time. One was a hint from Vienna of an expected misunderstanding between Buonaparte and the Czar: the election of Bernadotte as heir to the crown of Sweden and the projected re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland had at length, it was said, opened the eyes of

To Marq. Wellesley. XXIV. 16 Nov.

Alexander to the designs of his French ally. A rupture between the two Powers would materially affect England's position and policy at the Porte, and would render the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Russia tenfold more urgent. The second rumour tended to encourage the hope that this peace was not far off. At the end of December the Duke of Sierra Capriola sent word from St. Petersburg that M. Italinski was setting off for the Danube with instructions to negotiate a treaty of peace.

Id (ciph.) 25 Dec.

The following message sent through the Dragoman to the Reis Efendi will illustrate Canning's policy at this point in the negotiations. A memorandum which he had delivered to the Turkish minister on 29 Nov., for which the Reis expressed himself as "very thankful," had nevertheless aroused the unconquerable suspicions of the Divan. Because the Englishman sought to convince the Porte that peace without some territorial loss was an impossibility, he was at once suspected of being a Russian agent. Rumours were rife of a treaty between England and the Czar, and Canning was supposed to have secret confirmation of this and instructions to act in the interests of Russia. The letter aims at removing these suspicions. The complimentary terms in which the mythical resources of Turkey are mentioned must be understood in a sense if not ironical at least purely ceremonious :—

Infra, p. 150

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29 Dec.

Dear Sir,—You will have the goodness to communicate to the Reis Efendi, *vivâ voce*, what follows: I have learned the tenour of the conversation which took place yesterday between you and H. E., and I beg leave to congratulate the Porte on her firmness and determination to resist even the more moderate pretensions of Russia. I am glad of this, not from the interested motive of seeing a war prolonged against Russia, the enemy of my country, but because I suppose that it arises from the confidence which the Porte has in its resources. The more so as, after the experience of the last campaign, those resources cannot be of a dormant or imaginary nature, but real, active, and easy to be brought into effective use; in short, such as may be an equal match for the force of the Russian Empire. I look forward, therefore, with hope and impatience to the moment when these resources shall be employed and directed against the enemy, so that Russia, if not forced to renounce all her pretensions, may at least be defied with impunity. As minister of the King of England, I look upon this prospect with the liveliest satisfaction.

After this declaration I trust the Reis Efendi will no longer suspect the object of my communications, or suppose that I am in any way the advocate of Russia. The correspondence with Petersburg was begun by Mr. Adair, and is continued by me at the express desire, and for the particular service, of the Porte. It shall cease whenever the Porte wishes it. But as long as it is continued I shall think it my duty to make known to the Porte without reserve what I learn by it. Upon this principle it was that I made the last communication to the Reis Efendi; and I did so with the greater pleasure as I thought thereby to give a proof that England, though engaged to employ her good offices in behalf of the Porte only in case of her making peace with Russia sooner than the Porte, had already, without regard to the case prescribed, induced Russia to lower her demands so essentially. Having received so many assurances that the Porte saw the necessity of calling in a mediator to settle her differences with Russia, and consequently desired the friendly mediation of England, and would trust to no other, it was with great pleasure that I felt myself authorized to inform the Porte that Russia had at length awakened to a sense of the same thing.

Though the tone of Russia be now so considerably lowered, yet I am confidently assured that the ultimatum with which M. Italinski is charged is such as I stated it the other day; and it is therefore of the utmost consequence for the Porte to be thus early apprized of it, that she may regulate herself accordingly, to the end, that if she think proper to listen to it, she may not be discouraged by the proposals which M. Italinski may at first put forward; or in case of the contrary, that she may make use of the respite afforded by the negotiations to prepare for a more vigorous renewal of hostilities.

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The Porte may hope that as Russia has already given up so much, she may give up the rest also. At present, I certainly do not think that this is an infallible inference; but a negotiation will best prove whether it be correct or not.

With regard to any promises made by Mr. Adair, there can be no mistake about the purport of them, as they were all made in reference to what is written, and what is written will be doubtless abided by. At the same time however that the Reis Efendi is so anxious to call to mind such promises, I will beg leave also to recall to his recollection the one so repeatedly given by the Porte as well to Mr. Adair as to myself, namely, that everything in the way of negotiation passing between Russia and the Porte shall be immediately imparted to the English minister here.

But the Reis Efendi is not contented with talking of promises; he has thrown out a *threat*, intimating, *as I suppose*, that if England sides in the least degree with Russia, the Porte will have recourse to the support of Austria or France. I am a little surprized that the Reis Efendi should choose the present moment of all others, when the Porte confesses her need of the friendship of England, and when England is doing all she can to befriend her, to make so injudicious an intimation. There is but one answer to it. If the Porte, forgetting all the past and recanting all her professions and assurances, should think it for her interest to adopt such a system, for God's sake let her do it. But when she tastes the miserable consequences of such folly, let her not reproach England, who has done, does, and will do all in her power to shew her her true interests and to enable her to follow them.

But the Reis Efendi cannot be in earnest. He only means to apprize me of the dark insinuations thrown out by the enemies of England and to shew that the Porte despises them. This must be the real case; as in the same breath he implores assistance of England in order to obtain for the Porte a peace on the terms desired by her. But how is this to be effected? If Russia is determined to insist on some cession, and the Porte equally determined to make none, it cannot be effected by negotiation. The only hope, therefore, is in a vigorous exercise of force.

This, then, is the sort of assistance which the Porte requires from England. It is necessary that such assistance should be given in the most effectual, as well as the most convenient, way. There is every reason to believe that the co-operation of an English fleet in the Black Sea would be most likely to bring the Russians to the terms desired. This has been offered, and refused by the Porte.

But circumstances perhaps are altered, and the Porte may now be of another opinion. I therefore now demand to know whether the Porte desires the appearance of an English fleet in the Black Sea

next spring; I am going to write to the commander-in-chief of H.M. fleet in the Mediterranean, and I wish to convey to him the wishes of the Porte in this particular, that he may act accordingly. 1811 ÆT. 24

I request a categorical answer to this.

Yours very sincerely,
STRATFORD CANNING.

To Mr. Pisani.

The policy of sending an English fleet to the Black Sea to frighten Russia into peace had been strongly urged by Adair, and Canning frequently pursued the same argument, to no purpose. Ships could not be spared at the time: if they had been sent the Treaty of Bucharest might have been concluded a year earlier.

"The year 1811 opened with confirmed rumours of an approaching negotiation, and they were followed by news of M. Italinski's appearance on the stage. It came out that the Russian plenipotentiary had left Petersburg on 3 November and that he had reached Bucharest on 15 December, although his movements were unknown at Constantinople till 26 January. Such was the rate at which elderly officials posted and state intelligence was conveyed in those days. Much curiosity prevailed respecting the commencement and terms of negotiation. That Russia wanted peace might be safely presumed; that the Porte felt deeply the weight and hazard of the war had become evident some time before; but both parties were unwilling to be the foremost in disclosing their sentiments, and each therefore sought to throw the first move upon its adversary. The Porte believed, or affected to believe, that the Russians only assumed the air of a pacific policy in order to increase the discontent of the Janissaries. Be that as it might, I was again assured that no negotiations were actually afoot. MEMOIRS.

"On two points there could be no doubt. The motives to peace grew stronger; and it was more and more our interest to encourage their progress. I acted accordingly, redoubling my efforts to enlarge the opening, and to promote a speedy reconciliation. The paths on which I had to move were already beaten. I could only put more energy into my steps. As far back as the end of November I had gone fully into the 29 Nov.

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existing situation of the Porte, and having thrown my remarks into the shape of an unofficial memorandum, I had placed it in the hands of the Reis Efendi."

The main point of this masterly document was to press the Porte to the conclusion, necessarily derived from a study of the situation, that the only alternatives remaining to her were either to consent to a cession of part of the Danubian provinces as demanded by Russia, or to call up her ancient energy and continue the war *à outrance*. So far the Turkish ministers had held the former course to be inadmissible, but had not attempted to prepare for the second. A scarcely less important part of the memorandum was a careful and statesmanlike argument to convince the Porte that she had nothing to hope for from France whether Napoleon broke with Russia or not. In spite of their suspicions of any argument in favour of territorial cession the paper seemed to have made a good impression on the Turkish ministers, and their subsequent communications evinced a growing confidence in British counsels. The Diary of February records that in spite of considerable friction on the privateering question the "English stand well with the Divan," while "the French are on very bad terms with the Porte." The ministers apprized Canning of their willingness to negotiate with Russia, although they would not make the smallest territorial cession; they requested he would write to Ghalib Efendi, the Sultan's plenipotentiary, at the camp.

No. IX. 1811

On 15 March it was known that the Porte intended to send a person to meet M. Italinski at Rustchuk. M. Fonton had already cleared the way to some extent by making an unofficial overture on the part of Russia to the Grand Vezir: but the Turk's *non possumus* as to cession of territory checked this negotiation. "Not an inch of land" was the Divan's ultimatum on this point. A conference was then arranged and an Ottoman functionary commissioned to debate the terms of peace with the Russian plenipotentiary.

MEMOIRS.

"On 10 April I wrote to Lord Wellesley in cipher as follows: 'The Grand Vezir has been deposed. Nothing has yet

transpired respecting the meeting at Rustchuk. The Porte talks of nothing but war. The Russians are withdrawing their troops: they suffer much by sickness. Everything announces an inactive campaign. The war continues in Persia. . . . The Russians have occupied Servia.'" 1811 ÆT. 24

The Porte was using very high language about the coming campaign: it "looked only to its own resources and the protection of Providence." To listen to the Reis Efendi one would imagine that Turkey had but to lift a finger and the Czar must inevitably be crushed. Two hundred and sixty-six thousand men, he said, would advance upon the Danube in the ensuing summer. More than half of these were to be drawn from the Asiatic provinces, 70,000 of them would consist of Janissaries, Rumelia would furnish another 70,000, and so on. This estimate, which the Turks called their "plan of campaign," was probably at least double of what might be expected to be realized. A Janissary's report of the same date draws a dismal picture of the state of the camp at Sofia; the army was in a deplorably reduced and straitened condition, and the people were "longing for peace." April To Marq. Wellesley. XI.

"At the period of which I am now writing, it may truly be said that the whole political world was divided between French and English. From the time when Napoleon assumed the Imperial crown to that of his irreparable discomfiture in Russia, he found in England alone resolute obstruction to his progress; all who were opposed to his policy or who had suffered from his aggressions placed their reliance exclusively on British firmness. The declared neutrality of Turkey did not secure that empire from being a battle-ground for the two belligerents in the persons of their respective representatives. In the spring of 1811 many circumstances concurred to fix attention on the proceedings of the French embassy. M. de Maubourg, not content with the seizure of the Spanish house at Buyukderé,[1] paraded in the MEMOIRS.

[1] This palace was seized by the French chargé d'affaires in April in the name of Napoleon's brother Joseph, the usurping King of Spain. Canning protested in his strongest language; his Janissaries nearly came to blows with those of the

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most offensive manner a certain M. Duval as chargé d'affaires to King Joseph. [He perpetually irritated the Porte with demands for the punishment of Ali Pasha of Janina, who was a staunch ally of England and resolutely refused to allow provisions to the French garrison at Corfu.] He asked for a conference with the Reis Efendi, and then postponed it because the Dragoman of the Porte, according to usage, was to be present. He sought repeatedly a secret interview with the Sultan. He endeavoured through private channels to convey an impression that France was coming to a rupture with Russia, and was anxious to revive the ancient habits of intimacy between the two Courts of Paris and Constantinople. [He spoke of the Russian alliance as a merely "temporary convenience," to be set aside at pleasure.] In short a crisis seemed to be at hand, and reports from a distance confirmed the appearance. I did what I could to prepare for the worst. I warned the Porte, and I wrote in pressing terms to the Government at home. My position was no doubt precarious in the extreme, and the Turkish ministers had but too much reason to suppose that our pretended concern for their interests had no stronger foundation than my personal assurances.

Secret Intell. 18 May

May

"As time advanced it became more evident that hostilities were likely to break out between France and Russia, that Austria intended to maintain the forms of a strict neutrality, and that the Russian army on the Danube had in prospect other demands upon its services than the prosecution of the war with Turkey. These circumstances viewed correctly might well enliven the Porte's horizon. The Russians, moreover, had abandoned three fortresses [Sistova, Nicopolis, and Silistria] in Bulgaria after destroying the fortifications of two; [the Turks had reoccupied them] and the approaches towards a negotiation were continued. For the moment I could only look on and wait.

To Marq. Wellesley. XXI. 16 June

"My confidential intercourse with the Reis Efendi had been

French mission; the Porte declined to interfere "as a neutral power"; it "kept" but did not "accept" his note of remonstrance; and a coolness ensued between the Reis Efendi and the English minister. The former even threatened to set Canning aside and appeal direct to London. The Spanish palace remained in the hands of its captors.

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To Marq. Wellesley. XXVI. 29 June

interrupted by his conduct in the Spanish affair, and some kind of overture from him was required to set it on foot again. This advance he made towards the end of June, and I stretched a point in order to meet it in a friendly spirit. I was thus enabled, at least provisionally, to recover my hold on the impending negotiations. Having no encouragement, not even an instruction, from home I was obliged to fight the battle in my own way. The difficulty was to possess the Porte's confidence and at the same time to maintain our rights against French aggression and Ottoman perverseness. I had to dispose the Turkish ministers to a peace with Russia on the basis of territorial concession, to nourish in their minds a perpetual mistrust of France, and, without committing my Government, to make them look solely to England for counsel and support. My principal allies in the struggle were the confidential correspondence with Petersburg and the successes of our great commander in Spain. It was only by assuming a tone of self-reliance and determination that I could hope to make up for want of years, experience, and authority."

In the following memorandum, delivered to the Reis Efendi 12 July, 1811, Canning endeavoured to frustrate the intrigues of the French :—

It is most probable that on the first appearance of a misunderstanding between France and Russia, the French chargé d'affaires received instructions from Paris to prepare the minds of the Turkish ministers for the reception of the insidious propositions which are to be brought forward the moment a rupture is decided upon. In pursuance of this, he tries to dissuade the Porte from making peace with Russia at present, and he also tries to commit her with England. The latter object is doubtless the motive of his proceedings in the affair of Spain as well as in that of Ali Pasha ; as he well knows that if he can once draw the Porte into any concession on either of those points, the English Government will have a just right to complain in the most serious manner—the evident consequence of which would be a coolness, or probably something worse, between the Porte and England. The Porte is best able to judge how far the language and conduct lately adopted by the French mission are in favour of these conjectures.

But why is France so anxious to make proposals of connexion, or coöperation, or alliance, with the Porte? For two plain reasons.

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— 1st, to make a diversion *in her own favour* against Russia, and 2ndly, to be able, as before, to sacrifice the Porte in order to bring back the Emperor Alexander into his former state of subjection.

The present uncertain state of things between France and Russia cannot last much longer. It must either change into war, or reconciliation. It will be well for the Porte to consider beforehand how she is likely to be affected in either of these two cases. In the former she will either accept Buonaparte's proposals and be thereby made a tool or a sacrifice, or she will refuse them, and the war will remain *in statu quo* until Russia be at leisure to resume it with effect. In the latter, the danger, from which she has recently escaped, will return immediately with double force, and the Russian troops will again march into Bulgaria from the frontiers of Poland.

Is not then the present moment more favourable for the conclusion of peace than any other which is likely to come if *it* be lost? But it is said that Russia is not herself sincerely disposed to make peace at this moment. Yet does not our information from Petersburg and Vienna, as well as common reason, lead to the contrary supposition? Is it not possible that the backwardness of Russia may be occasioned by the apparent backwardness of the Porte?

Fr. Pisani 12 June

To this the Reis Efendi replied that he fully agreed with the view expressed in Canning's note, that this was the best moment for making peace: but he would not listen to "the cession of an inch of Ottoman territory" to secure that end.

As summer advanced the prospects of peace vacillated in a perplexing manner.

MEMOIRS.

"The two belligerents on the Danube breathed hot and cold at the same time. Both parties were in fact more than ever desirous of peace, but neither was yet disposed to make the necessary concessions. There was that in the political atmosphere which caused the mercury to rise and fall with the most puzzling fluctuations. The Turkish emissary sent with an overture to Bucharest had left that place. His proposals had been rejected. It was said that the refusal had come direct from the Emperor Alexander. The Turks meanwhile had put their army on the offensive. A division of 20,000 men had crossed into Wallachia near Vidin. The Grand Vezir at the head of about 50,000 more threatened to follow them across the river. The Russians were fewer by half [being

To Marq. Wellesley. XXXV. 1 Sept.

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under the necessity of keeping a strict watch on Napoleon's doings in Poland], but reckoning, as it appeared, on early reinforcements. General Kutusov had succeeded Kamenskoi in the chief command. Two Ottoman corvettes had been recently captured by a Russian squadron in the Black Sea. The Captain Pasha was said to be kept in port only by the prevalence of northerly winds.

May

"Early in October the Turkish army was still on the further side of the Danube, the Russians had made an unsuccessful attack on both the divisions into which it was separated, and had experienced a certain amount of loss. On the 29th of the same month, it became my duty to report upon a very different state of things. General Kutusov had received a reinforcement of 10,000 men, he had sent a detachment of 5,000 across the river, he had surprised the Turkish camp near Rustchuk, and had cut off the 8,000 troops which were entrenched in Wallachia under the personal command of the Grand Vezir, while the remaining division on that side was held in check by a competent force of Russians. The Vezir himself had with difficulty got into Bulgaria. He found it necessary to propose an armistice, which the Russian general accepted only on conditions deemed intolerable by the Vezir, notwithstanding the predicament in which he was placed. He had but 4,000 men with him, and expected no additions beyond the double of that number from Adrianople and three-fourths of it from the fleet, which would be made a nullity by such an abstraction. I was not long in learning from the Reis Efendi that the Porte could not hope to collect for the crisis much more than a force equal to the whole enumerated above. Imagine the defence of the empire against such a power as Russia, depending on an army of 30,000 men, itself depending on a half-drained treasury! It was under these circumstances, and pressed by the clamours of the soldiery, that preliminaries of peace were signed[1] in camp on the basis of a territorial cession by Turkey up to the river Sereth."

To Marq. Wellesley. XXXIX. 7 Oct.

XLII.

[1] This appears to be an error. It is corrected in despatch No. LI., 15 Dec., 1811: nothing was actually signed, but preliminaries were settled by correspondence between the generals.

1811 ÆT. 25

The terrible impression produced in Constantinople by these reverses may be divined from the following despatch which Canning sent in cipher on 9 Nov. by the uncertain but rapid route of Vienna. The terse vigour of the description conveys a good notion of the state of things and the writer's sense of their importance:—

> My Lord,—The Turkish army is in the greatest distress. The troops cry out for peace. The Grand Vezir has been forced by them to sign preliminaries of peace on the basis of ceding all the Turkish territory between the Danube and the Sereth. The Government is much agitated. A Grand Council of more than seventy persons was assembled yesterday to deliberate upon the ratification of the preliminaries. The decision rests with the Sultan. It has not yet transpired. A few days will most probably settle the matter. As the Vienna post goes out to-night, and as my means of communication with England by sea are uncertain, I hasten to send your lordship these few words; to which my duty obliges me to add that the want of instructions and my uncertainty about Mr. Liston make my situation here every day more embarrassing. I can no longer hope to prevail upon the Porte to maintain its neutrality against the violence of the French without the direct interference of H.M. Government.

The Sultan's ratification after some delay and much discussion, in spite of these clamours and the general wishes of the people at Constantinople, was refused.

MEMOIRS.

"Stunned by the first intelligence from Rustchuk even diplomacy was reduced to a nonplus. Delay gave room for reflection. The Austrian Internuncio encouraged the continuance of war under immediate instructions from Count Metternich. The French chargé d'affaires pursued the same course in more direct and energetic terms. [He openly threatened war, if peace were made with Russia.] His master, he said, had sworn the destruction of Russia, and would effect it. The Porte, he added, should listen to no offer except on the basis of her territorial integrity, and he backed this advice by intimating that he had important proposals to make. It thus became necessary for me to come forward, although the Turkish Government had hitherto given no opening to any step on my part. I addressed myself in writing to the Reis Efendi. Much caution and delicacy were

To Marq. Wellesley, XLVI. 18 Nov.

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required in doing so. To urge the reverses and necessities of the Porte might give offence. To recommend a large territorial cession would be most unpalatable to the Sultan. Nothing remained but to remind the Porte of Napoleon's previous artifices and deceptions, insinuating at the same time that no hope of support was to be derived from that quarter, and that the first appearance of a better course of policy in Russia was a diminution of her pretensions, notwithstanding the advantage she derived from her late successes. My letter was meant for the Sultan's eye."

Canning had before this communicated his views to the Sultan on various points of policy, and had sometimes even gone the length of conducting a secret correspondence with his Majesty, when the Reis Efendi was more than usually obdurate; but never had he submitted a more urgent letter than the following:—

Inclosure in XLVI. 18 Nov.

Sir,—At a moment when it is notorious that the French mission is making every effort to mislead the Porte, I think it my duty as the servant of his Britannic Majesty, the Porte's sincerest friend, to address this frank and confidential letter to your Excellency. Not that I can suppose your Excellency, or any of your enlightened colleagues, especially under the directing wisdom of his Highness the Sultan, so forgetful of the past, or so blind to your true interests, as to be deceived by the repetition of artifices already productive of the most fatal effects; but rather that I aspire to the honour of sharing in the public gratitude, which as I foresee will be your recompense for exposing and defeating those artifices.

Even if it were possible to conceive that the Porte under any circumstances could again give credit to the French Government, the name of Sebastiani alone would instantly dispel the illusion. It is now five years since that worthy representative of his faithless master contrived by false and destructive promises to betray the Porte into those imprudent measures which can never be sufficiently lamented. I will not afflict your Excellency by enumerating the sad events that succeeded them. It is enough to make the allusion: your Excellency's recollection will easily fill up the interval, and the comparison of that period with the present will suggest a salutary lesson. With what disgust and indignation then must the minister of his Imperial Highness receive through the very man who was himself a witness of Sebastiani's falsehoods the renewal of promises so shamefully violated—now while the Porte is feeling with most acuteness the consequences of this violation!

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Knowing as I do your Excellency's principles and that ardent love for your country by which you are distinguished, I can readily imagine the answer given to the French Minister on such an occasion :—"Your master," it will be said to him, "was at war with Russia, when he engaged to procure the restitution of our provinces seized by that power. Not long after he dictated peace at the head of a victorious army. Yet how did he fulfil his engagement? By agreeing not only to connive at the dismemberment of our empire, but by laying down such regulations as might secure to himself a part of the spoil. Do you cite the stipulation in the public Treaty of Tilsit? Why then did he not make that stipulation effectual by discharging the duties of a mediator? The Porte did not conclude peace with England till a year and a half after the peace of Tilsit, and in the meantime she rejected the offers of an English negotiation solely out of deference to France. Why was the Emperor of Russia permitted, nay urged, to incorporate our provinces with his empire by a public and solemn proclamation? And why did your master declare to all Europe that he viewed with pleasure that usurpation, and not only that, but any other which it might in future please the Russian Government to make? Thus it is that your master, at war and at peace with Russia, has equally sacrificed the interests of the Porte How then and for what purpose does he venture again to bring forward proposals, which can serve only to remind the Porte of what she has already suffered by her credulity? And that too at a moment when her enemies have receded from so large a part of those pretensions which were lately encouraged and sanctioned by the sovereign whom you serve? The Porte must conclude that his only intention is to betray her again,—if he continue at peace with Russia, by executing the plan of partition —and if he go to war with that power, by employing the resources of the Porte for objects exclusively his own, and when a longer contest shall have enfeebled her remaining strength, by sacrificing her as before on the restoration of peace. But even if the Porte were disposed in this instance to listen to his repeated promises, where is she to seek a security for the fulfilment of them? Is she to seek it in the treachery of which he is guilty towards Russia by the very act of making those promises? Or is she to seek it in the treatment which his allies and dependents have experienced at his hands? Is she to seek it in the fate of Spain and Holland?"

As I persuade myself that such is the tenor of your Excellency's language when the French chargé d'affaires endeavours by insinuations no less perfidious than insulting to draw the Turkish Government out of the path of sound policy, I have but little to add upon the subject. The present ruler of France has laid aside the mask and exposed his character to the world in all its natural deformity. It was reserved for him alone, among the ambitious and unprincipled, to

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contract engagements for the express purpose of breaking them ; to make alliances for the destruction of his allies ; to solicit confidence in order to betray it, and to embrace, as it were, with an appearance of friendship for the purpose of striking a surer and more deadly blow. Experience has proved that to take a single step with him is the surrender of independence, and to listen for a moment to his proposals the assurance of ruin.

The nations of Europe are therefore no longer to be deceived by his promises, and if they had the courage to disregard his menaces, his power would perhaps soon cease to be formidable. It is to be hoped that the Porte at least will display that courage. For what impression can be made upon her by menaces which at worst only reveal the designs concealed under his promises, when your Excellency reflects upon the present distribution of the French forces, and above all when you remember that whether Buonaparte threaten or not, he never ceases to harbour a secret hostility against this empire, which springing from ambition, rather than provoked by resentment, will without the least regard to the conduct of the Porte declare itself in open violence as soon as it suits his convenience and no sooner?

I request your Excellency will take the earliest opportunity of laying this friendly letter before his Imperial Highness, together with the humble expressions of my sincere concern at the late unfortunate events on the Danube ; at the same time that I cannot conclude it without expressing also in the name of my Government the lively satisfaction I feel on learning from your Excellency that the first appearance of a change of system in the Court of St. Petersburg has been attended with a material diminution of its demands, at a period when the fortune of arms might rather have warranted additional pretensions.

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"I was left to conjecture the effect produced in the Turkish counsels by this friendly appeal. The Reis Efendi had it in mind to invite me to a conference, but the fearing of giving umbrage to France deterred him. It came, however, to light gradually that the suggestions of that power had taken no hold on the Porte, that the negotiations for peace were not broken off, and that a cession of territory as far as the river Pruth might ultimately form the basis of a pacific arrangement."

Another reason for the Reis Efendi's reserve was the extremely violent exchange of opinions which had taken place on the privateering dispute. The news of the action at Napoli di Romania was known at Constantinople on 17 Dec.,

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and the Reis Efendi, in a furious passion, swore it was "an outrage to the sovereignty of the Porte." He broke off all negotiations and declared his intention of reporting Canning to the Government at London. The minister retorted by accusing the Reis of treachery and bad faith.

The following letter to Count Ludolf will serve as an example of the communications which Canning was at this time forwarding to St. Petersburg for the information of the Russian Government. The letter, though addressed to the unacknowledged Neapolitan minister at Constantinople, was really destined for the palace of the Czar, "the person" referred to in the fourth sentence. It was a singular position for an English envoy to find himself in: to act as go-between from the Sultan to the Czar, (with whom England was technically at war,) and to send his messages by the hands of a representative of a virtually extinct Court, who had not even the advantage of being acknowledged by the Sultan whose messages, in effect, he was often conveying to the Emperor of Russia, the said Sultan's open foe; and all this without the authority of the British Government! But the importance of the end rendered such strange and roundabout routes necessary.

To Count Ludolf, 5 Dec.

I perfectly agree with you that no use can be made of it (the Duke de Sierra Capriola's letter) *in the sense desired*, particularly after the late events, which I think with you will be the best, as it is in fact the true, reason to give for not making use of it. In answering the Duke's letter, I think you will do well to repeat what I sent to you on the 16th ult. Your letters of that date were forwarded, but by uncertain conveyances. You are at perfect liberty to adapt the form of it to the *person* for whom your letter is designed.

I have but little to add, as very little has occurred or at least transpired since I last wrote to you. But what I wish you to add is as follows:—

I *rather think* that the Porte is prepared to cede as far as the *Pruth*—provided there be no harshness in the conditions proposed by Russia and provided Russia will give some certain proof of her having no further designs upon the Turkish territory. And even this Russia will not obtain but by retaining the present military advantage during the negotiation—nor will she, if the Porte can see the least chance of continuing the war without greater danger than at present exists.

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The French chargé d'affaires continues to oppose the peace as much as he can. As for myself, I feel so strongly the prejudice arising to the general cause of Europe from the losses which both Russia and the Porte have to suffer in the present wars, that I cannot but feel myself authorized to exert the influence of this mission in order to put a stop to it on terms equitable for both parties, and still more so if Russia is in a disposition to make her peace with the Porte a means of reconciling herself with England. Hitherto I have always acted according to this impression, and since the late events I have taken an *official step* to accelerate the conclusion of peace, in spite of the effect produced by the intrigues of the French.

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"The year terminated without dispersing the uncertainties which hung over the question of peace or war. Circumstances, however, in some respects promised well. An armistice had been established, and the forces of the respective parties were again separated by the Danube. General Kutusov had consented to refer the proposition of taking the Pruth for a boundary to St. Petersburg. After a delay of some length the expected answer arrived. It was an angry refusal, accompanied with a fresh list of conditions, harsher than the preceding one, namely, the Sereth as boundary in Europe, the Phasis with the Kur in Asia, amnesty for the Servians under Russian guaranty, and the renewal of all privileges formerly enjoyed by Russians in Turkey. It was to be stipulated in addition that the Porte should recognize any further acquisitions made by Russia along the Asiatic boundary. The Turkish plenipotentiary agreed reluctantly to wait for instructions from Constantinople, and I wrote on 6 February that, although no decision had yet been taken, the symptoms of war predominated, and the French were in a state of exultation.

To Marq. Wellesley (cipher) 24 Dec. 1811

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"Their triumph was, however, premature, as the Porte looked forward with uneasiness to a renewal of hostilities, and while refusing the Russian demands, was unwilling to give up the hopes of peace. I was requested by the Porte to write direct to M. Italinski, or to the Russian Government itself on the subject of the negotiation. Much as I wished for peace between the two belligerents, I could not but view this idea with doubt and hesitation. We were formally at war with Russia. I had no authority for opening communications

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with a hostile government, besides I had serious disputes to settle with the Porte on matters affecting deeply our mercantile interests and our national honour.[1] Still it was a great opportunity, and I could hardly let it go by, without laying myself open to subsequent regret, and perhaps to eventual censure. The pressure was strong, and could I turn it to the double account of obtaining a just satisfaction for our grievances, and also of keeping the negotiations alive with a view to their ultimate success? Such was my hope and I acted accordingly. There was also a point to be guarded. A reconciliation between Russia and France was not yet impossible. [Count Nesselrode was believed to be preparing for a journey to Paris with that object.]

To Marq. Wellesley. VI. 21 Feb.

"The letters which I wrote under these impressions were addressed respectively to the Reis Efendi, to M. Italinski, to the chief Turkish plenipotentiary at head-quarters, and also to the Duke of Sierra Capriola, the Neapolitan minister at Petersburg."

The letter to Italinski, 19 Feb., opened the correspondence in cautious terms, as if uncertain of the Russian's acceptance of this voluntary mediation; but the final sentence struck an important note: "The conclusion of peace between Russia and the Porte would be one obstacle the less to peace between Russia and England, and consequently to that peace which alone can assure the true repose of the universe." Ghalib Pasha, the Turkish plenipotentiary at Bucharest, was informed, in a companion letter, of the late intrigues of France, and was advised that peace between Russia and Turkey would remove the last chance of a reconciliation between Russia and France, and reminded that nothing could be more agreeable for the Porte than to be a tranquil spectator while her two most dangerous foes mutually exhausted each other. The letter to the Duke of Sierra Capriola, which was to be shewn to the Czar himself, recommended moderation in the Russian demands, lest Turkey should throw herself into the arms of France, whose designs were laid bare in plain terms; and Alexander

[1] These were settled on 16 February as a preliminary to any mediation between the Porte and Russia.—*To Marq. Wellesley*, Nos. IV. and V., 1812.

was made aware of the triple alliance which Napoleon was endeavouring to form against him. 1812 ÆT. 25

"All these three letters were laid before the Sultan, who expressed his satisfaction by a written message translated for my information. 'I have seen,' he said, 'the translation of the papers written by the English minister, and I feel much gratified at the interest he has thus taken in favour of my royal affairs. Whatever may be the effect of these papers in the quarter they are designed for, the purport of them clearly shews the perfect friendship which England professes for my Sublime Porte. Let the originals be sent to their destination.' Off they went by express to Bucharest on 21 February, and the Reis Efendi performed his promise of confiding to me without reserve, as I had previously required, the views and intentions of the Porte. The statement, though fairly correct on the whole, was of course to be taken with a grain or two of salt—*cum grano salis*. It was in substance as follows:— MEMOIRS. VI.

"Exclusive confidence in England on the pending question with Russia—no interference therein by France to be admitted—no proposal to our detriment to be accepted from Russia—and all that might occur in future respecting peace with that power to be communicated to me. The Turkish plenipotentiaries would be authorized to adopt the Pruth as a boundary, on condition that no territorial concession should be required in Asia, and that *all* the privileges enjoyed heretofore in Turkey by the Russians should not be restored. Without these admissions no peace would be concluded.

"If I were asked whether I put unlimited faith in these assurances, I should reply that, without questioning the Porte's sincerity, pride and obstinacy, the resources of the empire, whether financial or military, were too much exhausted to warrant a reliance on the intentions they conveyed. The Porte *en dernière analyse* was not in a condition without foreign aid to do more than negotiate for the terms that Russia, having difficulties of her own, might be persuaded to grant; and on this account I never ceased to keep the eventual necessity, as far as I could with prudence, in view of the Turkish ministers."

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VIII. 28 Feb.

The conduct of the Turkish troops furnished a strong weapon in the hands of the party of peace. They clamoured for a final cessation of hostilities, and absolutely refused to obey the orders of the Grand Vezir when he wished to retake Sistova, which the Russians had again seized in February.

MEMOIRS. XI. 17 Mar.

"Before the close of March it was decided in council by the Porte that instructions authorizing the conclusion of peace on the best terms to be obtained should be sent to the Grand Vezir. The French embassy was indefatigable in its exertions to counteract this pacific policy. [Napoleon himself wrote a flattering epistle to "the Great Emperor of the Musulmans."] Austria and Prussia continued to offer insinuations of the same colour. A rupture seemed to be more than ever imminent between France and Russia. [M. de Maubourg positively announced that war was inevitable.]

XIV.

"Writing on the 10th and 12th of April to Lord Wellesley I stated that the French representative, admitted to a conference, had proposed a formal agreement between Turkey and France, Napoleon engaging to force Russia into a restoration of her conquests, and the Porte engaging not to make peace without his knowledge. This was not all. France had signed a treaty of alliance with Prussia; and an offensive one with Austria stipulating at the same time for the integrity of the Turkish dominion, was in forward preparation. The negotiations at Bucharest were at a stand, but not closed. The Austrian troops in Galicia were to continue there.

To Marq. Wellesley (cipher) 10 April

"On the other hand, M. Italinski had sent my letter to his Court, and was ready to continue the correspondence [and "give it all the effect he could"]. My arrangements with the Porte respecting French privateers had been executed with some additions, and all anger about the affair of Napoli di Romania had subsided. Though my position was thus considerably improved, I had still much to apprehend from the powerful influences brought to bear on the Porte, and also from the supposed advantages of delay, which never ceased to be entertained by the Sultan and his advisers. The

X. 11 Mar.

Turkish ministers seemed to imagine that to sit in council and to vote levies of men and money which existed only on paper,

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was sufficient to answer every purpose. Taken in a narrow point of view their interest might be thought to coincide with the temptation, and there lay the danger. But larger considerations led to a very different conclusion, if they could only be made sufficiently clear and imperative to the Turkish mind."

It was necessary to convince the Sultan that whether France or Russia came off victorious in the expected war, or if a reconciliation were effected between those two powers, the Porte would in any case be in a worse position for negotiating a peace than she was at that moment, when Russia was beyond all things anxious to get Turkey off her hands before the "common enemy of Europe" was upon her. France triumphant would doubtless share the Turkish provinces with Austria, in return for Galicia. If Russia were the victor, it was not to be expected that the Czar would offer better terms or terms half as good as he offered in the hour of anxiety. Russia and France reconciled -the only other alternative — meant the partition of Turkey as already proposed by Buonaparte. The peace must be now or never; and every possible argument must daily be brought to bear upon the Turks to induce them to make a step in concession which the Russians might meet halfway.

"To the attainment of this end, I had to employ such means as the want of support from home had left at my disposal. I held a conference with the Reis Efendi, I had an interview with the Kaim-makam, who in the Grand Vezir's absence presided over the cabinet; and I sent the Sultan a translation of M. Italinski's letter together with my remarks and suggestions. In these several ways I urged my arguments upon the Porte, and endeavoured to clear away the false impressions which might be supposed to obstruct the progress of negotiation. MEMOIRS. XIV.

"The time was now come for using an expedient which I had long kept in reserve. Mr. Adair had obtained from a secret source and consigned to my hands when he went away a plan for invading Turkey, which had been prepared at

1812 Vienna prospectively, in reliance no doubt on the French Emperor's concurrence, and with a view to partition at the
April 25 first convenient juncture. This alarming and unprincipled
XVI. paper I conveyed in the most impressive manner to the Reis Efendi, and the effect it produced on that minister was fully equal to my expectation. He had previously told me what shewed me that his suspicions were at work in the right direction. He said that he had embarrassed the Internuncio, by asking how Austria was to be indemnified for the part of Galicia which in virtue of her new connexions she would have to make over to the kingdom of Poland whenever Napoleon proceeded to restore that power, as the language of M. de Maubourg held out in immediate prospect.

XVI. 25 April "It was not long before the Internuncio made a more advanced communication to the Porte. His Government had not only made an alliance with France but was engaged to take an active part in the approaching war against Russia, and as the integrity of the Turkish empire was to be maintained, a concert of military operations appeared desirable, as well as the presence of an Austrian officer at the Grand Vezir's camp. This, it was observed, would have the effect of forming one line of attack from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The strictest secrecy was enjoined: the cabinet of Vienna took credit for consulting the interests of the Porte, and complimented the Sultan on his infallible firmness."

In his despatch of 25 April, Canning made the following comments on these overtures:—

> Your lordship will perceive by this with what blind and earnest alacrity Austria is pressing on to the work of her own destruction, as if the past were swept from her memory, and as if she thought herself not deep enough in shame and bondage until she had signed and sealed away every worthy feeling, every remnant of honour and independence which had survived the last unfortunate war . . . Though the crimes of the present government of France are permitted to succeed for a season, yet surely it may be hoped, my lord, that Providence will not allow the example of profligacy thus exhibited by Austria to pass with impunity. It will rather go forth to future ages as an object of warning no less than of indignation.

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"Youth and inexperience made me feel the liveliest indignation on account of the attitude thus taken by Austria, and I redoubled my efforts to counteract its expected effect on the Turks. I had thoughts even of exchanging that secret article of the Treaty of the Dardanelles by which we had eventually engaged to pay a sum of £300,000 to the Porte, and I suspended my intention only on finding, when I sounded the Reis Efendi, that no such sacrifice was necessary for the moment. It was enough to make him understand that if he accepted the pending proposals without further communication with me, he would lie open to the charge of having gravely compromised his master's interests." MEMOIRS.

To make matters worse, the French chargé d'affaires had at last come forward with a second and more definite proposal for alliance between Napoleon and the Sultan. There seemed, despite the Reis Efendi's assurances, to be a near prospect of Turkey being drawn into the French system, and Canning wrote to the Marquis in desperate terms:—

The conclusion of peace with Russia is the first remedy. I am doing all I can to bring it about; but my means are very scanty, and although I have not lost all hope, yet the chances are very much against that event. Both parties are obstinate. I am very much in want of instructions. Even the smallest communication direct from H.M. Government, if greater means cannot be employed, would be of great service. The French are making every possible exertion. Courier upon courier arrives from Paris. 21 April cipher

"In my final letter to Lord Wellesley, I had to repeat some of my previous complaints. The Porte displayed a vexatious spirit in its dealings with the foreign embassies. In spite of the corrective measures applied with some effect, the French continued to fit out privateers in Turkey, to make depredations on our trade, and to create ill blood between the Ottoman ministers and myself; I felt more and more the want of support from home. I was heartily weary of the position and did not conceal my wish to be off. Only five days later, on 1 May, I received a despatch from Lord Castlereagh announcing his appointment to the Foreign MEMOIRS. Sent with XVII. 26 April

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Office ; Lord Wellesley had resigned, and although he could hardly be succeeded by any one of talents superior to his own, it was to be hoped that a more active direction of our foreign policy would be the result of his retirement.

To Visc. Castlereagh, No. III. 5 May

"I began my correspondence with the new minister by informing him of General Andréossi's arrival on the frontier of Bosnia as French ambassador to the Porte. This was a fresh cause of anxiety. Nor was it the only one. The negotiations made no progress. The armistice appeared to have ceased. The Porte had sent a small reinforcement of Janissaries to the camp, and part of them had been made prisoners by the way. The Turkish fleet was preparing for sea, and a Russian squadron had been already paraded before the entrance of the Bosphorus. The Turkish ministers continued to suspect our Government of having a secret understanding with Russia.

"It is not difficult to conceive the state of anxiety in which I was held during these weeks and months of ever shifting manœuvres : the interests at stake were so vast, that I could not but feel the deepest moral responsibility. It was at this period that I found it necessary to carry on a double correspondence with Bucharest and Petersburg, in part ostensible, for the Turkish ministers to see, in part secret, for the Russians and our friendly advocates alone. There was no inconsistency in the two sets of despatches ; but I had to persuade the adverse parties, and I could not hope to accomplish this purpose by addressing the same language precisely to both of them. The mystery had its inconveniences and was not unattended with hazard, but there was nothing to detect beyond a difference of manner. In point of substance there was perfect good faith. The Turkish ministers, yielding to their habitual mistrust, required that my correspondence should be previously seen by them, and be forwarded by their messengers to its destination. It was to no purpose that I endeavoured to dissuade them from insisting on this condition. What, I asked, was the sense of their trusting me by halves ? If I were inclined to betray them, could I not find the means of doing so, whether they saw my despatches or not ? Was it not moreover in their interest that

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I should be free to address the Russians in language accommodated to their prejudices and shaped with due consideration for their pretensions? They were incapable of seeing the question in this light, and finally I thought it best to concede the point, with a tacit reserve, however, that my ostensible correspondence should not be the sole medium of communication. There was no great difficulty in writing a double set of despatches. But how was the secret portion of them to be conveyed to the Russian head-quarters without an imminent risk of discovery and no slight peril to the bearer?

To Visc. Castlereagh, 19 May & 12 June

"Some time elapsed before I could find a messenger fit to be trusted. I found one at last in the person of a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Gordon, who had been travelling in Greece and wished to obtain a passage through the Turkish provinces in Europe to St. Petersburg. He would have to traverse the Grand Vezir's camp on one side of the Danube and the Russian head-quarters on the other. He was to ingratiate himself with the Ottoman authorities by assuming their national costume. He was to be the bearer of a very important paper which I wanted to communicate to the Russian plenipotentiary at Bucharest. Its purport was no less than an authentic intimation of a proposal for the coöperation of Austria and Turkey with France in the approaching hostilities of the latter against Russia."

The effect of this communication was to strengthen the good impression which Canning's correspondence had already made upon the Russian Government. The Duke de Sierra Capriola had already written on 2 April to Count Ludolf, announcing "the excellent result which Mr. Canning's letter of 19 February had produced;" and expressed sanguine expectations of a speedy peace:—"Mon cher ami,—Le moment si désiré est enfin arrivé, et Mr. Canning reçoit en réponse tout ce que l'on désirera de son gouvernement et de lui: c'est à dire, que la paix avec la Porte, et avec les Persans, se fasse par l'intervention du ministre anglais: tout ce qui ce traitera sur cet objet pourra être convenu entre Mr. Canning et Mr. Italinski, celui-cy ayant reçu la permission, même l'ordre, de continuer la correspondance avec Mr. Canning pour parvenir à

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cette paix si désirée." The letter goes on to say that "la modération et la conduite sage" of the English minister will have the grand result of bringing about not only the peace with the Porte but another between Russia and England, and concludes, "J'attends donc les résultats les plus heureux, parceque je me répose sur votre zêle et sur les talents de Mr. Canning."

The Duke wrote in similar terms to Canning direct, for the first time, and in a message to the Reis Efendi on 18 May, the English minister commented on the contents of letters just received from Sierra Capriola and from Italinski, in these words: "I most heartily congratulate the Porte, and particularly his Excellency the Reis Efendi, on the success of my letters to Russia. They have been laid before the Emperor, who has expressed his satisfaction at my intelligence. Our correspondent has had two conferences with Count Rumiantzov on their contents. In consequence M. Italinski is ordered to continue his correspondence with me, and I am invited to do the same."

Report, 13 June

The report which Mr. Gordon brought back from the Russian camp went to the same effect. Italinski had received instructions from Rumiantzov to "cultivate and continue the correspondence which the minister of his Britannic Majesty at Constantinople had opened with him," for which "the Russian Court was very grateful." They regarded the English minister as united with them in a common cause and begged him to use his good offices to accelerate the negotiations. The Russian plenipotentiary admitted that the reason why Russia was so anxious for peace was that she had at least twenty-two thousand good troops locked up on the Danube which might be much better employed elsewhere.

These letters shew clearly enough the share which Canning took in bringing about the peace. The communication made through Mr. Gordon overcame the last scruples of the Russians, who were now willing to stretch almost any point in order to keep Turkey out of the proposed connexion with France, and to free their own troops in readiness for the approaching struggle with Napoleon.

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"Not many days later the Danubian horizon brightened in an unexpected degree. The negotiations made palpable progress, and it looked as if the two belligerents intended to conclude them with peace and were only skirmishing to obtain the best terms. The veil of uncertainty was not however entirely removed. Andréossi was approaching, and I had to rebuke the incessant suspicions of the Porte in language which though it proved successful could only be employed at the risk of giving offence."

The truth was that the Porte had got into its head a not altogether unreasonable suspicion that England, in her zeal for a combination against Napoleon, was striving to force an unfavourable peace upon the Sultan in order to secure the free action of Russia against the famous continental system. There can be no doubt that such a combination was the prime object of Canning's mediation and had been the chief motive that inspired Adair's original efforts at the Porte; but at the same time it would be unjust to conclude that such a design involved any disloyalty to the Turkish interests. Canning believed rightly that no more favourable time and no more favourable terms were likely to occur than those which were to be obtained in the spring of 1812, and the Porte had not only fully endorsed his opinion, but had authorized him to mediate with Russia. As a matter of fact one after the other of the Russian demands had been withdrawn at his representation, and the final treaty included a modicum of cession which the Turks would never have obtained if they had been left to negotiate by themselves.

Nevertheless nothing would convince the Reis Efendi that better terms might not have been secured by procrastination, and the Turkish ministers never ceased to bear a grudge against the mediator whom they had themselves nominated, for acceding, as they thought, to the demands of Russia. Remembering as we do the later policy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe towards Russia, it is amusing to find him in these early days suspected of Muscovite proclivities. The Turks were wrong in their suspicions, for he had laboured hard to secure for them the most favourable terms possible, but some

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excuse may be found for them when it is remembered that they had already had more than enough of French, Russian, and Austrian intrigue, and it was but natural to suppose that now it was the turn of England. The situation was certainly peculiar: when England and Russia were still formally at war, Admiral Chichagov wrote to Canning "by the express order of the Emperor" to inform him that Italinski was ordered to proceed to Constantinople to arrange an alliance with the Porte in concert with the British ambassador!

The following letter from Canning to the head dragoman shews how suspicious the Turks had become:—

19 May

I have just received your letter from the Porte in which you tell me that the Reis Efendi will not appoint a meeting with me until I send him the originals of the letters I have received from Russia and that till we meet he will not inform me of the state of the negotiations at Bucharest. You will observe to his Excellency in answer that there is something so extraordinary and *so little like confidence* in his message that I am unable to comprehend the meaning of it. I wrote to Russia at the request of the Porte. My letters have had the fullest success. Not only has the Russian Government modified its proposals, but it has also accepted my interference and authorized its minister to continue his correspondence with me. I have every hope therefore of being useful to the Porte at the present dangerous crisis. I desire to be so. But without reciprocal confidence it is impossible for me to act to any good purpose. If the Reis Efendi continues suspicious of me and of my Government, not only is it useless for me to interfere in the affairs of the Porte with Russia, but an interference, so suspected, is inconsistent with the character and dignity of my Sovereign. . . . The moment decisive of the fate of this empire is now come, and it is in the choice of the Porte either to secure her own independence and perhaps that of the continent of Europe also, by her present conduct, or to destroy the one and to hasten the fall of the other. I am ready to do all in my power towards the first object, *and more perhaps than the Porte is willing to suppose*; but I must be allowed to act in a manner consistent with the character of my Government, or I had better not act at all.

The Reis Efendi was not appeased by this communication. He wanted to know what was meant by the present moment being "decisive of the fate of the Porte" &c. On the following day Canning explained as follows:—

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"The designs of France and her allies against the Porte are known. Russia is the only continental power capable of contending alone with France. If those powers coalesce, or if the former be overcome, the Porte is exposed to a most formidable attack. By her present conduct she may not only prevent the former contingency, but may help considerably to prevent the latter also, and thereby provide for her own safety."

Instructions to Pisani, Dragoman 20 May

At the same time he quoted some sentences from a letter just received from Vienna which shewed that Buonaparte was still negotiating with Chernishev for an arrangement with Russia, and that a reconciliation fatal to Turkey was still possible. He concluded "I am ready to make any effort in order to get for the Porte the best terms that can be got." Still the Reis Efendi repulsed with contumely every attempt at explanation and nursed his suspicions more fondly than ever. Canning lost patience, and sent the following verbal message on the 22nd :—

"I have nothing to add about the Russian business. The conduct of the Porte has made me indifferent to it. I see plainly that by acting for her service I only expose myself and my Government to every sort of caprice and insult. We have sacrificed too much to our regard for this empire. It is time to provide for our own interests elsewhere. There are others who will better appreciate the friendship of England. The Porte will learn her error when it is too late."

Id.

Fortunately it was not the Reis Efendi who had to conduct the negotiations at Bucharest. Ghalib Pasha was a wiser man, and while his colleague at Constantinople was doing his best to destroy a well-built edifice, the plenipotentiary was placing the coping-stone on the building. When the above indignant message was carried from the British palace to the Porte, the treaty was almost signed. It was arranged that Russia should accept the boundary of the Pruth, and abandon most of her Asiatic claims. Servia was to be restored to Turkey.

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MEMOIRS. To Visc. Castlereagh, 10 June, & VI. 12 June

"At length I had the satisfaction of learning that the definitive treaty was signed. It stands in history as the Treaty of Bucharest, and in that city it was signed on 28 May, 1812. It had still to be invested with the ratifications of each belligerent, and until that indispensable formality should be executed, I could not feel entirely at ease. The Russians would have to restore a part of their conquests; the Turks would have to give up a portion of the territory which they had hoped to recover; their enemies would remain in possession of the left bank of the Danube at its delta and mouth. Then there was the Russian proposal of an alliance, and the Porte's reluctance to lose ground on the Asiatic frontier.[1]

"In short, there was ample room on each side for an incli-

MEMOIRS.

[1] "My first impression as to the Russian proposal of an alliance was favourable. I sounded the Reis Efendi respecting it, and wrote to engage the support of Ali Pasha, but finding that the Porte disliked it, and that the Russians would not make it a condition of peace, I stayed my hand, and when it came out that the latter contemplated an attack on the French in Italy by marching an army through the Turkish dominions, I declined frankly to give them my support for any such purpose. There was also much awkwardness with respect to Persia. That power was not included in the act of pacification, although the Porte had from time to time used language which warranted an expectation that its interests would not be overlooked. [A clause however stipulated that the Porte might use its good offices towards arranging a peace between Russia and the Shah.] The extension of the Russian frontier in Asia as far as the river Phasis was at the same time a very sore subject to both the Musulman Courts. These complications, and the manner in which I dealt with them, require to be made more clear, and with that view I quote a few sentences from my official report (VI.) to Lord Castlereagh, dated 12 June:—

"In order to prove that I did not wish to commit the Porte prematurely with France I readily undertook to write to M. Italinski on the subject of the proposed alliance, and to endeavour to dissuade him from pressing it too closely. At the same time, in order to re-establish a persuasion of our attachment to the interests of the Porte, I undertook with equal readiness to write to that plenipotentiary, in support of her objections to the article regarding the Phasis; both which points were represented to me by the Reis Efendi as wholly inadmissible. Further to prove my ignorance of any direct negotiation being on foot between England and Russia, I ventured to propose that the Porte should prevail upon the latter, to admit an article in the treaty of peace inviting England to accede to it. . . . I hoped without committing His Majesty's Government, to establish the basis for the formation of a triple alliance, if considered expedient and practicable at any future period, and to obtain from the Russians, without any apparent advance on the side of England, a proof of their determination to abandon the system of France. It must be added that to make this measure palatable to the Porte, I represented it as one which, without the inconvenience of any alliance on formal guarantee, would serve to consolidate her treaty with Russia, by giving England the right to call the Court of St. Petersburg to account for any future infraction of it."

nation at least to change of mind according to the course of circumstances. At Constantinople, the hesitation was manifest, and for some time no reliance could be placed on the Sultan's intention to ratify. The French were far from giving up the game, and I could not with prudence desist from my exertions to counteract their intrigues."[1]

On 15 June he was able to write to Lord Castlereagh that the Turks had at length agreed to receive Italinski at Constantinople, and that his own relations with the Porte were once more on a satisfactory footing. The Sultan's ratification of the Treaty of Bucharest was despatched on the 20th, and eight days later Canning joyfully delivered to his successor Mr. Robert Liston the charge of a mission which had throughout been to the last degree irksome and embarrassing. Mr. Liston brought with him an official intimation of the Prince Regent's "entire approbation of the industry, zeal, and ability" with which the duties of his post had been discharged, and these empty forms read even more foolishly than usual when we remember how the Regent's Government had neglected the duties of responsible ministers towards their representative. The skilful manner in which he had, by indomitable patience and clear foresight, brought about the end so sincerely desired by all the enemies of France, was not at once understood. Lord Castlereagh however from a study of the despatches had formed a very high opinion of Canning's merits in the matter, and he took an early opportunity of shewing his approbation in the most substantial manner possible, by giving the young minister a high and responsible post. The Emperor of Russia instructed Count Nesselrode to convey to Lord Castlereagh his sense of the effectual manner in which "M. de Canning" had contributed to accelerate the last peace with Turkey, "cet événe-

[1] Even when the ratifications were ultimately despatched, the plenipotentiaries were instructed to make one more effort for modifying the treaty in respect to the Phasis, and the possible case of their success was provided for by the transmission of two instruments, *both* ratified by the Sultan, one confirming the actual terms of agreement, another, to be shown *first*, adapted to the desired alteration. The device, however, was unavailing. The Russians held to the original agreement.

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ment si important par les consequences qu'il devait avoir," and supplemented this communication with the present of a snuff-box, with the Czar's portrait set in diamonds.

But one whose opinion Canning valued infinitely more than that of the Foreign Secretary or the Emperor of Russia gave his conclusive testimony to the value of the work which had been achieved in the face of so many difficulties. The Duke of Wellington in his important memorandum on Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign in 1812, in the 4th volume of the Supplement to his Correspondence, speaks of the effective resistance offered by the Russian army of the Danube under Chichagov to the French when the latter in their retreat from Moscow reached the banks of the Berezina. He adds:

> In respect to the Porte, the British Government seized the earliest opportunity of exerting their influence, and succeeded in inducing the Porte to make peace with Russia, thus relieving his Imperial Majesty from the contest with the Porte, and from the necessity of defending himself on his south-east frontier. If the great statesman who at that period conducted the foreign affairs of Great Britain had never rendered to his own country or the world any other service than those above noticed, his name would have gone down to posterity as the man who had foreseen and had afterwards seized the opportunity of rendering to the world the most important service that ever fell to the lot of any individual to perform.

The Duke of Wellington little suspected that his brother had never moved a finger in this "most important service that ever fell to the lot of any individual to perform." The passage came however under the eye of Canning's old colleague David Morier in 1869, and he wrote as follows to Henry Addington:—

> Now this great service was effected by Stratford Canning, then plenipotentiary at Constantinople, without one word of instruction or even of notice, and still less of encouragement, from the Foreign Office, then fast asleep under the Marquis of Wellesley. It was to secure the result so justly appreciated by the Duke that our *Elchi*, with no assistance and no means but what his own ability and superior sagacity supplied, took upon himself to undertake the task, beset as it was with difficulties and obstacles of every shape and colour, of negotiating and effecting the peace between the Porte and the Russian Government just in time to release Chichagov's army . . . *Quod ego attestor.*

CHAPTER V.

TWO YEARS OF IDLENESS.

1812–14.

DURING the whole of the long-drawn negotiations which have been related in the preceding chapters, Canning persisted in his earnest desire for recall. Not all the excitement of his contest with French diplomacy, nor the momentous import of the issues at stake, could reconcile him to either the place where he was or the work which he had to do there; and no feeling was so strong during the three years of his residence at Constantinople as the longing to shake the dust of Pera off his feet and return to England. He was pacified for awhile when the news of Mr. Liston's appointment to the Embassy reached him, but his hopes grew faint again when that minister's departure was continually postponed. Adair indeed, who on his return to England had spoken of Canning "in the most unqualified terms of approbation and admiration," wrote to congratulate him on his expected release as early as July 1811:— 1812 — Æt. 25

> Most sincerely do I wish you joy by anticipation on your long promised release. On the whole however you will have no reason to regret your residence in that country or your absence from this. I hear your praises from all persons belonging to the Foreign Office with whom I am acquainted, and although, as you well know, very little authentic intelligence from your part of the world reaches *us of the public*, it is impossible for those, who, like myself, have been a little behind the scenes, not to see that you must have had many difficulties to struggle with, requiring a great share of prudence and fortitude to overcome.

Richard Wellesley wrote a little later to the same effect, and 9 Sept. 1811

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assured him "that I have heard no difference of opinion respecting your conduct; all concur in commendation: and you are in good odour at the Foreign Office, which my father's office and my own partiality to diplomacy and to news have enabled me repeatedly to know." Rennell told him how people at the Foreign Office "admired his despatches."

This was very satisfactory, but it did not lift the veil from the mysterious silence of the Government, nor did it explain why Liston continued from month to month to postpone his departure for the East.

3 Sept. 1811

What in the name of Heaven, [wrote Canning to his sister,] is the *dear* Mr. Liston about all this time? I am continually on the look-out for him, but alas! I have not yet heard of his having left England, and till I hear *that* I shall not feel certain of getting away from this horrible hole. If by a miserable accident he should still be in England when you receive this, seize him and tie him on to one of Congreve's rockets, and point him in this direction. I know no other way of putting anything at the Foreign Office into motion. My patience is nearly worn out *again*. . . . I described all that was describable a long time ago, and the existence I lead at present is such that Old Nick himself would be puzzled to find any variety in it, except it be in the different sorts of botheration to which I am exposed at every hour of the day.

Still the winter wore on, and the much desired advent of his successor seemed as remote as ever.

His letters shew how, as one of his friends said, his "whole soul was bent on political distinction in England," and also throw a pleasant light upon his retired life among his books in the dreary embassy palace :—

To R. Wellesley, 7 Jan.

You have indeed well consulted the *genius loci* at Hastings, and even at this distance the warmest of my affections answer to his voice. Your letter has given me the greatest pleasure. It is an act of friendship which I feel sincerely and which I return with all my heart. By the same courier who brought it, I received a letter from Fazakerley, who is passing the winter at Palermo, as I suspect in hopes of a revolution. I have need of such consolations to keep up my spirits in this villainous place, which becomes every day more and more detestable to me. You can hardly conceive all that I have suffered, and am still suffering here. If I were to attempt a description of it, you would perhaps think me guilty of

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exaggeration ; but at all events you will not wonder at my being very impatient to get away when you remember what I wrote to you soon after my arrival here *three years ago*, and when you remember that Mr. Liston was gazetted last March. It is not the least of my miseries that the very circumstance which was the chief object of my hopes should have brought me only an increase of difficulty and wretchedness. The long delay in Mr. Liston's departure has not only kept me constantly in hot water and very much embarrassed me in my public transactions, but it has also prevented me from pressing for my release. You will think perhaps that I am wrong to torment myself at this late hour. But what can I do when I am suffering under a thorough conviction that Mr. Liston will not even be *taken into consideration* until after the meeting of Parliament, and the final settlement of the act of Regency? In short I am persuaded that six more months of ministry here will go near to kill me outright ; and if you have any bowels of compassion, I expect from your friendship that you will take an early opportunity to tell your father so. A few tears from your eyes will probably be more efficacious than whole bottles of my ink. If the ambassador is immovable, why cannot Mr. Bar-tho-lo-mew Fre-re be sent before?

After this formidable dose of myself, it is time that I should relieve you a little by congratulating you on your progress in the arts of oratory and patriotism. However you may regret the few occasions you had during the last session to display the former, I cannot but think that you were right in placing yourself for some time rather among the audience than the actors at St. Stephen's. I have no doubt that you will reap the advantage of it next session and only wish that I could be near enough to hear you. Which is the most formidable part of the exhibition? the Opposition or the Speaker's wig? How does a man feel when he begins a speech? and how does he know when he has done? . . The greatest of pleasures I promise myself on returning to England is the renewal of my old connexions. I expect to find a great change not only in private life but in everything belonging to politics ; for the last three years have been a succession of great events particularly affecting England, and calculated to produce impressions there of much extent and permanency both morally and politically. Of all this I suppose you will call yourself a better judge than me. Be it so, and I shall expect to receive on my return a great deal of instruction from you upon the subject—but, although you can frank letters and make speeches, I shall not easily abandon my old privilege of arguing.

You are not to fancy because I am uncomfortable and com-

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To his Mother, Constantinople, 17 Jan.

plain, and try to get away, that I pass the whole of my time in bemoaning evils which I cannot remedy, or in taking measures to escape from them. It is in endeavouring to discharge the duties of my situation and in struggling against the many difficulties with which public business here is encumbered, that I seek relief from the weariness and disappointment which are ever ready to rush in upon my mind the moment my occupations are suspended. Nor must you conclude from my frequent complaints that I am insensible of such advantages as my residence at this place has yielded. They are few, but such as they are I fully appreciate them; the more so, as I can carry them away with me and keep them. But the harvest is reaped. Eighteen months are more than sufficient to teach all that is to be learnt here, and now every additional hour of delay instead of increasing my stock of experience only exposes me more and more to the danger of catching the vicious habits of business, peculiar to this place, and falling into the faults which I have hitherto made it my chief pride to detest and avoid. Henceforward *all* is on the losing side, and if the trial lasts much longer, Heaven knows what effect the want of society in private life, and the continual intercourse with rogues in public, may imperceptibly produce upon me. . . .

In the midst of all my grumblings and annoyances, however, I acknowledge with gratitude the enjoyment of two blessings which will at all times go a great way towards enabling one to bear any condition of life, even the least desirable—I mean health and the love of literature. The first I hold exclusively from Providence, but the second I owe more particularly to you, my dearest mother, who gave yourself so much trouble and made so many sacrifices of your own comfort in order to bestow upon me in common with your other children that best patrimony, a good education. Indeed we never can sufficiently thank you for this second life, without which the first would have been comparatively of little value. I only pray that the merciful Being under whose direction you gave us so great a treasure may enable us to make a worthy use of it. May it always be the chief object of my ambition to be as useful to others as you have been to me!

Do not be surprized at this sudden effusion of *filial piety*. It has its cause, and a very natural one. I am in the middle of winter, the nights are long and I have no society. Add to this that the business I have lately had to transact with the Turkish Government has been even more disagreeable than usual. I leave you therefore to guess the comfort I derive from my books, not only as they impart knowledge and amuse the mind, but particularly as they are connected with all my early habits, and give me the liveliest pleasure by recalling

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to my recollection those parts of life which appear to every man the happiest, and reviving impressions made at a season when everything was seen in fairy colours.

Next to the delight of simply getting away from this place, I look forward with most eagerness to the pleasure of seeing Greece on my way back and of dismissing from my mind everything but what is connected with the antiquities of that country. The mere anticipation of this seems to repay me for more than half of what I have to endure here, but God knows when the dream will be realized, if ever. In the meantime to increase the pleasures of Constantinople, the Plague, it is apprehended, has made its appearance. Do not be frightened at that tremendous name. Like most other things it is not so formidable when at hand as at a distance. First of all it is not so decidedly certain that the disorder which has killed at most six persons is the plague. If it be, it is certainly not the Egyptian plague which has been found to make the most fatal ravages in this city. Measures have been taken to stop its further progress, and as the coldness of the weather is very favourable, and as no accidents are said to have happened within the last two or three days, there is reason to hope those measures are effectual. But even if it should continue, with a little care and a few ordinary precautions any material danger may be avoided, especially in this house which is surrounded on every side by a large court, and where I can cut off all communication with the town, except what is so regulated as almost entirely to exclude the risk of letting in the enemy. Nor is the plague always caught upon contact with an infected object, nor is it always fatal. Some persons have even touched the infection itself without catching it; and others have had it twice and survived. I saw a man to-day who told me that he was shaved by a barber who was actually sick of the plague at the time, but he did not catch the disorder. If the Turks would give themselves the least trouble about the matter the plague would in all probability be as little known at Constantinople as it is at London or Paris; but predestination is its grand ally, and while that doctrine prevails, it will always have an easy conquest among the faithful. On this occasion it is fortunate that it has made its first appearance in a quarter inhabited by Greeks, who think that Providence was better employed at the creation of the world than in cutting out destinies for the future inhabitants of it. At all events if the plague should rage in the city, there is always pretty good security to be found in the country. By far the worst part must be the continual apprehension of an invisible danger, the interruption of communications, and the trouble of taking precautions, and above all the degree of imprisonment to which one must submit and the probability of a longer detention here—for I do not suppose that Mr.

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Liston will be very anxious to come out under such circumstances, even should every other cause of delay be removed. So the Lord have mercy upon me and supply me with patience!

Well, my dear mother, you see I have more than kept my word with you; I have not only given you an account, but a *long* account of myself. It is a stupid one, I grant, but you must blame my situation for that, rather than me, and at least acknowledge that I have not lost my confidence in you. Indeed I have laid open my heart, such as it is; and remember that it is my *holy of holies*, into which no profane step is permitted to enter. You are the only high-priest I acknowledge; except your second self, my naughty sister, to whom I shall write a word or two separately before I close this letter.

On 18 March, 1812, he told his mother "All the spring to be lost. No chance of relief before the summer, and perhaps not then. What have I done to deserve this?" At last the hour of deliverance arrived. On 15 June Mrs. Canning received a few exultant lines from her son.

I have only a moment to tell you that I am in hourly expectation of Mr. Liston's arrival at the Dardanelles, as he was to leave Malta on the 26th ultimo; and that peace is made between Russia and the Porte; for which two reasons, although I have been sitting up all night, I am *in much better spirits than usual.* A little patience, my dear mother, and I shall soon be with you, and you may believe me when I say that my heart yearns for the happy moment.

MEMOIRS.

"The sense of emancipation was very agreeable. The attraction of home, after an unexpected absence of four years, heightened the pleasure. I could also look with lively satisfaction on the result of my anxieties and exertions. When I was left alone with the full weight of responsibility on my shoulders, I had to keep in mind three principal objects. The first was to maintain our position at Constantinople; the second, to guard our naval and mercantile interests in Turkey and Turkish waters from the hostility of France and the false principles of neutrality affected by the Porte; the third, to bring about peace between Russia and Turkey. These three objects were finally accomplished without the exchange of the secret article, which had been left to my discretion, and which, had I resorted to it, would have drawn three hundred thousand pounds from the King's exchequer. How far these

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successes may redound to my credit, anyone who reads the preceding narrative can determine for himself. I had, no doubt, many difficulties to contend with, much to try my patience, and much to puzzle my judgment; but many circumstances told in my favour, and I know not how matters would have terminated if the Turks had been less unfortunate in the field, or the Russians less determined in the cabinet. My satisfaction was that of a traveller who had fallen among thieves and after much rough handling had escaped providentially with his clothes on his back.

"But while escaping from one class of uncertainties I had fallen into another, of little consequence to the world, but deeply affecting my own prospects. I felt all the confidence of youth, and that for the time was my only fortune. I had no friends in office, no home that I could reckon upon for a month. Sir Gore Ouseley had wished me to go round by Persia with a view to negotiations for peace between the Shah and the Czar. There was question of sending a political agent to the Russian headquarters, now that England was to be on friendly terms with Russia, and the Emperor Alexander at open war with Napoleon. Sir Robert Wilson was the fittest man for such a post, and the ambassadors—for Italinski had arrived—appeared to favour what was no doubt his own desire. The door was nevertheless open to me, had I been inclined to pass through it. In England the Ministerial changes consequent on Mr. Perceval's assassination were still in suspense. It was by no means impossible that Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning would be entrusted with the formation of a new cabinet. Inclination and interest combined to fix my thoughts in that direction. It was probable that my relation's return to office would be attended with advantage to me. This probability effaced the other attractions and I resolved on taking my passage to England in the *Argo*.

"On 12 July, 1812, I turned my back upon the walls of Byzantium and the graceful minarets of Stambol; I crossed the Sea of Marmora as I had twice done before, in a boat of the country. I revisited Brusa and Mount Olympus, and reached Lamsaki by a route which was new to me. Follow-

1812 ing the coast of the Hellespont I reached a point where the
— *Argo* appeared at her anchorage, and a shore-boat manned
Jl. 25 by Greek watermen conveyed me on board. We were soon under way with a fair breeze which is rarely denied to vessels having to go down the Archipelago. My fellow-passengers were Mr. Rose and my late companion at the writing-desk, David Morier."

Before we are quite out of sight of the Levant, we must read a few passages from a letter written to Canning by his successor at the Porte. Mr. Liston was hardly the man to follow up his predecessor's vigorous policy—indeed he and Lord Strangford seriously weakened English influence at the Porte; but at least he did full justice to Canning's services, and recognized that the peace was won only just in time. Had the Turks once learnt that war was declared between France and Russia, they would have enlarged their demands; the Czar would have had two campaigns on his hands, and Napoleon would have found one army the less to dispute his march.

From R. Liston, Constantinople, 28 Aug.

From the moment the Turks were convinced (by the commencement of hostilities) that there was no chance of a reconciliation between the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte, they repented having made peace on the unfavourable terms which the circumstances of the moment had induced them to accept (the Reis Efendi surtout *vous en veut* beaucoup à ce sujet); their regret was augmented when they received a communication of the article of the treaty between France and Austria which stipulates for the *integrity of the Turkish dominions* in Europe, and now they are plied very assiduously and very earnestly indeed by Mr. Andréossi and by the Internuncio (who really seems to act his part *con amore*) to engage them to seek for restitution and redress from the same quarter. Upon the whole I am afraid we must think ourselves happy if we can fix them in a state of fair *neutrality*. And even this is not easy; for setting aside the mixed cajolery and menaces of our artful enemies, there remains in some of the members of the Government here a feeling of malignant enmity and revenge and distrust with respect to Russia that operates very strongly.

With respect to anything *further*, you might perceive before we parted that, though I would not thwart or discourage the efforts of others, I am not personally inclined to be anxious for anything more on the part of the Porte than real independent neutrality fairly main-

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tained, and no one surely will say that you rendered a small service when you brought about a peace, who sees that that peace enables Russia to detach an army, high (as Sir Robert Wilson informs me) in discipline, perfect in equipment, excellent in patriotic spirit, of *above fifty thousand effective men*, ready to attack the flank or harass the rear of Buonaparte's advancing armies. Comfort yourself too with the thought that besides this you have enabled Alexander to save the expense, to spare the blood, to escape from the mortality, of a Wallachian campaign.

Before this letter was written however Canning was as far removed from the scene which it describes as even he could have wished. After more than four years' absence he was once more in England, and the first sight of his own country, of her thriving towns, and cheerful villages, and her many wooded seats was "one continued feast to sight and thought." However much desired, the change was a violent one. Between the Bosphorus and London Bridge there was indeed a contrast.

MEMOIRS.

"The romance of what may be called picturesque diplomacy, in a region as classical as Greek and Arabian literature could make it, had come to an end. Blue skies were exchanged for the fog and smoke of London; the Bosphorus was represented by the Thames; the stern realities of life and its ever-shifting quicksands were in front of me. I was too young to estimate the difficulties of my position, too sanguine to be disheartened, too fond of distinction to abandon my hold on public employment. Mr. Canning was at Liverpool, invited by Mr. John Gladstone and his party to represent that great commercial town in Parliament, and having for his principal opponent no less a person than Brougham, supported by Mr. Roscoe and the Whig interest. He asked me to join him there, and I made the journey with another first cousin, another George Canning, who had married one of Lord Castlereagh's sisters, and who afterwards became an Irish peer under the title of Lord Garvagh.

"On reaching Liverpool we found the town in an uproar. Party ran high; bitter speeches were exchanged on the hustings, and mobs were violent in the streets. Windows were Oct. broken, candidates pelted, and for more effective missiles resort was had without ceremony to the pavement and the area rails.

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Fortune declared finally in favour of Mr. Canning, who was cheered, chaired, and feasted to the top of his bent. I cannot venture to say how many dinners were given to him and his friends by the Tory capitalists of Liverpool. I know that they were enough, with the help of turtle and punch, to imperil health far more than any riotous assaults in the street. It was an uninterrupted jubilee of two or three weeks, succeeded by a shorter but not less convivial ovation at Manchester, which as yet had neither a member of Parliament to plead its interests, nor a bishop to watch over its morals. At the house of our host, a wealthy manufacturer, we sat down to dinner soon after six, and remained at the table till midnight in right of the sabbath which offered no other amusement. Port was the only wine in circulation on the well-polished mahogany, claret as a French wine being deemed inconsistent in our host's estimation with British loyalty. When at length we returned to the drawing-room we found the lady of the house reclining over a tepid coffee-pot in the last stage of exhausted wakefulness, and imagining, no doubt, her future lot in the event of Manchester becoming a theatre of parliamentary contest.

"At a great entertainment given next day at the Town Hall there was, of course, no lack of toasts and speeches. The new member for Liverpool found a suitable occasion for the display of his eloquence and wit, nor were his friends allowed to shelter themselves from public notice under his overshadowing oratory. Each in turn was called upon to acknowledge the compliment of a toast to his health. To me the ordeal was terrible; and when after the dreaded plunge I landed nearly out of breath, a few good-natured cheers sounded like the huzzahs of a multitude when some unfortunate criminal recommended to mercy is snatched on the drop itself from the grasp of Jack Ketch. A neighbour of much better promise than myself had the ambition to begin with a dative case, which so embarrassed him that he lost his presence of mind and was obliged to sit down without completing his first sentence. He could not by any exertion and with every encouragement from his party get further than 'To you, gentlemen, who——,' and as he was known to have designs on the

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representation of the county, there was no help for it but to order post-horses and leave the town at daylight next morning. He was, nevertheless, a man of ability, a good scholar, ready and agreeable in conversation. The example is a pregnant one.

"I accompanied Mr. Canning to his friend Lord Granville's in Staffordshire, and thence to Hinckley where Mrs. Canning was residing for a time. Another day's journey took me back to London. There I found Pozzo di Borgo, whom I had already seen at Tixall. He was living in a small lodging at the back of Portman Square; when I entered his room he was standing at a tall desk which supported a huge folio, one of the volumes of Fra Paolo's *Council of Trent*—a great work of a great writer, well worthy of the large and acute mind which had taken refuge in its pages from the buffets of adverse fortune and the stings of a suspended ambition. He lived, as the world knows, to see more prosperous days, to witness the defeat of his imperial competitor at Waterloo, to point the intrigues of Russia at Paris during many years, and at the last to enrich his nephew with the spoils of a money-market open to the ever-shifting impression of a revolutionary period. For the time being he was thrown out of gear, nor was he the only one.

"Mr. Canning had indeed increased his political importance by the electoral success at Liverpool, but he held no position in the Government. Though he had an old and sincere friend at the head of the Treasury, his rival and hostile antagonist filled the post of foreign secretary. In Parliament he would have a party of his own, but a party composed of a few personal friends, and having little weight but what it derived from the brilliant talents and eventual prospects of its chief. A figure somewhat between fifteen and twenty would express, I believe, the highest numerical strength to which it ever attained. The state of things at home was not satisfactory. The King was out of his mind. The Regent was unpopular. Great questions, admitting more of discussion in Parliament and of agitation out of doors than of legislative settlement, kept up a 'raw' in the public mind. They were the days of Swing, if not of Captain Rock. Taxes were high,

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and hopes of a brighter period only in their dawn. Cobbett, Hone, Hume, Wainman, Cartwright, Despard, and the Cato Street conspiracy, occupied, by turns or all at once, the columns of the daily press. Consols were gravitating towards fifty. Loans were frequent, bread dear, coin rare, and bank-notes at a heavy discount.

"Addington was at the Home Office, Vansittart at the Exchequer. We were at war with the United States; hard though glorious work was still our lot in Spain; and we did not yet know that fortune had utterly abandoned her grand imperial favourite. As time advanced all eyes were fixed upon the Continent and particularly on the theatre of war. Ministers gathered strength from the progress of the Allies and questions of domestic difference could bear to wait upon those which the sword was pressing to a decision.

"It is evident that in such a state of things there was little room for effective opposition, and scarcely a chance of any ministerial revolution. For one who like myself had neither a regular profession, nor an official employment, nor even a seat in Parliament, and still less an independent estate, recourse could only be had to a diplomatic allowance, and it was fortunate for me that usage and service combined to entitle me to that provision. Whatever doubts were caused by an unexplained delay, they soon disappeared. The Secretary of State informed me that I might reckon in future on a pension of £1,200 a year, the amount assigned to a minister plenipotentiary, placed, as the French term it, *en disponibilité*."

Lord Castlereagh thus expressed himself in the letter announcing the pension:—

12 Jan. 1813

I am commanded to acquaint you that H.R.H. is fully sensible of the zeal and ability with which you discharged the difficult duties of your mission in a very important and critical period, and that in consideration of your services he has been graciously pleased to confer upon you a yearly allowance of £1,200, upon the terms which are usually annexed to allowances in similar cases. You will permit me to add the personal satisfaction I feel in conveying to you these sentiments and this decision of H.R.H.

The "terms usually annexed" meant that the recipient

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of the pension was expected to accept the next diplomatic post offered him by Government, and that in the meanwhile he could not enter the House of Commons. These conditions considerably diminished the value of the allowance in Canning's eyes, and there is no doubt that had he been in a position of independence, with a small income and no relations in need of assistance, he would have declined the pension. To be tied to diplomacy and barred from a parliamentary career were precisely the two things most disagreeable to him: but his circumstances made the acceptance of the conditions imperative, and he submitted with the best grace he could.

How he was received in England, what he did, and where he went, we are for the most part left to imagine, since the voluminous correspondence which his friends poured upon the distant representative of his Majesty at the Sublime Porte naturally came to an end or shrank into very exiguous proportions when "his Excellency" was once more to be met in Bond Street or Piccadilly, at Wellesley's rooms in the Albany, or his own lodgings in Cleveland Row, almost any day of the week. One thing however is clear. Like most active-minded men he found that having nothing to do was not so delightful as he had anticipated. He did not know how to occupy the leisure to which he had so joyfully looked forward, and an active part in public life was denied him. A letter to Fazakerley shews how the politics of the day engrossed his interest.

To Fazakerley, Langold, 1 Dec.

This delay induces me to trouble you with another epistle in answer to your last, which (you must allow me to repeat it) I still reflect upon with satisfaction, not only because it confirms, as far as words confirm, the idea which I had formed of your character, but because it holds out a fair hope, as far as you are concerned, of our being able, if not at once to realize, at least to continue to indulge in the *dreams of Constantinople*.[1] I think with you, and with no less enthusiasm than yourself, that this alone is a prospect of pleasure; and though it never be more substantial than the most airy of dreams, it is still worth dreaming in a world where nine times out of ten the realities are so unpleasant. It seems to me that your independent situation in Parliament and liberal dispositions will be sufficient, if

[1] Dreams of moderating the violent party spirit of contemporary politics. See p. 124.

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other circumstances are propitious, to overcome any difficulties arising out of your Whiggish partialities, provided these partialities be not imperceptibly hardened into bigotry (I mean *political* bigotry) by too constant and intimate a connexion with the foremost personal objects of them.

As for myself, I may be unprejudiced at this moment without the least merit; for I am not yet sufficiently recovered from the bustle and botheration of my return to England, to be *quite certain* whether I have any political opinion or not—a state of mind not very satisfactory, but of little consequence during the disability to which, as I told you before, I am obliged to submit. But if there be any one thing of which I feel assured, it is that, in the present state of public affairs both at home and abroad, the path of wisdom lies between the prevailing extremes of opinion. This sounds perhaps like temporizing; but as things now are, it is far from being so. Fools are abroad, in whose hands good principles may be made more pernicious than even bad ones at a crisis like the present in the hands of men capable by their talents to direct this mighty empire. The government of the country is in the possession of persons supported only by prepossessions growing out of a state of things which no longer exists, and by respect for the character of a minister long since consigned to his grave. Their systematic opponents ground their opposition, as it appears, upon principles equally antiquated, which, at the same time that they are inapplicable to the wants and dangers of the country, serve only to render those, who rest all their pretensions upon them, ineligible, through disfavour on the one hand and unpopularity on the other, to the means of rescuing the public from any part of those evils which they regard with so much sensibility. Are no allowances to be made for the change produced by the succession of years so fertile in events as the last twenty have been? Must every young man who now comes forward into public life chain himself to some particular bench in the House of Commons, because the present grey-headed incumbents chose, under very different circumstances, to commit the same act of disfranchizement when they were young? Notwithstanding your propensities, I dare say you will agree with me that the country does not so much want a Whig or a Tory—a Foxite or a Pittite—as some man with enough of the ascendancy of genius to frighten the fools at home into their proper places, and to direct the public resources with vigour and effect against our enemies abroad—and God knows they are sufficiently numerous. Such a man at the helm, and in Parliament men of liberality enough to support him in the attainment of such objects, with enough of independence to control any unconstitutional exercise of power, is what the country wants. But where, you will say, are such Phoenixes to be found? Experience alone can shew. But at all costs, if we cannot find what we want,

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the knowledge of it may point out the expediency of not attaching ourselves blindly to what we do *not* want.

All this sounds very grand and unprejudiced in the abstract; but you will perhaps be disposed to laugh at me when I come to the application. Yet how in fairness can I conceal my prejudices and partialities, after the candid manner in which you have avowed your own? To a friend, and to such a one as you, only would I acknowledge that I am honestly of opinion, from what I have lately witnessed, that my Cousin is *more* qualified to make such a minister as the one I have alluded to above, than any other existing candidate, not *merely* on account of talent, for he may have equals and superiors for aught I know on that head—but *taken altogether* and compared in point of position with respect to pledges, of principles, of public opinion, &c., with other public men. After this confession you may guess how much I was gratified by your opinion of his speeches—indeed I am not quite sure that you are not in part indebted to the expression of that opinion for this confession of mine. Observe, however, that what I have said of my Cousin is grounded particularly upon my belief of his being more at liberty than any other man to act in the way which I have hinted at above.—By the way I must add a remark about the present ministers. I agree with you that they are incompetent for the situation which they now hold; but I am not prepared to say that they are unfit for office, if controlled and directed by some really efficient minister—especially when their opponents have thrown so many obstacles in the way of their own return to power.—To conclude a long and as I fear very tedious epistle, I again assure you that my feelings are quite in unison with yours in making friendship independent of politics, but endeavouring that private attachment may produce political connexion.

To answer in every respect to the confidence you have shewn me, I cannot omit telling you that the *disability* affecting myself to which I have more than once alluded is simply this: private circumstances render it an absolute duty on my part to claim the pension, to which I am *by Act of Parliament* entitled for diplomatic service, and this of course disqualifies me for the House of Commons. I wish it were otherwise, but fortune forbids, and I can only hope that the restraint will not be long, and never such as to clog the independence of my mind.

MEMOIRS.

"The metropolitan life which now awaited me was by no means destitute of enlivening interests, but the share I took in it was coloured by my tastes, and limited by the circumstances in which I found myself. I cared very little for that kind of society whose principal features are morning

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gossip and evening pressure. Dances were thrown away upon me. Dinners, where good conversation was to be enjoyed, those in particular at 'Grillion's,' a play, an opera, a debate, were the recreations which most attracted me. Even for these objects it was my lot to move in a circumscribed area. My family connexions were greatly dispersed; I had been long separated by distance from those with whom I had formed intimacies at school and college; a new generation had sprung up during my protracted residence in the East. In more than one respect my position was little better than that of a foreigner, and with some advantages I had not that knowledge of the world which enables a man to turn his opportunities to the best account:—'*natus rebus agendis*,' as the old Dean of Winchester, Dr. Rennell, once said to me. I was deficient in settled application to study, and too often gave way to lazy aspirations for a return to pursuits of more telling activity. My illustrious relative and patron advised me with his wonted kind discernment to read Thucydides. I read, but my readings were desultory, and an occasional dalliance with the muse shook many a precious grain out of my hour-glass. The *Quarterly Review* was open to me through the good-will of Mr. Gifford, its accomplished editor, and I contributed two or three articles to its pages. It so happened indeed that the existence of that periodical was in part due to

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me. I was walking one day in Pall Mall with two of my Eton friends, Richard Wellesley and Gally Knight, when our conversation turned upon the *Edinburgh Review*, which was then in the first blossom of its long and well-sustained reputation. One of us exclaimed, What a pity that London has not a publication of the same kind but of other politics! The idea was at once caught up by all, and I undertook to propose it to Mr. Canning, who referred me with evident satisfaction to Mr. Gifford, who in his turn approved the proposal. The name as well as the idea originated with us, and I drew up the sketch of a prospectus. More than this, I introduced John Murray, who had not yet left Fleet Street, to Mr. Gifford, and the latter brought him into connexion with Lord Byron. By way of explanation I should add that I had known Mr. Murray before, and from certain accidental circumstances had

conceived an opinion that he would become a leading publisher of his time. The first number of the *Quarterly* did not make its appearance till some time after I left England and it owed its successful reception to abler and more experienced hands,—to Southey, Scott, George Ellis, Barrow and others." 1813 — ÆT. 26

The first appearance of the *Quarterly* is referred to in a letter from Rennell to S. Canning, dated 22 March, 1810, which amply confirms Lord Stratford's recollection of his own share in the idea :—

> Your intentions respecting a publication (with the secret of which you intrusted me) have not, I suppose, been entirely frustrated, as they have taken the course of the *Quarterly Review*, set up in immediate opposition to the Scotch Punchinellos : it has succeeded beyond expectation and the two first numbers are now reprinted. Gifford is, as I understand, the conductor, and Matthias, Walter Scott, and several others, add their assistance : this appears to justify my conjecture respecting its origin.

In later years Canning was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly*, and exercised a species of editorial function in relation to articles on Greece and Turkey. Lockhart was ready to alter all such papers in accordance with the Elchi's judgment.

" Richard Wellesley wished to present me to his father, and the Marquis's high reputation had naturally great attractions for any young man brought up at Eton and looking to a political career, but his conduct during my mission to Constantinople had made so deep an impression on me that I could not overcome my repugnance to see him. I so far yielded to my friend's solicitation that I went with him reluctantly to Apsley House, but at the foot of the staircase my complaisance stopped short, and pleading an insurmountable objection I turned doggedly away. MEMOIRS.

" It was not till many years later that I found myself in the presence of the great man. He had expressed a wish to see me through Mr. Littleton, his son-in-law, and I obeyed the summons. He was walking in his garden at Fulham when I

1813 arrived, and the hour, which I passed in conversation with him, more than sufficed to realize all I had heard of his accomplishments as a scholar, a wit, a statesman, and an orator, in so far as the occasion afforded room for display without prejudice to the charm of graceful manners and an unassuming tone. The defects of his character must have been considerable to counteract the natural ascendancy of such talents and attainments. He could not always control the movements of vanity, and he gave way to a storm of wonder and disgust when he heard that the Duke his brother had accepted the office of prime minister. I know from an eye-witness that it cost him an effort even to believe the fact. Yet on more than one occasion he had done ample justice in public to his brother's merits, and he lived to compose that noble and beautiful tribute to his glory, which the late Lord Carlisle, as he told me himself, intended to have inscribed on the pedestal of the Duke's statue at Dublin.

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Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictum bello te coluere ducem.
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu,
Ut desit famae gloria nulla tuae.

which may be rendered thus :—

Saved by thy triumphs, Asia, Europe, hail'd
In thee the chief who ne'er in battle fail'd :
Now civic wreaths around thy brows we twine,
That fame with *all* its glory may be thine.

"In the spring of 1813 Madame de Staël paid a visit to England. She took a house in Argyll Street, and drew a considerable portion of the London society about her. She aimed at giving an interesting character to her evening parties and her dinners attracted many among the male celebrities of the day. I was indebted to Mr. Adair for an introduction to her, and enjoyed in consequence a share of her hospitality. At her table I met Lord Erskine for the first and only time. She conversed with the same animated flow of thought and language which characterizes her published writings. She admired Lord Byron, who was then mounting towards his

zenith, not only for his splendid poetry, but, as she said, for the softness of voice with which he uttered the strongest thoughts. 1813 ÆT. 26

"Invited to dine at Kensington Palace with the Princess of Wales I had the honour of sitting next to her at table. During an interval of silence on her part, I ventured to remark that her Royal Highness appeared to have given up the theatres of late. 'In truth I never go to them' she said. 'I do not like the plays, I have seen too much of them in real life. I began with the Fatal Marriage, and I suppose it will end with Queen Catherine.' Ominous words, it must be allowed, though lightly spoken at the time."

The central figure in his world of politics was still his brilliant cousin. George Canning was then in a period of occultation. He had "buried his political allegiance in the grave of Pitt," and after his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh he could not be induced to join in any of the several schemes for the formation of a united ministry which from time to time were attempted. He would not serve under Perceval, and when the latter came by his death in the spring of 1812, Canning found insuperable objections to accepting the Foreign Office while Castlereagh—with whom, however, he was now on amicable terms—had the leadership of the House of Commons. For the time, at least, his ambition had led to his retirement from public life; he would be nothing less than first, and consequently for four years he was obliged to remain a private member of Parliament. One advantage of this was that he had the more leisure to spare for his friends, and to none was his time given with greater freedom than to the young cousin whom he had set on the first rung of the ladder to fame.

"In those days he lived at Brompton, and his house, called Gloucester Lodge, was about two miles out of town. At the entrance of Piccadilly stood a turnpike, and his coachman had orders to wait for him on the country side of that annoyance, supported, as Sheridan used to say, by *in*voluntary contributions. It became almost a habit for me to accompany MEMOIRS.

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him to Hyde Park Corner, and he would often detain his carriage and walk to and fro on the Park side of Piccadilly going over the ground of some political argument, or relating passages of bygone interest in his public life. He talked as well as he spoke, and every conversation with him was to me a lesson of precious information and judicious management. I never met anyone who entertained so delicate a perception of the properties belonging respectively to the art of speaking, talking, writing, and reading. He frequently employed with striking effect our short vernacular terms of Saxon origin, but he steered between vulgarity and affectation with never-failing tact.

"Thus slipped away the season and the session. The summer was well advanced when I started to make some visits in the north of England and also a tour of the Lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland. My companion in the latter part of the excursion was Mr. Planta of the Foreign Office, an amiable kind-hearted friend and an excellent man of business. Our acquaintance began at Eton, and the subsequent intimacy lasted till his death. There was not much scope for adventure. Durham and its cathedral, Lancaster and its castle, Sunderland and its coalworks were objects of passing attention. At Bishop's Auckland I was hospitably entertained by the venerable Diocesan, who still retained a portion of the feudal authority enjoyed in earlier times by his predecessors. I spent two or three days at Seaham with Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, whose only daughter, worthy of a better fate, became in an evil hour the wife of Lord Byron. At Keswick I gave two days to lonely rambles in the valley formed by its romantic little river, and at Buttermere I saw the celebrated beauty whose unhappy connexion with the 'fortunate youth' had made her an object of general curiosity. Somewhere near Coniston I was tempted to dive into an iron mine, and might have stayed there for good if I had not succeeded in detaching myself from a stake which protruded from the side of the shaft and caught in my waistband, while the basket or bucket in which I was standing on one leg threatened to go down by itself leaving me to follow by the simple force of gravitation."

See p. 206

He wrote in rapturous words to Fazakerley from a cottage at Ambleside: 1813

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My story may be told in half a dozen words. I am as happy as the day is long. Two hundred and seventy miles from London—perfect quiet and perfect liberty—not a soul but my [man] Kitteridge to speak to—magnificent scenery and fine weather—are luxuries that may well make a man happy, at least for a time. These are my enjoyments, and I think, if you are not either on board your cutter, or sitting with Lady Tancred, you will envy me. Why cannot you, traveller as you are, put your cutter in the waggon and come down to this delightful country? You will find plenty of room for it in Windermere. As for the refinements of female friendship, I have not much to offer you in that way. But as a *succedaneum* you may either listen to the clack of two most frisky damsels—daughters, I understand, of a West Indian governor—who are established over my head; or, if that will not do, I dare say the neighbouring woods and lakes have their dryads and naiads—*faciles ad vota puellae*—who are not too repulsive to youthful travellers. 26 Aug. 1813

I did not leave Hinckley till Tuesday week, and taking it for granted that you had left Prescot, *cum penatibus et magnis diis*, long before, I took the direct road through Leicester, Ashbourne, and Manchester. I was tempted by the beauty of the place to pass a whole day at Lancaster. Have you ever been there? If not, you would be delighted with it. The prospect combines the beauties of England and Turkey. The cleanest town, the neatest cottages and the most cultivated hills, bounded on one side by a range of rugged mountains, on another by the sea, watered by a noble stream, and enriched with a bridge, a castle, and an aqueduct. Add to all this that I saw it under as clear a sky as ever looked down upon the Mediterranean or the shores of Greece. The greenness of the meadows throughout Lancashire and Westmoreland is something quite exquisite. Or perhaps the sober verdure of the Hinckley pastures has disposed me to look at everything of a livelier nature with eyes of wonder. Conceive ("for thou canst") my raptures at discovering a fountain by the roadside near Lancaster, just the sort of thing that the Surijis used to stop at in a long stage—but alas! I looked in vain for the old plane-tree, the green platform, and the turban making its bows to Mecca!

At Kendal also I was tempted to spend a couple of days—the country there too is pretty, and there is a delightful little romantic river, full of rocks and woods and waterfalls, and coolness and retirement. But the weather was almost too cold for transports and ecstasies. On Monday morning I got to the queen of romantic

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places—and here I mean to stay for the next ten days or fortnight. The weather continues delicious—quite un-English. If you have anything like it at Cowes I shall expect to hear no more of pitch-plasters and travels in Italy. I am living in a decentish sort of cottage in the village of Ambleside, which consists almost entirely of detached houses. The said cottage in any other place, or temper of mind, would hardly be called comfortable. It has little or no prospect and is made most dreadfully cheerful by the noise of some dozens of children, who afford a most provoking specimen of the happiness of the place. Then one is within a stone's throw of the most delightful walks that can be imagined. Without exaggeration it is impossible to conceive anything more perfectly beautiful than it is in every direction. There is all the boldness of nature and the neatness of art, and each sets off the other. One cannot expect the grandeur and wildness of Alps and Apennines, nor the vigorous, shining, gigantic vegetation of warmer climates.

Georg. ii. 468 ff.

> At latis otia fundis,
> Speluncae, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
> Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,
> Non absunt, &c. &c.

You must forgive me the luxury of quoting your favourite passage, and will do so the more readily as it brings me to the end of my sentimental effusion. . . . Sweet Sir! I do admire Lord Wellington's last achievement with all possible wonder and admiration, and not the less because he recommended my brother for a lieut.-colonelcy, the which lieut.-colonelcy he is to have, or rather I *believe* he has it already.—But how do you think the campaign will end? Sebastian and Pampluna not yet taken—our late losses between 8,000 and 10,000 men, and the French so near their own resources. If anyone is capable of fixing our triumphs it is Lord Wellington. So Allah kerim! and the devil take the hindmost. Good-night, most serene owl.

24 Sept.

To-morrow I mean to set off for a place called Ryhope, where I think of passing the next week or ten days, not exactly in picking up shells, but in bathing and inhaling sea-breezes. . . . The prospect of your going away, and Knight's continued illness, &c. &c., give me so gloomy an anticipation of the next year, that I look forward with more horror than ever to returning to town, and must put a stop to unpleasant thoughts by thrusting you out of my mind as well as I can for the present. So adieu.

Canning went in December on a visit to his mother, who was then living at Tunbridge Wells. He was already attached to

the beautiful hilly country, and his love of it never diminished. Fazakerley was off to Spain for his health, and to Cadiz the following letter, opening with a score or so of hexameters, in the old schoolboy fashion, pursued him :— 1814 —— ÆT. 27

Tunbridge Wells, January

Haud minimus bubonum, atque infaustissimus idem,
Ipse tibi has nugas, Domine o dulcissime, mitto,
Twadlandi studio, et Musarum accensus amore.
At vero magna magnas res voce parantem
Dicere, Tunbrigios fontes quae Diva tuetur
Potantemque chorum, accipiat, Nonsensia, vatem :
Suppeditetque favens dignam se teque Camoenam :
Usque adeo taedet sapere et lusisse decorum est.
Hei mihi ! dum fausta victus trans aequora prora
Littora tu demum soli propiora revisis,
Ah ! nimium patriae, gelidique oblitus amici ;
Hunc, reditusque tuos poscentem, et mitius aevum,
Hunc morbus gravis—et gravior (proh numina !) morbo
Pharmacopola—eheu ! vicina ex urbe vocatus—
Funesta premit arte, et multo perluit haustu !
Ecce autem aegroto mater carissima nato
Assidet, atque fovens studio solatur anili ;
Tandem ergo auditis mansuescunt Tartara votis,
Foemineaeque lues cedit medicinaque dextrae.
Jam nova cura subit. Plus aequo inamabilis annum
Claudit hiems : mire riguerunt flumina : ningit
Perpetuo : et nivibus facta *alba* Britannia tantis
Vindicat antiquum longo post tempore nomen.
Hoc inter tua charta venit de Gadibus, unde
Discimus Hesperidum quae carpere poma voluptas,
Quaeve sit insectans agilem rubro ungue popellum
Sternere—reliquias Procerum, Hispanique Senatus :
Magne puer, ne parce uni. Sic itur ad astra !

London, 9 Feb.

My dear Faz,—I leave the above prose in verse at the head of my paper, that you may be duly informed how much you were in my thoughts when thoughts were all I had at your disposal. The letter which I indicted to you through the medium of my worthy squire Kitteridge from Tunbridge will enable you to comprehend the meaning of this. But lest so valuable a MS. should have missed you, I may as well repeat here that the greater part of the time which I passed with my mother at Tunbridge Wells was spent in curing the measles and its attendants, cough and inflammation of the eyes.

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The latter mishap prevented me from using pen, ink, and paper even in your service. Yesterday week I returned to town in the capacity of a thriving convalescent; but scarcely had I got over the first twenty-four hours of my new existence when I was attacked by a new enemy, the nettle-rash—a most confounded torment. . . . Am I not the prince of owls? . . .

You are most lucky in having escaped our English winter. It has been unusually severe, and it is only now that we are beginning to revive a little under the milder breath of a south-west wind. The roads have been impassable in many places, and the Thames, to the consternation of the excise and to the delight of gin-sellers, has been frozen over. The state of the streets here is still quite formidable. The motion of a hackney coach is exactly that of a boat at sea. These inconveniences and the late meeting of Parliament prevent the town from filling; and, if they do not diminish, confine the gossip of fashion to smaller circles. The Staël, I am willing to believe, is the most fashionable thing at present on its legs, because it is the only gay place at which I have been since my return to town. The dinner was pretty much like other dinners and the rout that succeeded it was pretty much like other routs. To you who are a philosopher this will not appear strange. Lord Erskine signalized himself by quoting at the Duchess of Devonshire, who sat opposite to him, Milton's description of old age, with a most cruel exactness of memory. Do you remember it?

Par. Lost, xi., 538 ff.

> But then thou must outlive
> Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
> To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then
> Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego, &c. &c.

The poor Duchess looked so exactly the picture of all this that the quotation was quite superfluous. Mr. Rogers the poet decided that lines of ten syllables are harder to compose than lines of eight, and that the former in rhyme ought not to be called exclusively heroic, inasmuch as those out of rhyme of the same length are equally entitled to that epithet. The Duke of Gloucester talked profusely to a Swedish officer upon various matters of military science, such as the age of Count Meerfeldt, the rank of Schwarzenberg in such a year, &c. &c. But all I could distinguish was a rapid and continual repetition of "l'an quatre-vingt quatorze," to which the Swede always returned a "Monseigneur" that, to judge by the tone, must be French in Sweden for "point du tout." The heroine herself was rather *agreeable* than *grand*. Once she soared into eloquence upon the impossibility of admitting blank verse into French poetry—and only once. At times she is equally eloquent upon another impossibility equally im-

portant, that of admitting the Allies into France. The rout was a conversazione *anglaise à la française*, comprising all that is distinguished either *per se*, or *per alios*, in politics, literature, *esprit*, fashion, dress, beauty, rank, &c. &c. It was not a little amusing to observe how proud the noble peers seemed to be of being admitted into the pale of wit and learning, and *en revanche* how proud were the learned and the witty of being admitted into the presence of so much star and garter.—How much entertainment one might find, my dear Faz, in this metropolis of absurdity, by going about with a little common sense, which I believe to be the true invisible ring of fairyland! 1814 ÆT. 27

Apropos of fairyland—Lord Byron has just let out another new tale upon the admiring world. It is called *The Corsair*, and is in many parts eminently beautiful, shewing a great genius for poetry, a strong conception, a rich imagination, and a great deal of dramatic power—with a considerable alloy of slovenliness and a most lordly disdain of what is usually thought requisite for the structure of a story of any sort. In the midst of the finest bursts of poetry, but more especially where he tries to develop the workings of passion or to give particular form to his characters, one occasionally meets with obscure lines, sometimes with one wholly unintelligible. The Corsair is represented as penetrating in disguise into the chamber of a hostile Pasha without any reasonable object, and one of the Pasha's female slaves is represented with still greater improbability as gaining over his guard and with their assistance stabbing Pasha, delivering imprisoned Corsair, and escaping with the whole establishment. To conclude, of the three chief persons, one goes through an oubliette without a word of direction to say what is become of her,—another dies, God knows how—and the third is returned *missing*. He is seen one day, missed the next, and given up for lost ever since. The poem does not sell a bit the less for all this—the rapidity of the sale indeed is only to be equalled, I understand, by that with which the noble bard composes. He says in his preface that he does not mean to publish again for some time to come, so that we may hope that his next work will be *quite worthy* of his really great genius.

As bread to his lordship's butter the female author of prose stories, Miss Edgeworth, has opened the press campaign with a novel in 4 vols. called *Patronage*. It is very clever, and very bitter, full of her characteristic beauties, but not without several faults of lengthiness, improbability, bad taste, &c., which she has hitherto avoided. Her satire is chiefly directed against diplomacy and fashion, —the duplicity of office and the display of London life, as contrasted with the simplicity of country gentlemen and the peaceful virtues of exertion guided by principles and ambition checked by strong sense and a good education. You will easily guess from this that whoever thinks himself connected either with fashion or office thinks himself

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at the same time bound to revenge their cause upon Miss Edgeworth's novel, and therefore none but those who like myself happened to read it in the country would venture to mention its name in *polite* society.

To you who are (are you not?) an admirer of Southey, I say nothing of his *Carmen Triumphale.* I keep a copy of it by me to send to any correspondent who may happen to incur my resentment, and I assure you it would be difficult to find a more complete revenge It is indeed most woeful stuff.

10 Feb. I left off yesterday to dine at Grillion's, where we had a very pleasant dinner. A small party is always the most *conversable.* Legge, Hay, Inglis, the Grants, and your friend Bowdler composed the party. Charles G. was really very *fairly agreeable* for a lord of the Treasury : his brother has a great deal of desirable conversation, but there is a something in his manner between priggishness and sneering that does not always please one . . .

I had a very fresh letter from David Morier[1] the other day, in which he sends his love to you. He talks of being likely to return to England very soon, which means I suppose that Lord Aberdeen is likely to do the same. It is asserted indeed that his lordship is recalled on account of his unfortunate speech to Baron St. Aignan. Recalled or not, public opinion seems determined to pass sentence upon him at once, and I have only to thank my stars that I did not go with him.[2] Morier speaks with great confidence of the ease with which Buonaparte may be disposed of if the Allies push on to Paris. He writes from Basle on the 21st ult. The next day the corps

[1] David Morier was attached to Lord Aberdeen's mission, and sent home to Canning some very interesting accounts of the progress of the Allied armies, which I am sorely tempted to quote ; but it is necessary to draw a line between biography and history, though the boundary is sometimes difficult to define.

MEMOIRS.

[2] "Lord Castlereagh had proposed that I should go out with Lord Aberdeen, who was to be accredited specially to the Austrian Court, and to move in connexion with the armies. It was a tempting occasion : but the offer involved a sacrifice which I naturally hesitated to make. I had attained the rank of minister plenipotentiary by two years' service in that character. If I went with Lord Aberdeen it was to be as secretary to his embassy. This would have been a step backward, and I did not feel myself bound in duty to make it while there was an obvious mode of reconciling my just claim with the object of the proposed appointment. There was nothing to prevent the insertion of my name in the commission. Precedents existed for such an arrangement : the chief commissioner would have been the real negotiator, and I could have performed the functions of secretary without prejudice to my rank in the service. To this suggestion Lord Castlereagh opposed his negative, on the ground of its being unnecessary, and the subject dropped in consequence. My consolation was that Mr. Canning approved the view I had taken." "I do not now regret" he wrote "that you were not with Lord A., who seems to have been entirely unequal to his situation,—probably from thinking himself imó suprà."

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diplomatique was to move forward into France. Lord Castlereagh had arrived, and to all appearance his object seems rather to urge the vigorous continuance of hostilities than to preside at a negotiation. Nothing, I hear, can be more warlike than the exterior of the mission. Planta does nothing but flourish about with a long sword and a military cloak, while the noble Viscount himself presses the war in a pair of red breeches and jockey boots amerced of their tops. Buonaparte certainly accepted the offer made through St. Aignan by the Allies. But the latter thinking that policy is the best honesty very naturally, if not very righteously, wish to get better terms now that they have found out his weakness. It was reported yesterday that the Emperor of Austria had given Monsieur passports to go to headquarters. This looks something like throwing away the scabbard with respect to Buonaparte.

At home, except the state of the roads, nothing is talked of but what the Allies will do next, or what will become of Buonaparte. Even Doctor Drumgoolie is without an audience. The Prince, it is said, is strongly persuaded that he, and he alone, has done everything, whether it be Russian, Prussian, Spanish, or Dutch, and the Princess Charlotte wishes very innocently that her marriage (with the Prince of Orange) were *over*. These are all the home politics I can hear, and these will probably last till the next meeting of Parliament.

And now, worthy sir, I think I have given you letter enough for one dose. Of my own concerns about which you deign to inquire I have nothing to say. I am established, probably for the next five months, at No. 5 Cleveland Row, where I can soothe the sorrows of an ex-official life by gazing at St. James's Palace, and read the victories of the Allies to the tune of "God save the King" twice a day. I saw Lord C[astlereagh] before I left town in December, and made a general offer of service for abroad. His lordship was as gracious and smiling as diplomat could wish. I feel that this was right, but like other right things it will probably leave me just where I am. But what signifies? I am a philosopher, or if not that, an Owl, and care not a *damn* for anything—tol de rol lol. The *other affair* lies dormant until the campaign can open. It is likely to be late, as the Princess Nonparelia has been ill, though now recovered. God bless you, dear Faz, write soon and often, come back to me the moment your health will permit and believe me ever

Your most affectionate friend,

S. C.

Vive, vale, et me ama. Don't send back my dog-Latin marked for false quantities and false concords.

To the same :—

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London,
29 Mar.

Owl! that, housed in San Lucar
(From thy country oh! how far),
Hast to Twaddledom resign'd
Both thy body and thy mind:
I, an Owl of kindred soul,
Greet thee with this simple scroll,
Not to give in language clear
News of what is passing here,
But to learn without a doubt
What the devil you're about,
That you do not write to me
Though I've written twice to thee;
Happy should I chance to shew,
E'er my verses cease to flow,
That on this side of the seas
One can twaddle at one's ease
Just as well as where you are,
Wretched Owl at San Lucar!

Having thus proved my point in metre, I will proceed to prove it in prose: but first tell me whether I am right in suspecting that San Lucar is a convent, and not a monastery. If you do not come home soon I shall endeavour with the assistance of your friends to think of some more libellous reason for your sudden attachment to a romantic solitude. . . . The Club meets and prospers. We drank your health some days ago, and, although you are so near Mr. Gordon's cellars at Xeres, without any interested views.

Parliament is meeting, but it is expected that no subject of importance will be even alluded to before Easter. We are still in the dark about the issue of the negotiation and the period of Lord Castlereagh's return. About ten days ago no one would believe that a preliminary treaty was not on its way from Calais to Dover, and everyone seemed prepared to receive it with indignation. The Methodists and the women are particularly warlike, especially since the Declaration of Bordeaux. People are divided with respect to the propriety of Government's openly supporting the Bourbons. Ministers have hitherto contrived to keep their intention on the subject secret, though they are probably only waiting to ascertain the decisive direction of the public opinion in order to ride upon the current as usual. The Opposition are supposed to be dividing upon the question. Grey *versus* Grenville. Wise folks even talk of a coalition between the latter and Lord Wellesley. They are certainly on good terms again, but whether their reconciliation goes beyond private intercourse I know not, though up to the present moment I should think it did not. . . . But what signify politics? Kean's acting and

Madame d'Arblay's new novel are the only admissible topics in this grave metropolis. The former is really very good and ought to supply you with an additional reason for coming home ; and as for the latter I know nothing about it and care less. The Staël continues her gaieties, and has played her cards, or rather given her dinners, so judiciously that one rarely hears her abused. I dined with her the other day, and nothing certainly since Noah's Ark ever presented a more singular mixture—William Spencer, Baron Jacobi, Gell, Madame Catalani and her spouse, Viotti the fiddler, Count Palmella, M. Dumond, M. Rocas, the Baronne's reputed Cicisbeo, who picks his teeth with a fork and assists mastication with his forefinger and thumb. Mademoiselle hacked fish and roast veal at the bottom of the table. These were the *characteristics* of a dinner, even at Corinna's. *O quantum est in rebus inane!* The Staël herself is abundantly good-natured, and very delightful, when she is not too eloquent to be understood by ordinary persons. Mr. Spencer hazarded a joke in French at dinner ; it met with no better reception from his hostess than "Voilà M. Spencer qui vient de dire une chose qui n'a pas le sens commun,"—and she was perfectly right. The horse-laugh with which she received Sir Jemmy Mackintosh, who arrived in a court dress from the Speaker's, was amongst the most diverting incidents of the evening. 1814 — ÆT. 27

Adieu, dear Faz, and believe me,

Your affec^te^ friend,

Write ! Write ! Write ! S. C.

Canning was in the condition of half-cynical disgust with affairs in general which comes upon a young man given to introspection, who has nothing to do. He and his three or four intimates posed in the character of "owls," living apart from the vulgar strife of party and fashion, and preferring what they regarded as the philosophical occupation of "twaddling." In their present mood, things were going to the bad, nothing was much worth trying for, and to croak nonsense lines seemed to be the dignified occupation for such sages. There was more affectation than reality about their "twaddledom," but in Canning's case a period of depression may be accounted for by the fact that he was crossed in love. The greatest secrecy was observed in the affair ; he treated his advances as though they were secret protocols in the treaty of love ; but some correspondence with Gally Knight, at whose house (Langold near Hinckley in Nottinghamshire) he spent a month in the summer of 1813, where

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he met the lady, serves to shew that she was none other than Miss Milbanke and that Canning was very much in love. His journey to the Lakes was taken with the object of seeing her. How far his future and that of Lady Byron might have been changed had she accepted him must remain an interesting speculation.

MEMOIRS.

"As soon as it was known that the Allies had reduced Napoleon to the necessity of abdicating his crown, I felt a

April

strong inclination to visit Paris. France had been for ten years an interdicted region to Englishmen, and therefore, exclusive of passing events, the mere sight of the country and people was object enough to bring my curiosity into play."

To his Mother

What think you of the declaration of the Parisian Senate against Buonaparte and his family? Are you not very anxious to know what the poor devil will do—now that he is abandoned even by his own creatures? And conceive that arch apostate Talleyrand being at the head of a revolution in favour of justice and peace!

Should you be surprized to hear of my setting off for Paris? In truth, I have a prodigious itch to see with my own eyes some of the wonders that are going on there.

At the end of April he started.

Cleveland Row, 22 April

My dearest Mother,—I fear you will think yourself very ill-used to be fobbed off with half-a-dozen lines, when you have every right to expect a longish letter. But I am so be-bothered with the noise that the King of France and the Prince Regent are making in the neighbourhood that I have scarcely brains (even if I had time) to scribble a second page. I am setting off this very night for Paris—not on any mission—but to employ this period of bustle in what promises most satisfaction. Kitteridge set off for Dover this morning. I follow in the mail. I have a French passport, but it is not unlikely that I may be stopped at Calais by the want of horses. I have been obliged to hurry my departure in order to get before the King, who sets out to-morrow.

MEMOIRS.

"On the road I found amusement in looking out for remnants of that France which had been so much altered by the Revolution, and of which I had formed a grotesque idea, partly from hearsay, partly from books. My principal authority of the latter kind was Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*,

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but I saw few traces of his world beyond the old postilion with powdered club-tail, jack-boots, the professional gaiety, and the ever-cracking whip, which seemed to be the emblem of its owner's character. There was no poor monk with his horn snuff-box, no Maria, no fille de chambre, no dead donkey; but the deep cowled cap was still visible at Calais, pretty faces were to be seen at Montreuil, though the lean hog and wooden shoe were evidently disappearing from the villages."

He sent his mother an interesting picture of France under the Allies :—

To his Mother, Paris, 9 May

Our voyage to Calais was very short, enlivened by sketches of sea-sickness in every possible variety, and terminating in the novel pleasure of a shipwreck without danger. The master of the packet, confused, as well he might be, with the jabbering of a boatful of French pilots, missed the harbour, and stranded us very snugly on the wrong side of the pier-head. The mistake was soon rectified; and the table d'hôte of a spacious hotel at which travellers of all nations, ranks, sexes, and persuasions, were jumbled together, soon repaired the ravages sustained by our entrails at sea. One of Talleyrand's brothers, just returning from a mission to London, was the most conspicuous of the party. After dinner, just as I was preparing my cabriolet, I was offered a seat in a most comfortable carriage which Lord Kinnaird was taking to Paris for Sir Charles Stewart. This was not to be refused, and I soon had the pleasure of finding that in addition to a comfortable seat I had acquired a very pleasant companion. We slept at Boulogne, once so famous for its flotilla, of which not a vestige is now remaining, and hurried off early next morning for fear of being overtaken by the King.

Nothing can be finer than the roads or better cultivated than the country through which you pass, the whole way to Paris. At the same time the population seems scanty and there is a striking want of houses and villages. This defect diminishes and at last ceases entirely as you approach the capital. Hedgerows are very scarce, which gives an air of spaciousness to every landscape that contrasts well with the neatness and snugness so remarkable in England. The same appearance of space is observable in the towns. The market-places, the hotels, the public buildings, all, in short, but the streets, are arranged as if the quantity of ground occupied by them was the last consideration of all. The villages are not only less frequent but not half so clean and flourishing as the greater part of ours. The

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towns are all more or less fortified. Abbeville and Montreuil are the most important, after Boulogne, of those through which we passed. You must particularly recommend the former to all your friends who are going to Paris. At the "Tête de Bœuf" there is the most delicious Burgundy that ever was tasted or seen. "Mais, Monsieur, la couleur ! le bouquet ! Je l'ai trouvé moi-même dans le pays." The country about Beauvais,—which we took, instead of Amiens, for fear of not getting horses,—is very much like the best parts of Kent. I never saw anything richer than the orchards and vineyards, the former in full blossom. The whole road is fringed with one unbroken avenue of trees, in some parts fruit-trees, planted, I believe, by order of Government. The same authority presides over all the post-houses. With us, thank God, the love of improvement and the spirit of competition render such interference unnecessary.

The eye could nowhere perceive any traces of the late destructive war, and except that now and then one met a few foreign troops, or descried a Cossack riding quietly over the corn-fields, or a Russian proclamation stuck up at the post-house, a *deaf* man might have passed with a full conviction of living in the golden age. Ears were better informants. One heard everywhere of the devastations committed in other parts of the country,—houses destroyed, fields left uncultivated, people half-starving,—and those who had anything left them by the Cossacks, pillaged by the French soldiery. The Allies however seem to have done all in their power to keep their troops in good discipline. In one place I was told that a soldier had been whipped round the town for attempting to ill-treat a poor woman.

The conscription was the great object of complaint. An innkeeper's wife told me, with the tears running down her face, that she had been forced to pay 20,000 francs to save her three sons from it. One of our postilions said he had just escaped from the army. Another man told us he had been concealed for several weeks to escape the conscription. Others again had had all their sons torn from them one after the other. The common observation was that the male youth was quite exhausted. Men of sixty were forced into the ranks when younger ones failed. One can scarcely credit the atrocious speeches attributed to Buonaparte as expressive of his determination to turn everything into a soldier. Yet with a keen sense of these sufferings, and indignation against the author of them, no one seems to reflect for an instant upon the sufferings endured by other nations, or to consider the humiliated state of France as a just retribution for the crimes of which she was the instrument. And as for the return of the Bourbons, it is a revolution, and that alone is enough to make it regarded for the most part with more apprehension than joy. This is but natural when one remembers that for the last twenty years every successive change has been attended with more or less misery

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to this unhappy nation. Peace, peace, is the general cry. The Bourbons are the restorers of that blessing, and therefore they are received and therefore their government is likely to last in spite of any discontent (and I believe there is a good deal) still lurking in the army.

Within the last few days a better spirit is visible among the public. The Senate is the most unpopular part of the new constitution; and by the King's last declaration one is led to suppose that he means to take advantage of this in order to bring it more under his authority and to render its composition less objectionable than it is at present. Nothing could be more magnificent than his entrance into Paris. A Parisian mob is certainly a much more orderly and seemly sort of thing than a London one. There was not much acclamation near the spot where I was stationed, but a most loyal display of white drapery, fleurs-de-lys, and fair faces. Happily for the King there was so much dust and heat as to leave little room for sentimental reflection; otherwise what a strange succession of thoughts must have crowded into his mind! And the Duchesse d'Angoulême! What must have been her sensations! I happened to witness a very affecting sight the other day at the Tuileries. The King was giving audience to several deputations. One of the deputies spoke so feelingly in reference to the long exile and late recall of the Emigrants, that the old courtiers about the King, the companions of his misfortunes, burst into tears. *Messieurs les maréchaux de l'empire* looked sternly on. Whole shoals of Englishmen were presented first to the King and then to the Duchess in separate apartments. She was particularly gracious, but she must take some lessons in dignity. Poor old Louis received everyone sitting, his gouty legs well wrapped up in black velvet, and the Order of the Garter to keep all tight. . . .

The great man's reception here has been most gratifying. People of all ranks crowded to see him. His presence seemed for a time to eclipse everything else. The most delightful sight I ever witnessed was his introduction to his fellow-heroes of the Continent, Blücher, and Platov, and Wrede, &c. &c. It took place at a ball given by Sir Charles Stewart, at which the Emperor of Russia was present.

A few days ago I went to Versailles and St. Cloud: the one just as it was left at the Revolution, entirely stripped of its furniture, and scarcely a remnant to be seen but the dozens of looking-glasses still remaining in Marie Antoinette's boudoir;—the other with all the emblems of Buonaparte's presumption as fresh as if he was expected to return the next moment. *There* are materials for moralizing! The pains he took to surround himself with objects that fed his pride and vanity are inconceivable. Not a room but contains some memorial of his victories that seems to say, "Ah! combien Monseigneur

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doit être content de lui-même!" There is no end to his eagles and ciphers. In every corner of the palace, on every article of furniture, in every architectural ornament, one is sure to find a great N, or an eagle, or a figure,—sometimes naked,—of the conqueror himself. A good number of these are already effaced, but it will take a long time to get rid of them all. The person who shewed St. Cloud confirmed the accounts of his outrageous temper. When he was in a passion there was nothing for it but to run away. The storm passed over with the object of it, and, like other violent people, it seems he was not apt to bear malice. The same person told me that he seemed fond of his young wife, and often played with her in the gallery and about the grounds *like a child*. His favourite antic was carrying her either on his shoulders or in his arms, I forget which. They always slept together. An aide-de-camp slept between the double doors of a chamber leading to one side of his bedroom, and Rustem, his Mamluk, did the same on the other. It is striking that both Rustem and his favourite valet refused to go with him to Elba. One still meets with people,—particularly soldiers,—who regret him and take his part. But this is very far from being general. Everyone however says that he did a great deal for the city, and so he did, but at whose expense? His designs, of which many remain to be finished, are very grand and in excellent taste. The historical pillar in the Place Vendôme is a magnificent thing. Still he is a wretch, and the basest of wretches. I believe I told Bessy in my last letter of his having requested an asylum in England, with many compliments to the nation. In passing through Avignon the other day he was pelted, and, to avoid a repetition of the salute, changed coats with Colonel Campbell, and cried *Vive le Roi* most loyally.

MEMOIRS.

"There was at that time in Paris a moving spectacle of far deeper import than colonnades and trophies, than the *Pont de Jena* or the 'storied' column in the *Place Vendôme*. A great nation had sunk beneath the weight of its own glory; its instruments of conquest and oppression were consigned to helpless inactivity, and its victims, crowned in their turn with laurel, held undisputed sway amidst the ruins of triumphant revolution and imperial despotism. The exiled brother of Louis XVI. was hastening to occupy the throne of his ancestors, the battalions of Moscow and Berlin paced with disciplined respect the Quai de Voltaire, and the voices of Metternich and Castlereagh were supreme where Talleyrand and Fouchet had long played jackal to their lion-hearted master. It was a marvellous sight, difficult to realize, impos-

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sible to forget. The Boulevards, moreover, had lost nothing of their habitual gaiety, and no desertion of the theatres betrayed a sense of the general misfortune. I was myself one evening at the *Théâtre Français*, when the elasticity of the French character was singularly displayed. The whole audience was thrown into so evident an agitation that I thought some allusion to the late disasters had struck into the national heart and caused an outbreak of sympathy and rage. In answer to my eager inquiries a gentleman exclaimed, 'Mais n'avez-vous pas entendu, Monsieur? Ça cloche, ça cloche.' It turned out that a false rhyme in the piece then acting was the sole origin of an explosion which would have done honour to Athenian sensibility in the best days of Greece.

"I saw the King make his entry into Paris, seated in an open carriage, and preceded by one of the Talleyrands on horseback. The latter was so deaf as to require an ear trumpet of unusual size, which he carried on a level with his cocked hat and waved at times: in this manner he trotted on before the royal equipage, like a figure of Renown on the old maps of Europe.

"I saw the Allied armies defile through Paris on the day when our own victorious chief arrived to divide with them the attention of the sovereigns and the wonder of bewildered crowds. At my presentation to the King I found him surrounded by Napoleon's marshals, with the Duchesse d'Angoulême at his side, and Monsieur de Blacas close at hand. I was present at a fête given by Prince Schwarzenberg at St. Cloud, and there I saw, and never saw again, the handsome youth, who was destined to hold the reins of empire in Russia, to keep all Europe in alarm for thirty years and to close a proud career under the pressure of a disastrous war.

"His brother, the reigning Emperor,[1] sent for me, and by way of expressing thanks for my exertions in favour of peace at Constantinople, offered me the decoration of one of his orders, which I could not accept, and then a diamond box with his picture, which I was expected not to refuse."

See p. 176.

[1] The Czar Alexander, wrote George Canning in June, "was exceedingly civil, and cordial, and complimentary, &c. He spoke of having seen you at Paris, and spoke of you kindly." This was during the Emperor's visit to England.

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Among the statesmen at Paris assembled was the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Canning had sought an interview with him some months before, as he wrote to his cousin, without any definite result :—

29 Nov. 1813

I saw Lord Castlereagh on Saturday, and offered my services in the way that you recommended. His manner was very kind. He said it would give him pleasure to employ me,—that he had found no reason to change the opinion of me which he expressed last year—that he had perfectly understood and approved my answer about Lord Aberdeen—that he thought me entitled not to serve in a subordinate situation—and when he had anything to offer me he would leave the acceptance to my free choice. Upon my expressing a wish for *active* service, he seemed to foresee some difficulty on that point. Active service, he observed, was confined at present to the principal Courts, and *begging my pardon*, he said, I was unfortunately "both too high and too low." But— and a repetition of compliments and good-natured assurances. I know not how far his lordship is to be relied upon ; but certainly, as Beatrice would say, he is the sweetest-spoken gentleman that ever was seen. At all events I feel that I have done a duty.

In Paris he met Lord Castlereagh again, and this time with an important result. On 27 April he wrote to his sister :—

I am to meet half-a-dozen princes to-day at dinner, and as many more to-morrow. I have seen two or three out of the dozen emperors and kings that are here—the rest will come in due time . . . On calling on Lord Castlereagh, as I was bound to do on my arrival here, I was not a little surprized to hear him say, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Canning, as I have something to say to you about yourself"—in short after a very kind and flattering flourish, he offered me a foreign mission, which I have accepted. It is indeed an unexceptionable one. I cannot say more about it at present, except that I hope and believe I shall be able to return to England before I set out.

The mission was that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland, and Lord Castlereagh's "handsome" manner of conferring it, together with the pleasant impression produced by his two interviews with the Foreign Secretary, considerably modified Canning's opinion of one whom he had hitherto regarded chiefly in the disagreeable character of his cousin's opponent in the duel on Putney Heath. He was surprized to find Lord Castlereagh possessed of so much

good feeling and kindly manner, and was particularly pleased when he told him that he offered him the post because it involved plenty of hard work, which he knew Canning liked. 1814 ÆT. 27

"To say the truth, I had previously contracted but a poor opinion of his politics, and one but little better of his character. If my first interview with him did not entirely remove the prejudice, it satisfied me that his practical abilities were decidedly superior to his education and also to his powers of oratory. A habit of using the first word that came to hand without much regard to its signification, and an involved method of composition when speaking in the House of Commons, had exposed him to criticism and even to ridicule, nor was he in private conversation altogether free from the same defects. But a strong natural capacity and a clear judgment cropped out from under the rubbish, and further intercourse with him served to confirm my new conception of his better qualities. No one who knew him well, could doubt that he was at heart a good-natured, high-minded, generous man. His affections were warm and durable, his courage never faltered. A country school in Ireland, and the atmosphere of the Castle, especially while the Union was in progress at Dublin, had ill prepared him for discharging the functions of a British statesman, but his dealings with men of parliamentary influence, while it lowered his estimate of public virtue, must have placed him high in that commanding science, the knowledge of mankind. MEMOIRS.

"Scarcely was my appointment known out of doors when I received a singular visit. An old gentleman with comely features, white hair, and fiery eyes, appeared suddenly in my room, and taking a position full in front of me exclaimed in strong Swiss French: 'Monsieur le Ministre! Je suis un de ceux que l'on appelle Jacobins, et je viens vous offrir mes complimens et mes services. Il se peut que vous ayez entendu parler du Général Frédéric César La Harpe.' I begged the General to take a chair, and although I had no particular affection for the Jacobins, their principles, or their leaders, I listened with attention to his discourse. The education of the Czarevich Alexander and his Imperial brothers had been entrusted to him by the Empress Catherine, and he had also

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played the part of President, when his revolutionary friends in Switzerland succeeded in obtaining supreme power. He naturally sought to place the cause to which he was passionately attached in the most advantageous light, and it was my business to receive information from every available source."

After a very brief stay in England Canning set off for Switzerland.

Passing through Paris on his way he wrote to his sister :—

26 June

Do not forget to pray that I may have a fine day for entering upon my Swiss estate. The first impression very often gives a colour to all that is to follow, and I should be sorry to lose the least particle of that which I have already prepared in fancy for my future connexion with the land of Alps and Landammanns. To-morrow, or next day at furthest, I propose to pursue my journey to that celebrated country ; and my next letter will probably be directed dated from the banks of the Lake of Zürich.

I will not trouble you with a large dose of French politics. In general the people seem to have risen in impertinence since the departure of their uninvited guests ; and I am told that loyalty and church-going are coming fast into fashion. A few days ago the King was rather disagreeably saluted while reviewing some troops of the line with the unpolite if not treasonable cry of "Vive l'Empereur"; but to-day at a second review all was cheerfulness and loyalty,— "Vive le Roi, vivent les Bourbons." Society is not yet set on its legs. The old nobility are too poor, and the new too new, to take the lead. Madame de Staël is one of the few who give parties ; and she is to set off it seems very soon for her castle in Switzerland.

Before he left England he had published anonymously a poem called *Buonaparte*, which though it achieved no great success with the public, attracted the admiration of no less a critic than Byron, who wrote two letters on the subject to the

26 April

publisher Murray. In the first he said "I have no guess at your author, but it is a noble poem, and worth a thousand odes of anybody's. . . . After reading it I really regret having written my own. I say this very sincerely, albeit unused to think humbly of myself." The second letter was written after Byron had learnt the author's name. "I do not think less of *Buonaparte* for knowing the author. I was aware that he was a man of talent, but did not suspect him of possessing *all*

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the family talents in such perfection." George Canning also admired the piece, though he did not like its triumphant tone. "Your poem," he wrote, "has beautiful, very beautiful, lines in it; but my objection to the triumph over the fallen is insuperable." Lord Stratford himself, in writing on the subject sixty years later, confessed that "there was more of patriotic than of liberal sentiment in its composition. Part of it was written before the Emperor's collapse and when to all appearance his main objects still were to extinguish liberty and to crush the power of England. Notwithstanding his preëminent qualities and wonderful achievements, I could then only view him as the belligerent enemy of both." The poem is nevertheless, as Byron said, a noble one, and is infinitely the best that Canning ever wrote. As his poetry was a very real part of his nature, and as *Buonaparte* has never been reprinted, it is here given *in extenso*, with such slight emendations as the author had made in his copy.

BUONAPARTE.

CHIEFTAINS! to whom—nor distant is the day
Aright if Fancy dream, nor Hope betray,—
Attendant still on Conquest's gory path,
Just Heaven shall delegate the sword of wrath!
When stung with shame of ills too long endur'd
From war's worst chance by present woes secur'd
The gathering nations, rous'd to tenfold hate,
Shall grasp—indignant grasp—the bolts of Fate,
And steel'd by vows that make it base to spare,
Hunt the relentless Savage to his lair—
In that rude hour, if chance his tortur'd soul,
Lash'd by Despair, and madden'd by Controul
Fling, for a space, each meaner care behind,
And shew some dawnings of a nobler mind,
Oh! heed them not—nor let the Spoiler claim
A soldier's reverence, or a hero's fame.
'Tis but the fierceness of the desert blast;
The tyger's fury when he springs his last;
Pride, that forbids, in fear's despight, to yield;
Infuriate Rage, that blindly drops the shield;
Conscience, that paints, in terrors all its own,
No doom so fearful as an humbled throne.

Such was the strain, that late, ere Fortune smil'd
On Europe's woes, th' unjoyous hours beguil'd ;
Such the fond scene by Fancy's touch pourtray'd,
Ere yet one gleam had pierc'd the midnight shade.
Sweet dreams of hope ! that calm'd our impious fears,
And cheer'd the passage thro' a vale of tears ;
Bright though ye were, by Heav'n in mercy lent,
How fade your tints before the vast event !

Yes ! yes ! 'tis come—the great, the wond'rous day !
The gloom of years at once hath pass'd away !
No gradual dawn unveils th' auspicious light ;
But noontide splendours burst upon the sight :
The shock so instant, and so full the blaze,
Joy wakes not yet, and we can scarcely gaze.—
But, lo ! beneath that blaze what glories rise !
What gorgeous fabrics climb the glowing skies !
See, Empires, late in smoking ruin spread,
Start from the dust, and lift the towery head !
See, Thrones, no more with blood of king's besmear'd,
Shine in new pomp, triumphant and rever'd !
Around, in crowding ranks, the nations kneel :
Victors and vanquish'd burn with kindred zeal :
There, as in grateful praise they, reverent, bend,
See, from mid heav'n the Dove of peace descend !
Soft from whose hovering wings, and olive-wreath,
Fall drops of healing on the hosts beneath.
And, hark ! a voice, of more than mortal sound,
Wafts the glad tidings of deliverance round !
Oppression wide unfolds each ponderous gate ;
In dubious joy th' unfetter'd victims wait :
Justice aloft extends the golden scale ;
Exulting Commerce spreads her every sail ;
The peaceful Arts their ancient cares resume,
And wasted realms with fresh luxuriance bloom.
But He—so late the world's unconquer'd lord,
By monarchs dreaded, and by crowds ador'd,
Where, where is he—the Marvel of his age ?
The Brave ! the Great ! the Hero ! and the Sage !
What proud achievement grac'd his closing doom ?
What heaps of slain attest the warrior's tomb ?

Heroes of other days ! ye mighty dead !
Who toil'd to glory, and exulting bled ;

Your gallant hearts no selfish thought could shake ;
Danger ye brav'd, and brav'd for danger's sake !
Princes ! who, born to empire, deem'd renown
Most cheaply won, at risk of life and crown ;
Your's was a glorious flame ! ye greatly dar'd !
And all your people's perils more than shar'd !
What tho' your falchions swell'd the crimson flood,—
Each field of victory, a field of blood,—
Tho' every laurel ye in triumph wore,
Was wet with recent tears, and steep'd in gore ;
Yet was the passion, whose aspiring beam,
Fair as the meteor's desultory gleam,
Caught your young hopes, and lur'd from height to height,
So pure, so void of self, so nobly bright,
That suff'ring Realms their vows of hate revoke,
And kiss the hand that binds them to the yoke.
E'en She, ordain'd to bear to after times
The sad, th' instructive record of your crimes,
E'en she, the heav'n-born Muse, forsakes her trust ;
To deeds of blood awards the trophied bust ;
And, haply conscious of a kindred glow,
Draws o'er each scarlet page a veil of snow.

But thee, base man, no generous warmth inspires !
No virtue mingles with thy raging fires !
In thee Ambition is a fiend-like vice :—
The brain of phrenzy, and the heart of ice.
Oh! bold in guilt! in havock undismay'd !
While circling hosts extend their guardian shade,
Tyrant ! 'tis thine, with cool indifferent eye,
To range the field where mangled thousands lie,
And there, untouch'd by Pity's softening ray,
To scheme the carnage of a future day :
But once if Danger pass th' allotted bound,
Bursting the living rampart stretch'd around,
Then sinks thy soul ! and as the storm rolls near,
Thy demons, Pride and Vengeance, quail to Fear :—
Sure, Heav'n in kindness arm'd thy rage with pow'r
And turn'd thee loose to ravage and devour,
That slaves, who trembled at a Tyrant's nod,
Might learn how vile their worship and their god.

Well has thy course the high intent fulfill'd !
E'en atheists own 'twas more than man that will'd.

Blood has not stream'd, nor nations wept, in vain :
The great example pays an age of pain !
Mean as thou wert on Egypt's burning strand,
The false deserter of thy helpless band ;
And meaner still, when Russia saw thee fly,
With quivering lip, and fear-dejected eye,
Glad to betray, at Fortune's earliest frown,
The lives of myriads to redeem thine own ;
Yet could not hate itself conceive a close,
So lost, so abject as thy baseness chose.

Oh ! foul reproach !—The chief inur'd to arms,
Who knew no pleasure but in war's alarms,
Who oft, when Conquest smil'd not on the strife,
Cancell'd with taunts the service of a life,
At death grows pale :—The man, whose lust of sway
Not two, the fairest, kingdoms could allay ;
Who, brooking not a tarnish'd diadem,
Whole hosts devoted for the stolen gem,
See him all trembling own no foe but Death,
And truck his empire and his fame for breath ;
Content—from those his pride so lately spurn'd,
To beg the sordid bread submission earn'd.

Go then ! poor breathing monument of shame !—
Immortal infamy shall be thy fame !
Live—while thou canst ; the Muse recalls her pray'r :
Thy fate she recks not ; 'tis beneath her care.
Too mean for vengeance, and for fear too low,
To thy lone isle, and cheerless mansion, go !
Yet think what dire attendants wait thee there :
Terror, Remorse, Derision, and Despair.
The veriest wretch, by chance compassion fed,—
No mud-built roof to shade his weary head,—
Shall pass thee by with look of conscious pride,
And laugh to scorn th' unsceptred Homicide.
Another race, ere long, shall vainly seek
In thy wan beamless eye, and faded cheek,
One trace of him, whose fiery spirit pour'd
From realm to realm the deluge of the sword.

Or should thy misery find some secret cave,
Shrouded in rocks, and circled by the wave,
Where never footstep mark'd the savage shore,
Hush'd as the grave—when tempests cease to roar ;

The curse of Cain shall haunt that gloomy cell,
And wrack thy heart with pangs unknown to Hell.
Oft, to thy shudd'ring sight shall Memory rear
The blood-stain'd vision of thy dread career ;
And as the years in mock procession pass,
A dismal pageant ! o'er the crowded glass,
Point to that hour, when yet in youth's fair morn,
Ere man and thou to quenchless hate were sworn,
The thrones of Europe bow'd before thy fame,
And Gallia hail'd thee with a saviour's name.

Oh ! then had wisdom's better voice prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the triumph hail'd !
A world's applause had cheer'd the Warrior's way ;
And Virtue's self approv'd his healing sway.
But no !—To soothe the sorrows of an age,
The pangs of bleeding empires to assuage,
To share with Heav'n the blessings of mankind,
He deem'd a task to feebler souls assign'd ;
Enough for Him, that strength was in his hand,
And Fortune sanction'd what Ambition plann'd.

For happier brows the laurel-wreath prepare !
Bring every sweetest flow'r that scents the air !
To worthier names the meed of praise belongs ;
Unfading garlands, and triumphal songs.
Yes ! god-like Chiefs ! If perils wisely brav'd,
If rights redeem'd, and realms by valour sav'd,
Justice appeas'd—nor mercy claim'd in vain—
Firmness to win—and greatness to abstain—
If these to fame a lasting date can give,
Your spotless triumphs shall for ever live.

Ye too, much-injur'd band ! whose duteous love
Not death could daunt, nor years of exile move :
Illustrious remnant of the faithful few !
Take the high meed to suff'ring patience due.
Let Glory's trump with loudest note proclaim
Each secret act, and long-neglected name ;
O'er Earth's wide bounds the welcome blast shall roll,
And Time record it in his deathless scroll.

But thou, blest Land ! whom grateful foes revere :
First in the sacred cause, to virtue dear !

Thou Ark of Safety in the shoreless sea !
With what fond rapture turns my soul to thee !
Friend of th' oppress'd ! thou world's Palladium ! say,
What peerless guerdon shall thy toils repay ?
Not Fame—for bankrupt Fame can yield no more ;
And wealth, and liberty were thine before.
But love unstrain'd, and many a cheek bedew'd
With the pure tear of speechless gratitude ;
The proud remembrance of surmounted ills ;
The heart at others' bliss that nobly thrills ;
The sense of pow'r well-us'd, and conscious worth,—
These are thy joys, and of celestial birth !

Come then ! again your laurel-wreaths prepare !
Bring every sweetest flow'r that scents the air !
In festive troops around the victors throng ;
And greet the triumph as it sweeps along !

Yet 'midst the pomp—alas ! what earthly joy,
The best, the purest, is without alloy ?—
A sigh must rise, and the full heart o'erflow
In vain regret for those who sleep below—
Those, e'en in death, who stemm'd the whelming tide,
Like Champions conquer'd, and like Martyrs died.
Oh ! still while Vict'ry weaves the patriot's meed,
And echoing shouts declare the nations freed ;
Some treasure miss'd—a friend—a rifled home—
In busy thought across the brain will come ;
E'en dangers foil'd—the woes that might have been,
Awhile to memory wake, and cloud the scene.

And thou, lost great one ! spite of all thy guilt—
A world defac'd—and blood in torrents spilt—
Fain would the Muse one generous drop bestow,
One tear of pity on a prostrate foe :
But Truth, stern guide ! reproves the weak desire,
And gives to loftier aims th' impartial lyre.
Vainly she strives, with curious search, to find
One spot less curst, less hateful, in thy mind ;
There *all* is evil—an unlovely waste—
By nature branded, and by pow'r debas'd,
Fruitful of wrong, and mischievously wise,
Grov'ling in dust, yet grasping at the skies.
Fool ! had thy end been equal to thy boast,
The soldier's death of fame at danger's post ;

Hadst thou but play'd as freely at the last
When thy own fate hung single on the cast,
As erst when countless legions, at thy word,
Impetuous rush'd upon the hostile sword ;
Thy life had been the less pernicious bane ;
And from thy tomb, preserv'd by hands profane,
To vex, in later times, a wayward race,
The proud to humble, and to scourge the base,
Haply some chief of kindred mould had sprung,
And fix'd the pow'r, that from thy grasp is wrung.
But as thou art !—a disregarded thing,
A swordless warrior, and a crownless king ;
Thy name derided, as thy deeds are curs'd,
And all the magick of renown dispers'd ;
No balm remains to lull the pangs of shame ;
Pride and Revenge alike thy cause disclaim :
By the lorn wreck in wild disorder spread,
Like some pale mourner bending o'er the dead,
Alone Ambition weeps thy ruin'd throne,
And from her fav'rite's fall forebodes her own.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

1814–15.

To J. N. Fazakerley.

Zürich, 5 July.

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Put on your spurs, mount your yacht, and come the shortest possible way to this delicious country. When once here, you will acknowledge that you have spent twenty years of your life most unprofitably. In short you are, and must be, an owl till you set foot in this land of liberty and cocked hats. The finest mountains—the greenest hills—the richest plains—the neatest houses—the best inns—the most limpid streams, and for aught I know the most delightful fair ones, ever yet beheld in this transitory sphere! Elysium and Mahomet's seventh heaven are mere jokes to this earthly anticipation of Paradise!! You will be particularly happy too to know, *for my sake*, that ceremony is a plant unknown to these simple regions. I am established at the Hôtel de l'Épée—in a single room, which serves me "for parlour and kitchen and all," surrounded by Deputies and illustrious travellers, who turn out of the neighbouring rooms, in swords and cocked hats, to pay me *leurs devoirs*. About five minutes afterwards I go out of my room, take a turn in the passage hat in hand, and return the visit as if I had just arrived from the other side of the mountains.

The grand event of to-day is my visit to his Excellency the President of the Extraordinary Diet, a very respectable gentleman, verging upon fifty, reading English, and wearing a black coat and a pigtail. We exchanged speeches, in presence of sundry Deputies and a General. Guards presented arms, and my procession, consisting of a coach and pair, seemed to produce no small sensation. You must prepare your stomach for dining at twelve, which is the usual hour. I have not yet seen any visible marks of society here; but I am told that at Bern the people are more sociable. As far as I can learn we are not likely to be kept in this town more than three weeks or a month; and I already anticipate the horror of being torn away from one of the most beautiful scenes in the world—which at this very instant of

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time I am enjoying from a window that looks out upon the lake and across it to the Lagerberg, the Albis, the crags of Schwytz, the snowy ridges of Glarus, and the glaciers of the Alps beyond! Ye gods! am I not to be envied?—Come, come with speed! Per amicitiam nostram, per communem nostram twadlationem, I entreat and implore! Come and soften that dreadfully aristocratic and artificial digestion of yours among the children of freedom and simplicity! Seriously, old owl, do write to me forthwith and fix the time of your arrival either here or at Bern—and I will engage to scramble upon any rocks you please with you. I am sure you will be delighted with the country. I greet the Club. Remember me to old friends.

Ever affectionately yours,

I got here on the 3rd. S. C.

In this enthusiastic spirit he entered upon "his Swiss estate."[1] The first impression had certainly not disappointed him, as he had feared it might. His first impressions were generally *en couleur de rose*, however; it was the monotony of long and near acquaintance with a place that his restless nature could not endure. At first Zürich and everything Swiss had the odour and taste of ambrosia. Here at last was a spot to live and die in. "Good-bye" he wrote to his sister:

Zürich, 6 July.

Good-bye, my dear Bess. Unless you bring your spouse and children here, I much doubt whether you will ever see me again. How the deuce will it be possible to tear oneself away from this delicious country—this land of mountains crowned with eternal snow, and of patriots covered with cocked hats to all appearance as everlasting? Picture to yourself a lake of the clearest waters, unruffled by a breeze, dotted with sails glittering in the morning sun, and reflecting in its bosom one of the richest, most verdant, most animated landscapes ever beheld. First a gentle acclivity, of gardens and vineyards and groves, intermixed with a due proportion of houses and villages and churches, swelling upwards to the foot of a dark ridge of what would be gigantic mountains anywhere else—here only hills—and those hills in their turn backed by other heights more gloomy and rugged, and these again by never-ending Alps that seem to assail Heaven itself. All this, and a great deal more, I can see as often as I choose to lift my eyes from the paper, and with the additional rapture of thinking there are still loftier mountains and still lovelier scenes in reserve for me.

Come—now for an honest confession: Do you not fairly wish

[1] His letters of credence were dated 28 June, 1814.

1814 husband, and children, and housemaids and nurses, all in the fire, and yourself in neat post-chaise on the way to the Lake of Zürich? If you do not, I renounce you as a sister for ever. Seriously, the country both in point of cultivation and natural beauty has more than realized my expectations. On every side there is an air of comfort and cleanliness, that would do honour to England; and the manners of the people, though altered, it is said, since the Revolution, are still most delightfully simple and open.

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I arrived here on Sunday, having been just five days on the road from Paris. For the present I am established at an inn, which is surprizingly good. In short you would be quite astonished to see how very far superior in all points this country is to France—at least to those parts through which I passed on the way hither. It is true that I followed the very track of the armies which have left no doubtful marks of their prowess—such as villages burnt to the ground, towns half battered down, bridges blown up, &c. &c.; but still there was enough left untouched to afford a fair comparison between the effects of a despotic and of a free government.

The most beautiful scenery in the world, however, and a people simple and idyllic enough to inspire a Theocritus, would not have satisfied Canning, unless accompanied by real and responsible work. Fortunately at the time when he entered upon his duties at Zürich, the affairs of the Swiss Cantons were in a complicated state which called forth his best energies to disentangle. He had been chosen for the mission because he was known to like work, and he soon found that there was plenty to be done before the tranquillity of Switzerland could be even temporarily secured.

MEMOIRS. "The Helvetic Confederacy was at that time in a very disjointed condition. So long as Buonaparte's Act of Mediation was in force, the old and the new cantons were sensible of a compression which more or less effectively held them together in spite of themselves. It is but justice to say that the act in question derived strength not only from the power of its author, but in some measure from its intrinsic merit. The Allies deemed it a part of sound policy in the change of circumstances to untie a cord which attached the Alpine Republics to France. By giving the Swiss a new political existence dating from their triumph in the cause of national independence they hoped to establish a barrier favourable to

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their views in the centre of Europe. They imagined that the neutrality of a newly constituted Switzerland might be brought to operate as a check upon the normal tendency of France to extend its power beyond the Alps and to create aggressive dependencies in Italy and Germany, on the Po or on the Danube. The Emperor of Russia in particular, aimed at succeeding to that influence which Napoleon's abdication had left open to the most persuasive or the most commanding suitor. For this purpose he had found an able and zealous agent in Count Capodistrias, who in concert with Lebzeltern, an Austrian diplomatist, had already sounded the respective cantons and prepared them for a reconstruction of the federal act intended to be the result of their free consent, though fashioned under the impress of foreign influence. The two leading parties, whose interests and differences were to be reconciled in this manner, had for the most part in earlier times stood in the relation of governors and dependents towards each other. They had been constrained to exchange this state of ill-paired fellowship for one of conventional equality, and now that the bands of union were loosened, the hope of recovering a lost ascendancy, and the fear of losing an acquired independence, held both parties respectively in mutual distrust of each other, and in a common apprehension of ultimate hostilities. My colleagues in addition to Capodistrias were Baron Schraut the Austrian, and Count Chambrier the Prussian, representative of Neuchâtel, both very respectable members of the old school."[1]

It was a curious coincidence that Capodistrias happened to be with the Russian army on the Danube at the very time that Canning was bringing about the Treaty of Bucharest which (as Capefigue said) "broke the luck of Napoleon." The association was renewed not only in Switzerland and at the Congress of Vienna, but in Greece. In 1828 Canning had to negotiate the terms of the liberation of Greece with Capodistrias, then her President; and in 1831 the English ambassador was preparing for the mission to the Porte which terminated

[1] France, not being, of course, one of the Allied Powers, had no plenipotentiary; but Count Auguste de Talleyrand was French Minister in Switzerland in 1814 and 1815.

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those long discussions, when Capodistrias met his death at the church of St. Spiridion at Nauplia.

MEMOIRS.

"Capodistrias took the lead of them in our debates. He was superior in talent and knowledge, with the additional advantages of natural elocution, Greek dexterity, and a fixed object commended to him alike by his instructions and by his personal opinions. He sided generally with the new cantons, whereas the old ones expected sympathy and countenance from me. He hated Metternich, and entertained a strong prejudice against the English and their national policy. His manner and conversation in private were very attractive. I could not, however, consent to follow invariably in his wake, and it was difficult for me, when we were in conference, to oppose him successfully without a struggle.

"Our duties in common were of two kinds. We had to bring the component parts of the Helvetic Diet into unison on the subject of their Federal Compact, and we had also to assist the cantonal authorities in framing their separate conditions in such manner as to make them harmonize with that instrument, and give satisfaction to the contending parties in each independent legislature. These purposes were not to be effected exclusively by joint diplomatic action. A wide field lay open to separate influences, and to the secret manipulation of party or personal interests. There were, moreover, long standing claims between adverse parties to be settled, and here and there a new territorial arrangement to be made

Sept.

The Federal compact after being voted by the Diet could not become law till ratified by the legislative bodies in each canton, and amongst the cantons were those composed severally of two sovereign authorities.

"It must be confessed that there was plenty to do: much to adjust, much to amend, and, for us foreigners, much to learn. [There was also much to leave alone. Lord Castlereagh's despatches form one long panegyric of non-intervention.] Every form of republican constitution from the purest democracy to the highest aristocratic rule came under our inspection. At Neuchâtel there was even an infusion of royalty.

"If the forms of constitution were various, quite as various

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were the human characters with whom we were brought into close and frequent intercourse. French, German and Italian, with their respective languages and creeds, were mingled in the Federal Diet. In a country broken by rivers, mountains and lakes into regions strongly contrasted with each other, the elements of difference, of prejudice, and of jealousy were sure to abound. In the central part of Switzerland the name of stranger, *Fremde*, was given by the native of one canton to any Swiss who came from another, even when that other bordered on its frontier.

"Notwithstanding these many difficulties the common sense of the nation and a just perception of its essential interests, to say nothing of a steady moral pressure, benevolent on the whole, from without, prevailed sooner than we had dared to expect. Before the plenipotentiaries of the Allied Powers could assemble at Vienna, the great majority of cantons agreed to an act of federation capable of being presented to the Congress whenever it should open its negotiations. Some liberal parties, as we should call them now, had, however, given their assent to the act with the mental reservation of obtaining a revision at Vienna, and they reckoned, not without reason, on being supported in the attainment of their purpose by Capodistrias and his government. The State of Bern, though greatly curtailed of its ancient dimensions, was still the foremost in population and territorial extent, nor was it easy for its magistrates and leading families to forget the supremacy which they had once virtually exercised. The cantons of Vaud and Argovy, over which the Bernese dominion had formerly extended, were, on the contrary, anxious to obtain securities against a revival of the dropt pretensions. My own conviction was that neither party had anything serious to apprehend on the score of independence.

"While the sittings of the Diet were suspended, by the obligation of referring to the cantons, I found abundance of leisure for lighter, and perhaps more agreeable, though not more interesting, pursuits. The social resources of Zürich were limited. Men of talent and information belonging to the place were not entirely wanting, but the state of the country gave a local and serious colouring to their conversation,

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and wives and daughters were more remarkable for their domestic virtues than for the claims and accomplishments of polished society. The hours were primitive, "early to bed, and early to rise," family dinners at twelve or soon after, diplomatic banquets by favour at two. A walk, a drive, or a visit filled up the afternoon, and when the sun had gone down, a book or a newspaper was the best prelude to sleep. I thought it a good time for making myself acquainted with the country at large."

28 Sept.

About five weeks ago [he wrote to his mother] I took advantage of a temporary adjournment of the Diet to set out on a tour through several of the cantons with my friend Mr. Douglas. We passed through Bern and sundry other of the principal towns,—received at Geneva the incense of gratitude and admiration offered to old England by a little people who think themselves not only the greatest but the happiest nation in the world—visited the famous valley of Chamouni in Savoy, with all its glaciers and precipices and wonders of every sort,—crossed over, with no small degree of awe and perspiration, into the Valais, famous for its idiots and its goîtres, as well as for the residence (or nearly so) of St. Preux and Héloïse,—recrossed by a most tremendous passage of rocks into the canton of Bern,—and so back again towards this place just in time to nick Lord Castlereagh on his passage, and to shake hands with Planta.

Canning's poetic disposition was strongly moved by the associations awakened by the famous scenes of Swiss history. His own intense patriotism found a sympathetic delight in retracing the course of the heroic struggle for liberty which is mapped out by such names as Sempach, Morgarten, Morat, and Granson. His Austrian colleague Baron Schraut, in a fit of asthma and choler, told the deputies that their favourite Tell was an assassin. Canning, troubled by no historical doubts, held him to be a hero, and every step in the fight against tyranny won his unbounded admiration. The spirit moved him to pour out such feelings in verse, and half-a-dozen stanzas dedicated "to the Swiss, 1814," testify to the enthusiasm with which he revered the heroic traditions of their past.

Shadows of the Past, 4.

What country can boast of having a purer and more heroic origin? [he wrote]: what unrivalled images, what imperishable examples are not suggested by the simple half-awed peasant opposed to the feudal

horseman in his glittering panoply—the banished minority forgetting their wrongs in the hour of their country's peril—the peaceful magistrate devoting life and kindred to the safety of his fellow-citizens—and the contempt of numbers when freedom was at stake? 1814 ÆT. 27

It was on thoughts such as these that Canning loved to dwell. His poems, whatever may be said of their absolute merits, possess a relative value which cannot be neglected in estimating his character. They are throughout inspired by a romantic spirit which never deserted him. No touch of cynicism can be traced in a single line. Sadness, regret that so many dear and lovely things must change and pass away, sorrow for human sufferings and brief life's uncertainty,—all these are there: but with them we find everywhere, even in poems written after the age of ninety, a young fresh spirit of belief in all that is true and beautiful,—of faith in those "unrivalled images, those imperishable examples," which change and death cannot efface from the world's history. He was a great dreamer and passed much of his life in an ideal universe of golden deeds; and to this he owed the marvellous elasticity and spiritual elevation which marked even the latest year of his long life. Even then the recollection of heroic deeds and devotion to country or friends would bring the flush of enthusiasm to his cheek and the moisture to his eye; and how much more powerful must have been this spirit of romance when he stood in the glow of youth on the very spots which had moved it, surrounded by the grandeur of Alpine scenery, and in that pure air which seems perforce to raise the thoughts to the point of inspiration.

He wisely abstained, however, from expatiating in his reminiscences on the oft-recounted wonders of a Swiss tour, and contented himself with noticing a few of the scenes and places which struck him most forcibly, such as the sources of the Rhone and Rhine, the lakes of Thun, Lucerne, the Schreckhorn, Einsiedeln, the Mala Via, and the pass of the Gemmi.

"The passage of the Gemmi is not so much frequented now as to be known to the mass of travellers in Switzerland. The lover of sensations would do well to pay it a visit. Imagine a horse-path climbing in zigzag up the face of a sheer MEMOIRS.

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precipice two thousand feet high, in many parts without a parapet and sloping towards the edge with just enough width for a loaded mule. Going over it on horseback, I had not scaled many of the turns when I heard at some distance above me a loud and rather alarming noise. On turning my head in such a way that I could with some difficulty look upward, I saw the Swiss officer, who had kindly undertaken to conduct me, in high controversy with his horse, whipping and spurring as hard as he could, but to very little purpose. I called out to remind him of what would infallibly ensue to his friends beneath if he or his beast should happen to roll over, and he was considerate enough to moderate his wrath and to reserve the intended chastisement until we had reached a safer position, and no longer stood in a vertical relation to each other. One of our professional guides pointed to a spot on the road, where he had seen more than one traveller so completely overcome as to stand with his back to the rock, unable for some time to take another step either up or down. This pleasant bridle road formed a direct highway between the Bernese highlands and the Valais, so famous for its *cretins* and the rivage of the Rhone.

"To those who wish to learn something more of Helvetian manners than a summer tour can furnish, I would recommend that portion of Goldsmith's *Traveller* which gives an account of them in a few lines remarkable for their picturesque truth and poetical beauty. What they appear to have been in his time I found them in mine. His notions on the subject were taken I presume from the smaller cantons surrounding the Lake of Lucerne, which in truth forms the cradle of those high qualities that lie, not always awake, at the roots of the Swiss character. The other States of the Confederacy differ from the central ones rather in shade and degree than in principle, the German less than the others.

> Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
> May sit, like falcons cow'ring on the nest;
> But all the gentler morals, such as play
> Thro' life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
> These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
> To sport and flutter in a kinder sky."

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The simple goodness of the Swiss moved him to admiration. During his tour he wrote of them thus to Richard Wellesley:

To R. Wellesley, Aarau, 18 Aug.

The people are exceedingly good. Not the more poetical for being in the midst of rocks and waterfalls, and rather given to matter of fact and prosing—but with a goodness of heart and in general a straightforwardness which would reconcile one to more determined faults than those. What you have heard of their simplicity is true. Luxury is almost unknown. People who rise and sleep with the sun, and dine soon after midday, cannot be very dissipated. I leave Douglas to describe to you the humours of a Zürich rout, and the easy manners of a Landammanness.—I wish I could say as much as this in favour of their politics. But ah me! this is not the bright side of the question; though after all one should not perhaps be too severe upon them. Without any violent absurdity or wickedness on their part, one may readily conceive it to be no easy matter for nineteen independent States to hit upon a joint constitution unobjectionable to each. When one considers the materials of which the Confederacy has been gradually formed, as well as the circumstances under which confederation was made, one may rather wonder that it should have found a principle of coherence, than that its re-establishment, after the late changes, should occasion any difficulty. Every possible cause of dissension exists in some part or other of the fabric, and nothing but the pressure from without would bring it together for a moment;—but once arranged and squeezed and glued into shape, there is reason to hope that it may still resist the storms of Europe, and be mainly conducive to the general repose.

After all this I need not tell you that I am perfectly contented with my republican situation, and *that*, although some feelings of regret may have been excited by the not having had a single opportunity of wearing my Windsor uniform. The Sovereign of the Confederacy returned my first visit on foot, with a cocked-hat and sword for his only regalia—and the Deputies have such an aversion to finery that they make their servants wear their distinctive robe of ceremony, while they themselves proceed to the Diet in suits of indiscriminate black.

While the Federal Constitution was under consideration at the several cantons, the plenipotentiaries had next to nothing of importance to do, and on his return to Zürich Canning found his chief distraction (in two senses) in receiving countless deputations.

Though there is no fashionable world here to keep one in hot-

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To his Mother, Zürich, 28 Sept.

water, yet several circumstances combine to afford me as little room for letter-writing as I had at Constantinople. Having no private secretary, I am obliged not only to compose, but sometimes to copy, my own despatches. The people in this country are prodigious prosers, and there are something between twenty and thirty deputations from different parts of Switzerland successively coming to me with long stories about justice, rights, expediency, and necessity. The next drain upon time is the unconscionable hour of dinner. If I am not to dine at two, (not two in the morning but two after noon,) not a soul would come near me ; and it is necessary for the progress of business that the Deputies should be duly fed. The third article is travellers. Think of eleven itinerant friends of my own—male and female—having arrived here within the last four or five days ; and judge from this of the shoals, unknown as well as known, that pass within the range of my polite attentions.

To his Sister, 3 Oct.

I am still living in my bit of a country house near Zürich. The weather is extremely fine, but coldish, and I foresee that another fortnight or three weeks will go far towards driving me into some snugger corner. If business will allow, I mean to pass the winter at Bern, where the society is much better than here, and the houses more calculated for keeping out the cold winds. In short, my mother may depend upon my making myself as comfortable as may be ; for after all, in spite of waterfalls, and precipices, deputations and speeches, one does require all the comfort in the world to atone for the absence of family and country. Every now and then one feels a something wanting—business cannot always occupy, variety cannot always amuse, compliments and civilities cannot always satisfy. The heart will sometimes look about for something that has precisely the same interests, feelings, and notions as itself, and will feel disappointed if it does not find that something.

This is a confession that I know you will hail with satisfaction. At the same time it must be allowed that there never was a time when the sacrifice of living abroad was more palatable than at present. With the exception of such insignificant persons as you and my mother, &c., I really believe I have more chance of seeing my friends here than in England ; and as a matter of comparison with other diplomatic places I had rather be here, among mountains and liberty, ten times over than at any secondary court, where you have all the tediousness of etiquette without the advantage of important business.

At that time Switzerland was the vestibule of Europe. People were crowding to the scenes of the recent war, to Paris, to Vienna, and to Italy, and Switzerland generally formed part of the route. "The quantity of travellers of every sort is

quite astonishing." Canning was seldom without one or other of his old friends. Wellesley, Fazakerley, Douglas, Rennell, and I think Knight, all visited him in his Swiss retreat,—the first two were with him together in October 1814—and some came more than once to enjoy his cordial hospitality, tempered with an alarming amount of his own poetry, and flavoured with many a joke. 1814 Æt. 27

The flying meeting with Lord Castlereagh in Switzerland was soon followed by a closer and more protracted intercourse. He had not been long at Vienna when he wrote to order Canning's attendance there, and the latter was naturally delighted to "exchange the dulness of a Swiss winter for the more active scenes of the Austrian capital at a moment when all the affairs of Europe were about to centre within its walls." On 23 October he started.[1] His first impressions were naturally confided to his mother, with whom he always kept up a regular and detailed correspondence, writing her long accounts of all he saw and did, in a careful clear hand very unlike the rapid scrawls with which he often favoured other correspondents. 15 Oct.

The bustle of this place is quite dreadful, and I have the misfortune to have the most dismal, noisy, and dirty lodging ever seen, and must think myself highly fortunate to procure even this. Fancy an elegant first floor over a shop in the narrowest part of the Strand, with a little dirty, sloping, flagged passage opposite the windows, and so near that one can almost put his hand across it. In addition to this an incessant passage of carts and carriages. Of the gaieties I have not yet had time to see much. I dined with Lord Castlereagh yesterday, and William and I went to a supper at her Ladyship's in the evening. The English, I understand, do not make their way very well into Austrian society. *Politically*, they seem to stand very high. To his Mother, Vienna, 1 Nov.

"Vienna was crowded with strangers of every description and it was not easy to find a lodging. Sovereigns, ministers, and ambassadors were to be met with at every turn. The theatres overflowed, and the Prater was enlivened with long MEMOIRS.

[1] His Secretary of Legation, Mr. Henry U. Addington, a nephew of Lord Sidmouth, conducted the affairs of the mission at Zürich during his absence. "His cheerful spirits and ever-ready intelligence made him both a useful and an agreeable companion," wrote Canning of the period of their first residence at Zürich. "Single amongst strangers we were all in all to each other.

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lines of brilliant equipages. With respect to public affairs, it was understood that some arrangements had been privately agreed upon, but the Congress if formally opened, had not yet entered officially on any important questions. My duties were confined to the business of Switzerland. A committee of the plenipotentiaries was formed for the consideration of Swiss questions, and I was joined to it as an additional member. Among my new colleagues were men of much distinction, and the discussions were interesting in proportion to the ability of such matadors. Stein, Wessenberg, William Humboldt, Capodistrias, Duke d'Alberg, and General Sir Charles Stewart were those of most note. Capodistrias undertook to hold the protocols; but there was so much appearance of partiality in his manner of drawing them up, that I felt myself obliged to call attention to it. He treated the matter with an air of indifference, and finally with his assent the charge devolved on me. On the part of Lord Castlereagh I experienced much good-natured regard, and more hospitality than I chose to accept.

"As my official duties were limited to the affairs of Switzerland, I had not occupation enough to fill up more than a moderate portion of each day. The meetings of our committee, as far as I remember, were barely twice a week. Some of its members had other demands upon their time. It was occasionally my business in the intervals to propose some question for deliberation, and the Swiss deputies, whether from the Diet or from the separate Cantons, honoured me with visits, which had not the angelic quality of being 'few and far between.' There was also the class of 'mediatized' claimants who looked to Congress for their reinstatement, and passed their time in recommending their pretensions to everyone who was supposed to have the slightest influence. The Abbot of St. Gall was one of the dispossessed princes, and I cannot easily forget a dinner at which I enjoyed the questionable privilege of sitting next to him at table. He knew no modern language but his own, and that was a sealed vessel to me. All that we had in common was Latin, which I was not in the habit of talking, and which he pronounced with an accent entirely foreign to my ears. The dinner

lasted three mortal hours, and the Abbot thought it an excellent opportunity for putting me in full possession of his grievances, his rights and his hopes." 1814 ÆT. 28

A letter to his mother gives a picture of Vienna during the Congress, and records some interesting impressions of Prince Talleyrand :—

To his Mother, Vienna, 24 Dec.

Now then, my dear Mother, to make up for the last short and shabby letter. A warm room with plenty of cold wind and snow in full prospect is an excellent provocative to correspondence : though, to say the truth, the inducement would be more complete, if the room were a little warmer, and the weather a trifle less cold. I have still that sort of sensation at my fingers' ends which puts one in mind of the cosy party we were enjoying together at Tunbridge this time year—little thinking of all that was to happen to the great world and to our little selves in the short revolution of another twelve months. Good God ! what a twelvemonth ! You have lived longer, and have been a less immediate spectator of what has passed, and therefore it may appear different to you—but for myself, I never remember a period in which I have so enjoyed existence, and been so distinctly sensible of the succession of time—not, as usual, in the gross, but like an epicure, in detail. We are now at the last chapter, or rather at that part of the last chapter which usually comes between the catastrophe and the actual end of the book, to account for apparent contradictions, and to dispose of the secondary characters, when all the passion of curiosity is allayed, and one keeps up, more as a matter of duty than feeling, a sort of languid attention to see how the author will get rid of his work. You probably think that of all times and all places in the world, this time and this place must be the very best for writing letters to one's friends. I will have the pleasure of proving to you that the very reverse is the truth. The Congress—the place where the Congress is held—and the persons composing the Congress—must be the principal points on which you found your opinion. Of the first I must not say anything—of the second I have nothing to say that William [1] will not have told you already—and as for the third, it has the advantage of sharing both those predicaments. This fact established, I trust I shall have due credit, not only for having got to the bottom of a second page with such scanty materials, but for venturing to proceed to a third, as I propose forthwith to do, in spite of every difficulty.

It is at all times difficult for a stranger to get into the society of

[1] His brother "the Parson" was then at Vienna on his return from Persia, where he had been chaplain to Sir Gore Ouseley the ambassador.

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Vienna. The fashionable people live very much in coteries, and are not too fond of seeing strange faces. At the present moment especially there are so many strangers that the natives may well be cautious in their reception of them—the more so as you may easily conceive that affluence is not very general after so many unfortunate wars and in the dreadful state of the public funds. Then again, there is such a superabundance of grandees and heroes, that those who are neither the one nor the other stand but a poor chance in the scramble. All these circumstances bear particularly upon the English, who, either from their number, or their manners, or both, are not so popular as they expected to be. Still it is no easy matter to be dull in a place which, in addition to the usual amusements of a capital, possesses so many persons with whom it is a matter at least of curiosity to be acquainted, and which may be called the metropolis of politics. Without any violent exertion, but that of occasional patience, one may pass from three or four o'clock till midnight in society—and in good society. And this is not quite so idle an employment as it appears. As Congress has not yet assumed all its formality, chit-chat and gossiping are the principal agents of negotiation, and an evening party is the scene where the destinies of kingdoms and empires are decided for ages (perhaps) to come. In the midst of even these mighty concerns, I assure you, the affairs of the little Cantons of Switzerland cut no contemptible figure. They have a committee, in which I have the honour of sitting, all to themselves ; and certainly if their importance is to be measured by the trouble they give, they must be very important indeed. They are drawing towards a conclusion, and I begin to think that another month or five weeks will put me some miles on the way back to Zürich.

Among the illustrious persons with whom I have had the opportunity of making acquaintance since I have been here is Prince Talleyrand the Reverend. He is the professor and protector of all that is sound in principle, pure in virtue, and venerable in establishment. He can't bear Jacobins, and wonders what people can mean by talking of anything but the indefeasible prerogatives of kings and the inalienable rights of nations. He quotes learned books about right and justice ; looks back with horror on the Revolution, and calls Buonaparte a coward. Some little time ago he was inveighing with great vehemence against Jacobinism and Jacobins, when I took the liberty of saying to him—"Votre altesse en a connu quelques uns." "Oui," said he, "je les ai tous connu—il n'y avait entre eux que l'égoïsme et l'intérêt personnel—pas le moindre sentiment pour la patrie!" Is not this a lesson never to be forgotten? You shall now have another. Sir Humphry Davy, whom I met at Zürich, told me he was present at that famous conversation of the French legislative body when Buonaparte was forced to confess for the first

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time that, if he had been victorious, he had at least not been successful. On that occasion he saw the Prince of Beneventum, preceded by a page, bearing a cushion, hobble slowly up the hall, stop before Buonaparte, and upon the cushion being carefully arranged at his feet, kneel down and embrace the knees of his Emperor. And this, it seems, was a gratuitous adoration. About the same time Sir Humphry dined with one of the French ministers, where Talleyrand was of the party. Talleyrand took an opportunity to introduce the name of Buonaparte, and made a sort of speech which lasted half an hour, in praise of him, and in support of his famous doctrine, that the connexion between him and France was necessary, and that all the obligation and dependence were on the side of the latter. At this very time Talleyrand must have been either in actual correspondence with the Allies, or in the intention of being so at the first favourable moment :—or perhaps that is pressing too hard upon him. The devil himself, as saith the proverb, must have justice. The prostration and panegyric took place in December, the first overt act of treachery—or rather of repentance and grace—did not take place till early in the spring. So that a decent interval for change of mind upon fair grounds may be supposed. The first communication from Paris was sent, I think, to the Emperor of Russia, written without signature on a piece of cloth, linen, or muslin. Talleyrand, it seems, dictated, but did not venture his handwriting. The Duke d'Alberg, who is at present a member of the Swiss Committee, was the cat's-paw. His hand was known at head-quarters. The proposal was expressed concisely and mysteriously. The end of it ran thus :—"Why do you walk on stilts, when you can use your legs? You don't yet know what friends you have at Paris." Think of the amazing effect these few words have produced!

Talleyrand's manner is pleasing and gentlemanlike. His voice is low and monotonous. His address is awkward from his lameness, but not embarrassed. His countenance is almost always the same; impassive, yet by no means wanting intelligence. It may be prejudice, but one fancies that a great deal may be seen working under the surface. It puts me in mind of a rapid stream, frozen over smoothly and transparently enough to shew the current without discovering its bottom. If he were anyone else, one would believe him amiable; and if one had never seen him by the side of a pretty woman, one might fancy him a man of great insensibility or self-control. Even when he talked to his niece, who is called a beauty here, there is something, notwithstanding the placidity of his face, most wickedly searching and sensual in his eye. His thoughts seem always at his disposal. He enters readily and good-naturedly into any ordinary subject, makes commonplace remarks, generally with a moral tendency, tells a sober anecdote, and listens in his turn. His appearance

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is quizzical. Besides his spindle legs and twisted ancles, which oblige him to walk in semicircles, not unlike a bad skater, he wears a monstrous coat, and a wig of natural hair in proportion, frizzed with great care, discovering, rather coquettishly, a part of his forehead, descending solemnly and profusely over his ears, and terminating, I think, in a pigtail behind.

MEMOIRS.

"People were not slow to perceive that the amusements of society proceeded at a swifter pace than the adjustment of European differences. Brilliant entertainments at Court, diplomatic dinners, and evening assemblies followed each other in rapid succession. On Sunday evenings, a city ball, with or without masks, attracted natives and foreigners of every description. Even the Imperial Archdukes did not hesitate to mix with the motley crowd. I retain a vivid recollection of a mock tournament given in the Redouten Saal,[1] where twenty-four knights chosen for their youth and good looks from among the best families, tilted, in gorgeous armour, at termini surmounted with Turks' heads, and received the rewards of their dexterity at the hands of an equal force of female beauties rivalling each other in the charm of their manners and the tasteful magnificence of their dresses. The balls were usually opened with a polonaise, in which the highest potentates as well as the greatest statesmen took part, without excluding their younger or more animated brethren from the waltzes and quadrilles which habitually followed. Among the latter no one figured more frequently or more effectively than the Emperor of Russia. His smiling countenance and well-polished head were seldom withheld from the festive circle, nor would his good-nature and unassuming demeanour have failed to win all hearts if a shade of intrigue and a suspicion of duplicity had not crossed the radiance they so largely diffused. The Court and the houses of ambassadors and other official personages filled so wide a space, that little room was left for private individuals, however distinguished by rank and fortune, to display their hospitality. The Mareschale Lubomirska was, perhaps, the one

[1] Dr. R. Bright, whose *Travels from Vienna through Lower Hungary* (Edinburgh, 1818) present a graphic picture of the Austrian capital during the Congress, says that the tournament or "Carrousel" took place in the Imperial Riding School, whence the company adjourned for supper to the Redouten Saal—pp. 14–16.

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who did most for general society. Her spacious hotel was open to visitors of all kinds every night in the week, with now and then an exception occasioned by some accidental circumstance. Those who were once introduced had free access to her apartments without invitation. At ten or about that hour, supper was laid for any number of guests. It was laid on separate tables of different sizes throughout the suite of rooms, and those who stayed to partake of it had only to choose the table they preferred. For this a special invitation was necessary. I was introduced to the old lady by her granddaughter Countess Waldstein, whose charming character and remarkable talents assured me a kind reception. The Prince de Ligne, so famous for his wit, was taken ill on the very day I had agreed to go with Madame de Waldstein to a party at his house. He died a few days later and I never saw him."

The Countess Waldstein exercised a strong fascination upon Canning. She was the wife of the Count whom Beethoven made immortal by the dedication of the "Waldstein Sonata," and when one reads her letters one wonders whether the great master did not really get his inspiration from the wife, though the husband received the overt homage. Certainly she was worthy of the devotion which so many of the Englishmen then gathered together at Vienna undisguisedly paid her, with the full consent and approbation of her adoring husband. Among them, Canning stood foremost in her regard. They had many tastes in common, though music was not one of them, for Canning always maintained that his ear was only just good enough to distinguish "God save the King" when he heard it, and his reminiscences do not contain a word about Beethoven or the great concert where he conducted the "Battle of Vittoria." But they were both ardent lovers of nature, and her fondness for sketching suggested the gift of a drawing book, while he was made happy by one of her sketches, which he ever afterwards preserved with affectionate care. To the day of his death it hung on the wall by his bedside.

To his Sister, 4 March

. . . . And what a good sister you are to think so much of my unworthy commission! Though, if you knew the *Dulcinea*, I flatter

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myself you would not think it so unworthy. Don't be alarmed. She is a married lady, and to the best of my belief a virtuous one; not handsome, though pretty when well dressed—but so clever, and so perfectly amiable, that it is impossible not to be fonder of her than of most married ladies of twenty-nine that one meets either abroad or at home. Her name is Countess Waldstein. She is a Pole—not by stature—but by birth. She is related to Prince Czartoryski, formerly prime minister in Russia. We have vowed *eternal friendship* to each other. Her husband, a very good sort of elderly young man of fifty, is well known in England, having lived there ten or twelve years, and being, or having been, in the English service. The Countess draws very well and with a prodigious deal of genius.

His sister apparently had her suspicions of the fascinating Countess; for Canning wrote again as follows, after his return to Switzerland :—

To his Sister, Zürich, 18 May, 1815

By the way, I am more than half angry that—among the agreeable things which you tell me—you do not say a word about my Polish Countess, of whom I gave you, as I flattered myself, so interesting an account some little time ago. Did it make no impression upon you? Or have you the malice to suspect something *improper*?—To *prove* the contrary to you, and to make another attempt upon your interest in her favour, I inclose her first letter after my departure from Vienna. It was inclosed unsealed, in a letter from her husband. I send it to you on two conditions. 1*st*, that no one sees it but yourself; 2*nd*, that you keep it as the apple of your eyes—for I have a very sincere esteem and affection for one of the cleverest, best-tempered, most discreet and religious women I have ever met with out of England and in high society.

In truth, nothing could be more innocent than this friendship. A dozen of Isabelle Waldstein's letters have been preserved among Canning's Zürich correspondence, and they are evidence enough of what a pure and sweet woman she must have been. They are full of "fraternelle amitié" and the happy memory which "mon mari" and Isabelle will always retain of their English friend; of "la sincère amitié que nous vous conserverons toute la vie." She speaks constantly and frankly of her happy married life, of her husband's devotion, of the delight of a new-born child; she envies her friend his "magnificent Switzerland" and the splendours of the scenery in which his life is passed, though she perceives that it does

not satisfy him. She is anxious for news of his mother and sister, grieves at his brother's death at Waterloo, and always hopes that she and her husband may manage a visit to Switzerland some day to see their friendly correspondent. The letters possess a delicate charm which accounts in a great degree for the influence she exercised. No sister need have felt the least anxiety about the sway of such a woman over her brother's heart. He sent her Alpine flowers; and flowers and loyal thoughts were the only fit tribute to her fair spirit. 1814-5 — ÆT. 28

There is a poem called the *Linden Tree*,[1] which tells a sad little history. Isabelle Waldstein and nineteen friends, among whom was Canning, met at a picnic under a Linden-tree near Vienna in the autumn of 1814. In the inspiration of the moment she rashly invited them all to meet there again that day twenty years, and sketching the tree on twenty cards gave one to each guest as a reminder. When the time was all but expired, Von Hammer the historian, who had been one of the party, suddenly came upon the card among his treasures, and kept the appointment. But time had done its fatal work; death or absence had annulled the invitations. Von Hammer stood on the spot alone, and even the tree had disappeared.

In Autumn's pride, ere leaves were pale,
Beneath a branching linden-tree
With laugh, and song, and many a tale,
We gave the hour to festive glee.

. . . . .

How bright the scene! alas! how swift
The wing that bore it far away,
Remote, like shadowy clouds, to drift,
And on the twilight eve decay.

Yet one was there whose gifted mind
Around her cast the seraph's glow
And fain was she that hour to bind
With playful art on memory's brow.

[1] *Shadows of the Past*, 17; and note p. 392.

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"Behold!" she cried, "the seat, the tree,
To joy, to wit, to friendship dear!
This pictured card our pledge shall be
Again to meet in revel here.

"Twice ten we met, twice ten we part;—
Why doubt the twentieth year to choose?
Then, earth! be green as now thou art!
Then, heaven! thy fairest tints diffuse!"

. . . . .

Lo! there it stood,—the appointed hour
So slow to come, yet there at last!
A noiseless march of stealthy power,
Closed by a startling trumpet-blast.

Dread guest! the shadow on thy brow
Made hope itself in terror flee;
But still to keep my plighted vow
Alone I sought the linden-tree.

Alas the hour! in silent dust
Wit, beauty, worth, and friendship lay:
What bitter dregs the heart encrust,
When all its founts have ceased to play!

Yet, loved companions! loved though lost,—
If still ye heed an earthly tear,
These notes may please your airy host,
And vibrate e'en to yonder sphere.

Thou, too, the brightest, fare thee well!
With wisdom more than women's crowned,
Who e'en with princes here could dwell,
Nor lose the peace so rarely found.

. . . . .

Isabelle Waldstein was not the only woman at that time who felt the charm of the poetic young Englishman, or for whom he entertained a tender sentiment. He exerted that sort of influence over women which a singularly handsome mobile countenance, a stately manner, full of the courtesy of the old world, joined to an inflexible will and a temper inclined to be despotic, are sure to produce. His very austerity and coldness of temperament, "cet air sérieux, fier, froid,—glacial," as one lady described it, piqued the curiosity of

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those who were accustomed to conquest, and found the "orgueilleux Anglais" a difficult quarry; and his sensitiveness to the finer impressions of nature and poetry, his idealism, and his earnest warmth of conversation, far removed from the prosaic and the commonplace, were singularly captivating. Even in Switzerland, the glaciers were not chilling enough to repress the raptures of the ladies of Zürich and Bern, as Addington's letters to his chief abundantly prove. But reserve, or a naturally self-contained nature, sufficed to render Canning proof against their fascinations. He was besides too much wrapped up in his career, and his mind was too full of dreams and ideals, to leave space or inclination for any relations but such romantic intercourse as that with the Countess Waldstein.

Meanwhile, in spite of society and the attractions of Polish countesses, the business which Canning had in hand was progressing fairly to his satisfaction. He wrote to his secretary Addington, who represented him at Zürich during his absence:—

To H. Addington Vienna, 23 Dec. 1814

Our conferences have been frequent; and, considering the multiplicity of questions and the number of persons concerned, either as parties or judges, I really think very fair progress has been made, notwithstanding the very natural impatience of those who are more exposed to the inconvenience of delay than to the difficulties of arrangement. All the Deputies and Envoys have been heard in turn, their memorials read, and grave opinions recorded upon each. Upon all the most important questions the Committee has laid down principles of settlement, and a report of its proceedings, to be submitted to the Cabinets, is at this moment in preparation. It will take some days to finish this. As soon as it is finished, and approved first by the Committee and then by the several Cabinets, a declaration founded upon it and containing the opinion of the Powers will be drawn up, and communicated *in some way or other* to the Diet . . . You will probably be glad to find—as I confess I am—that there is no intention of changing the Federal compact. I am far from thinking it perfect; but every day I feel more and more convinced that it is much better to leave a nation its customs and habits and, to a certain degree, its prejudices also, than to impose upon it the most finished system, if that system be inconsistent with what it has been accustomed to love and venerate for ages. I have no faith in constitutions that look pretty on paper. Those which have been most durable and have best answered their end have grown up gradually with circumstances,

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and are rather a series of precedents reduced into rules and laws, than a system composed to anticipate events. This is particularly applicable to Switzerland. Capodistrias has very well observed in one of his first memorials that two contradictory principles should always be kept in view in a Swiss constitution—repose for ordinary times, and energy for cases of danger. It seems to me that the only way to reconcile this contradiction is to provide for the former by institutions, and to leave the latter to the morals, feelings, and habits of the people, of course properly encouraged. . . .

With respect to the higher mysteries of Congress, I am but ill qualified to give you information. In general—England mediates, France protects old rights and virtuous principles, Russia dictates sentimentality, and aggrandizes herself for the general welfare, Austria and Prussia squabble, mutually deceiving and deceived; the others claim and protest, some one, some both. All agree in dancing and wearing fine coats, and all wonder why the Congress lasts so long.

The larger affairs of Congress, however, did not move towards finality with the same speed as the minor concerns of the Helvetian Confederacy, and even these were delayed much longer than was at first anticipated.

MEMOIRS.

"Whispers had for some time passed from ear to ear suggesting that serious differences of opinion between some of the grand Powers retarded the progress of negotiation. These rumours had gradually assumed a deeper consistency. It was believed that Russia coveted so strongly the possession of Poland as to induce her to endanger the peace of Europe rather than relax her hold upon that important acquisition. There seemed to be a private understanding upon the subject between the two Courts of Berlin and Petersburg. Hence after a time the necessity of taking steps to counteract their agreement was felt and the desired security was found in a secret treaty of eventual alliance between Great Britain, Austria and France. In proportion as the appearances of discord and mistrust prevailed, the Congress declined in public esteem and apprehensions of a disastrous issue succeeded to the bright prospects of its commencement. Lord Castlereagh received a startling hint of the false position in which he was placed from his own confidential secretary, a shrewd, outspoken man—'My Lord,' said Mr. Cooke, 'there is no

concealing the matter, you are *done*.' What he meant was that the correspondence respecting Poland, though skilfully carried on, was really of no avail, and that the Emperor Alexander's advisers had so taken their ground as to make it impossible for those who opposed them to carry their point without resorting to measures which they were unwilling to adopt. 1814-5 ÆT. 28

"Time moved quicker than Congress. The old year breathed its last. A new one set in. Lord Castlereagh spared no pains to right himself, and he succeeded in so far as to make a case which might go before Parliament without raising an outcry. But the year was still in its infancy when he was called away to play his part in the House of Commons. The Duke of Wellington succeeded him at Vienna."

To his Sister, Vienna, 1 Feb. 1815

The town was yesterday electrified with the news of Lord Wellington's intended arrival. He is expected to be here either to-day or to-morrow, and already half Vienna is on tiptoe to look out for the great man. What a magnificent position is his! Every work of peculiar difficulty and glory seems naturally to belong to him. In negotiation as in war everyone anticipates success the moment his name is mentioned. His arrival will of course produce a grand revolution among the English Diplomacy assembled here. Lord Castlereagh and his family intend setting off the 9th or 10th. Planta goes with them, and to him I shall now refer you for the longer letter which I should otherwise have sent you by my friend Acland. How my fate will be affected by the great man's arrival I know not. As yet I see nothing that need necessarily hasten my departure, and I may still have to pass three or four weeks here, or even more. To say the truth I have a burning curiosity to see the hero a little closer than I ever yet have had an opportunity of doing, and am therefore in no hurry to go away. Notwithstanding Lord Castlereagh's great merits, and the sense of his very particular kindness to me, it is impossible not to feel a little pride in the approach of a man so exclusively qualified to do honour to his country and to shame the squabbling sovereigns into the performance of their duty.

Last night for the first time in my life I heard George Canning's name in the mouth of one of Lord C.'s family. Lord Stewart questioned me about the probability of his return from Lisbon, in consequence of the intention declared by the Prince Regent of Portugal not to return thither for the present. He seemed to think it likely, and I hope it may turn out so with all my heart. G. C. has already lost

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enough by his strange embassy, and perhaps the moment is fast approaching when he may have another opportunity of redeeming his credit. It would be a pity for him to be out of the way.

To his Mother, Vienna, 12 Feb.

I have at last had the pleasure of being introduced to the Duke of Wellington. I have had one (and only one) long *tête-à-tête* with him, and I do not despair of having sundry others in due course of time. Nothing can be more open and agreeable than his manners. Straightforwardness, good sense, and simplicity seem to be the principal ingredients of his quiescent character. I am told he *can* be in a tremendous passion occasionally—a failing for which I have the highest respect. He spoke to me very kindly about Charles.

To his Sister, Vienna, 4 March

Tell Charles that my admiration of his old master, the Duke, is as great as his ever was. The more I see of him, and I lose no opportunity of doing so, the more I find to justify the public opinion and to explain the phenomenon of his astonishing success. It is almost impossible to pass half an hour in his society without being the better for it. What a lesson to see the man who is covered with honours and titles, who has always succeeded, who hears nothing but his own praises, as plain and simple in everything he does or thinks, as if he spent a calm uneventful life in retirement and reflection! Nor does the wonder stop here. The man by nature ardent and impetuous is in practice patient and even sometimes docile! The general, accustomed to command, submits his opinions to the wishes and convenience of others! The man who has gained everything is as attentive to his business as if the whole race of ambition were still before him! This is a prodigious merit, is it not?—But I must leave the subject, not for fear of wearying you, but lest I should get too soon to the bottom of my paper. You will be sure to have more of it at some future time. The Congress is at length beginning to shew some symptoms of drawing towards a close. The Emperor of Russia talks of setting off on the 15th or 17th, and the other crowned heads will I suppose follow his example. He is to go to Munich and Berlin for a few days before he goes back for good to Petersburg. What a comfort it will be to see all these good people at home once more—and Heaven keep them there!

MEMOIRS.

"The Duke had little in view but to follow on the line traced by his predecessor. His clear energetic capacity had, no doubt, its full effect in that direction, but there was nothing else to call it forth, and no change took place in the relative positions. His mere presence at Vienna, nevertheless, gave cheer and encouragement to the English collected there. I had an ample share of their feelings. The Duke was to me the personification of British glory and of that triumphant

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cause which had brought all Europe together for the establishment of its peace on durable foundations. Parts of my correspondence from Zürich had fallen under his notice at Paris, and he had written to me in gratifying terms. He received me with kindness. Possibly he remembered that a brother of mine had served on his staff as aide-de-camp during the Peninsular campaigns. The first time I went to pay my respects I found him wretchedly lodged. Lord Castlereagh's hotel was not yet open to him, and I found him writing in a room so small that the door, when I opened it, almost struck against the back of his chair, seated as he was at a bureau which touched the opposite wall. On his first appearance in public I happened to be with him. He was recognized by the people and cheered. He drew himself up in a stately manner and received their cheers with the glasses of his carriage down. The scene went to my heart, and for once in my life I kissed a man's hand. On another occasion, when I was walking with him, he expressed his admiration of the Austrian troops, some of whom happened to pass by, and he also spoke of his own soldiers in Spain, with full reliance on their military qualities, but adding that they required to be well fed. 'It is not enough,' he said, 'to provide them with ample supplies, but you must put the food into their mouths.' Drink was a snare to them, and he instanced the case of a siege in the Peninsula, I think that of Badajos, where the soldiers got into the wine cellars, and were found in numbers dead drunk, some even in the vats. As soon as he was established in his official residence, he frequently gave suppers which afforded me an opportunity of hearing him talk. On these occasions I remarked that he shewed signs of reading habitually most of the political publications of the day, and that his conversation, though by no means restricted, was to the last degree dry, plain matter of fact or opinion, without a trace of wit or the slightest play of imagination. At times he was kind enough to admit me, when work was over, into his cabinet, and I delighted to afford him opportunities of reverting to his campaigns and shewing 'how fields were won.' I remember in particular his account of the battle of Salamanca. Marmont commanded the French. The Duke

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gave him credit for being able to make a slip, and consequently drew up his troops in position without exposing them, and waited. His calculation was correct. Marmont extended a part of his force too much. His adversary marked the fault and attacked him instantaneously. 'We beat him,' said the Duke, 'in forty minutes,— forty thousand men in forty minutes'- and he repeated the expression several times with a tone of natural delight, but without a shadow of self-applause.

"I was present when the other plenipotentiaries had their first meeting on business with the Duke. His Grace was occupied in adjusting some papers at the table near which they were all standing. His look was one of concentration: theirs expressed a thought of acting in concert with him. At last he squeezed the balance of his papers into an office box, and turned the key with so conclusive an energy that they had nothing for it but to retire. Lord Cathcart, like a good old courtier, took the lead, Lord Clancarty hesitated a moment and then followed; Sir Charles Stewart winked at me with a good-natured smile, exchanged a word with his chief, who called after him, *Charles!*—on the threshold of the door and disappeared in turn. I was so much amused with the scene that, when I remained alone with the Duke, I could not help exclaiming rather emphatically, 'They're gone, sir!'— the Duke looked up but said nothing.

"Prince Metternich was by no means the stiff, reserved and somewhat cynical statesman which the character of his policy might have led one to suppose. He was formed for society, given to conversation, good-humoured and capable of adapting himself with ease to all varieties. These qualities, when brought freely into play, gave sometimes a tone of bonhomie to his language and manner. In middle life, unstarched by office, he might have been a boon companion, perhaps even what the French call a *bon diable*. Although my occasions of intercourse with him were almost entirely diplomatic, his natural turn of mind in these respects came frequently under my notice. His voice in stating or arguing was sometimes loud and consequential, but not I think from worse causes than the power of the organ and the satisfaction

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he derived from hearing its echoes. His accent was what Lord Dudley described as *Teutonic*, and therefore, when playful, he could not quite shake off a certain heaviness which might be likened to the hair on the heels of a cart-horse transferred to those of a hunter. There was some popular scandal on the subject of his veracity, which applied to his father as well as to himself, with this difference, that one was said to lie mechanically, and the other by design. This saying, which had more the character of an epigram than of a charge, may be taken as proof of the lighter qualities with which I have invested the effigy of the great Austrian Chancellor. His famous interview with Napoleon, which lasted the greater part of a day, and fairly tired out the most indefatigable of mankind, came into his head one day when I was with him, and he gave me a full account of the whole combat. His object was to resist and weary the Emperor without committing himself, and he boasted that he had sent the great captain three times out of the room for relief. When Napoleon dropped his hat, accidentally or on purpose, it was in vain that he waited for Metternich to take it up ; he was obliged to stoop for it himself. There was courage in this conduct of the Prince, and it looked like an omen of that turn of fortune which ultimately landed the arbiter of Europe's destinies on the rock of St. Helena."

Time went on, and still the Congress "dragged its slow length along." People amused themselves, but negotiations stood still. "Le Congrès danse, mais n'avance pas."

To his Sister, Vienna, 12 Feb.

We are beginning to get out of winter here, and I already dream of the mountains and lakes of Switzerland. To say the truth I suspect I have been very fortunate in escaping a winter at Zürich. I have received most dismal accounts of the state of weather and amusement there. But in spring and summer and autumn nothing can be more delightful. In this town, especially during its present crowded state, there are abundant means of driving away blue devils. Balls and other such violent gaieties have ceased with the Carnival, but still society maintains itself and is all the better for being somewhat less noisy. The season, however, has its inconveniences for us Protestants. Yesterday I dined with Lord Cathcart to meet the

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Duke of Wellington. In compliment to Cardinal Consalvi and the Pope's nuncio, who were present, his lordship amused his guests with a *diner maigre*. Not being in the secret, and having arrived late after a very long walk, you may guess my dismay at finding it out gradually and by experience. Having demolished the usual portion of fish, I declined the second offer as having already done my duty in that way, but without suspecting the danger. Another and another came in succession, and what is worse, in disguise—so that one never knew the melancholy truth till the servant whispered it confidentially in one's ear. In short, if it had not been for the arrival of a roast chicken at the very end of the dinner, the adventure might have proved, if not fatal, at least very serious. The most provoking part of the story was, that the cause of it all—the Cardinal—seemed to enjoy his repast most prodigiously—and I am not quite sure that he did not derive a particular relish from the discomfiture of the Protestants, Dutch as well as English. Not a dish passed him without due salutation, and the watery nature of his food was amply corrected by alternate appeals to the bottles of claret and champagne that Providence, or a Catholic servant, had placed on each side of his eminence's plate.

MEMOIRS.

"We were in that part of March which has the credit of being more like the lamb than the tiger, when the lay-conclave at Vienna was suddenly roused by 'a rattling peal of thunder.' Napoleon had escaped from Elba,[1] had landed in France, and was marching on Paris. No change of scene on the stage was ever more complete. Amusement, negotiation, intrigue were brought all at once to a stop. The settlement of Europe was like a thing mislaid; no man could think of anything but war and its preparations. The common sentiment was that a great opportunity had been lost, and that a fresh series of conflicts, sacrifices, and disasters would have to be encountered. The pen gave way to the sword, the ink-bottle to the magazine. All eyes settled upon the Duke of Wellington, and to judge by the flash from his eyes, when I

[1] Fazakerley visited Elba when Napoleon was there, and had "four hours with its quondam inhabitant," as he wrote to Canning, in April 1815. "The little fellow was in famous humour, talk'd of persons with whom he had been concern'd and of events that had happen'd to him with surprizing indifference, sometimes entering into serious reveries of politics, at others relating amusing anecdotes of his own life, such as his conversion to Mohammedanism . . . saying that the Bourbons had probably not a very long time of it in France, but then certainly not acquainting us with the probability of his own expedition."

saw him coming downstairs after his first war conference with the sovereigns, he felt within himself that confidence which he had so justly and generally imparted to others. One might now imagine that he had already in vision anticipated the apotheosis of Waterloo. 1815 ÆT. 28

"Fifty years have passed away in ever-changing succession since this eventful period. All those who took a leading part in its transactions, have finished their earthly career, and in all probability I stand without a colleague in the survivorship of that committee with which I was immediately connected. Although, as I have already stated, I had no place in the list of plenipotentiaries, and still less any voice in their official deliberations, I was twice invited to assist at the Board of General Conference, and on one of those occasions the discussion or rather the conversation which took place brought Prince Talleyrand to the foreground so strongly that the picture stands, as it were, before me even now. Napoleon's return from Elba was known. How were the Allies to deal with him? Was he to be opposed as a legitimate enemy, or was he to be outlawed as one beyond the pale of humanity? Talleyrand, as far as I can remember, took no part in the debate, if debate it could be called. He sat for some time absorbed in thought, and twisting a piece of sealing-wax with his fingers. He then rose slowly up, paused a moment at the table, let the wax drop dead from his hand upon it, and, with a countenance which seemed to say 'It's all over,' moved his chair aside and disappeared by the nearest door.

"The time was fast approaching for my return to Switzerland. Our Committee had got through their work with fair success. They concluded by adopting an Act of Federation essentially the same as that presented by the Diet, but offering some supplementary decisions on points left open at Zürich, and accompanied with a promise of neutrality and guaranty as the price of acceptance. The benevolent feelings entertained by all the Great Powers for Switzerland were recorded in a preliminary exhortation to peace and mutual good-will which I had the happiness to draw up. Capodistrias had long persisted in his endeavours to give a different character to the Act, and I was constrained to bring the question at

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issue under the Duke of Wellington's consideration. His Grace invited us to a meeting at his house. I had previously informed him that the Helvetian Diet, as a whole, expected no essential change in the Act which they had adopted, and that their expectation had been confirmed by something very much like a pledge on our parts. He went at once to the point by inquiring of Count Capodistrias whether such was the case. In my presence the Count had but one answer to give, upon which the Duke expressed his opinion that matters had better remain as they were, and so they did."

To Addington, Vienna, 12 March

At last, my dear Addington, the resurrection of Buonaparte is about to effect what neither memoirs nor committees nor exhortations nor remonstrances, not even the Duke of Wellington himself, could bring to pass. To-morrow the Committee sits *positively* for the last time, and the ratifying conference of the Congress, in which no new difficulties are foreseen, is fixed for to-morrow evening. As the Emperor of Russia and his Grace are pleased to be desirous that I should return with the Declaration, I hope and expect to leave this in the course of the week, and to be with you at Zürich in a few days afterwards.

The principal points of the Declaration are as follows: Integrity of the new Cantons; all the bishopric of Basle to Bern; pecuniary compensation to the *little old* Cantons; indemnity for the lands; principal of money in the English funds to Bern and Zürich; Helvetic debt to be paid with the interest; all sorts of good things for Geneva, &c. . . . I was forgetting to mention the fate of the Valteline. After all, and in spite of every effort on the part of Capodistrias and myself, Austria is to have it. I am heartily sorry for this; but the opinion of the Cabinets is uniform; the mode of union to Switzerland was embarrassing, Austria put in her claim, and the general settlement of Europe was considered, perhaps not unnaturally, as the paramount object. At the same time another effort has been made by Russia to diminish the influence of Bern by taking away her turn in the Direction. I have had the satisfaction of preventing this. The rotation of the Direction may be an inconvenience, but this is not the time nor is foreign influence the way to correct it.

The conclusions of the Committee were naturally a compromise between the various interests involved. Canning was tolerably satisfied with the result, though Castlereagh's brother Lord Stewart (Sir Charles had been raised to the

peerage) told him that in his opinion "Switzerland has been throughout used very ill, and you will have the more merit in reconciling the contending *esprits* and satisfying the malcontents where you are." Whether rightly or wrongly, indeed, it was clear enough that various parties among the Cantons must feel themselves aggrieved, and as Lord Stewart foresaw Canning would have his hands full in accomplishing the task of conciliation.

1815
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Jl. 28
To S. C.
29 March

CHAPTER VII.

SWITZERLAND.

1815-19.

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MEMOIRS.

"DISPERSION soon became the order of the day. Sovereigns, statesmen, generals, were wanted elsewhere. The officials who remained at Vienna had only to put the decisions of Congress into form. I was at liberty to resume my ordinary diplomatic position in Switzerland, and thither I returned with such speed as German roads and German post-horses allowed in those days. My principal duties were centred in two objects: the formal acceptance by the Swiss Cantons of the Act of Confederation recommended to them by the Congress, and, somewhat later, the conclusion of a treaty engaging the Cantons to take an auxiliary, though as far as possible a defensive, part in the grand coalition against Napoleon. Neither the one nor the other of these points could be carried without some vexatious disputes and much persevering exertion. Among the chief Cantons were several which would have preferred a more centralizing arrangement than that which was settled by the Act approved at Vienna. The smaller Cantons, under a different bias, were attached to certain ideas of their own, and their habits of thought no less than their mountains confined them to an horizon of narrow extent. None were desirous of incurring the expenses of war, and provoking the ill-will of their vindictive neighbours. They felt the necessity of arming, but thought in general that they could not begin too soon to be neutral. These natural motives for adhering to a disjointed and quiescent scheme of policy gave way by degrees to the pressure of circumstances as appreciated by the good sense of the nation, and some time

before the battle of Waterloo had removed every cause of hesitation, the Diet agreed to accept the recommendations of its powerful friends, and to join the Grand Alliance with a contingent of forty thousand men. Such, in a word, were the substantial results of those diplomatic transactions in which, as British Envoy, I was called to take a prominent share." 1815 ÆT. 28

To his Mother, Zürich, 21 April

Within the last four or five weeks I have been so punched about as really to have very little spare time at my disposal. First the bother of winding up business at Vienna—then the bustle of departure—then the fatigue of a long journey—then the drenching my nineteen Cantons with a composing draught from Vienna—then an expedition to Bern—then a courier to England—and now a whole string of botherations in prospect,—not to mention recovery from a violent attack of cold and fever—residence at an inn—and preparations for taking and (woe is me) for furnishing a house. These circumstances, one and all, will I trust recommend me to your special compassion.

I left Vienna at four on Good Friday morning with my Kitteridge at my side, duly separated by an embankment of bundles and red boxes, and preceded by one of his Majesty's messengers. After travelling five days and two nights without a single accident, except the meeting a courier with the news of Buonaparte's entrance into Paris, I reached this place on the 29th at noon, and I assure you that it was not without a sort of sensation something like returning home that I caught the first glimpse of the glaciers from my carriage window. The weather was very fine, the season just beginning to escape from the clutches of winter, all the world at work in the fields, and everything in short looking cheerful and happy. If I had been sure of finding some one whom I loved ready to meet me on my arrival the scene would have been perfect. But after all I believe that is the real difference between one place and another. General likings and general esteem and general good dispositions are all very good things in their way: but there are times, even in the midst of public business, when one feels the want of something more particular, and when the finest prospect in the world is not capable of satisfying the heart. . . .

The storm excited by the return of Buonaparte is rising slowly and portentously on every side. A few more weeks and all will be again wrapped in smoke and flame. Adieu to the visions of repose and security! They may return again, but many a day must be lost and won, many a fair field drenched with blood, in the interval. The efforts made by the Royalists in the south of France with the Duke of Angoulême at their head have been sadly unfortunate.

1815 For once the *Moniteur* has had but little to exaggerate. They sent here, among other places, for assistance, but nothing could be done.
Ætat. 28 At Lyons and in its neighbourhood the atrocities and absurdities of 1793 are reappearing—women parading the streets with naked swords, —houses plundered, priests insulted and even massacred, it is said, at the altar,—the black flag hoisted, and the most impious mottoes stuck about the town: for instance, "*Vive l'enfer, la république, et la mort!*" To what a desperate state must that wretched ambitious man be reduced when he resorts to such means, he whose power in former times was established on the suppression of Jacobinism. There seems to be so much union, activity, and resolution among the Allies that everything may be hoped. But think with what misery even success must be attained! My Swiss are behaving well, and I trust with proper encouragement they will continue to do so.

The "hundred days" were a not less anxious period for Switzerland than for the rest of Europe: indeed their proximity to France, and their lying on the road to Austria, exposed the Cantons to the perils of revived Jacobinism and Imperial aggression in a special degree. Buonaparte had not forgotten the Confederacy of which he had once been "Mediator," and Canning had hardly been back a week at Zürich when the following significant incident occurred:—

Memorandum. 4 April Talleyrand was with me, when his servant brought him a packet from the post directed to him and sealed with the Imperial seal He consulted me about opening it. I advised him to do so. The packet contained a letter and some printed papers from the *Moniteur*. He immediately read me the letter. It was dated the 30th from Paris, and signed Coulaincourt Duc de Vicenze. It announced the re-establishment of Buonaparte and the flight of the Bourbons. It advised T. to take the national cockade and to give it to his suite. It announced the intention of sending a new legation; and desired T. to inform the President of the Diet that Buonaparte had renounced the former greatness of the Empire, and meant to conduct his government on principles entirely new. T. declared he had no hesitation about the line he meant to pursue. He should maintain his post—he could be recalled only by the King.

Count Auguste Talleyrand, the French minister in Switzerland, had more stability of character than his famous kinsman, and remained true to his royalist colours. The Swiss were not to be brought over to Napoleon. Their leaning

indeed was always towards France, but they distrusted the Emperor, and the Diet was all on the side of Louis XVIII. and the Allies. They were even induced to coöperate, in a cautious manner, in the military opposition to the resuscitated Empire. 1815-16 — ÆT. 28

"It was not without difficulty that the Cantons were persuaded to provide the means of furnishing an effective contingent to the Allied armies. While the diplomatic batteries were working to that end, the Diet, for its own defence, collected a force of some 15,000 men, and stationed it in the Pays de Vaud under the command of General Bachmann, a most respectable veteran who had been long in the French service, and whose age and character seemed to represent the neutral system of his country rather than the warlike genius of its people. In prospect of events requiring offensive operations even from the Swiss, Lieutenant-Colonel Leake, an artillery officer, known for his admirable itinerary in Greece, was sent out to act with their contingent, whenever it should be called to take the field. I forget the precise date, but some time before the battle of Waterloo, a French corps d'armée passed through Geneva, and taking the narrow road between the lake of that name and the mountains of Savoy, went to oppose an Austrian army marching up from the Simplon Pass. There could be no question of neutrality after this, and it struck me that the Swiss general might render great service to the common cause, if he would follow on the rear of the French, and, having Geneva at his back, place that portion of the enemy's forces between the advancing Austrians and himself. I consulted with Colonel Leake, and, as there was no time to lose, we agreed to wait upon General Bachmann at once and submit the proposed plan to his consideration. It was late when we arrived at his head-quarters, so late, indeed, that the old man was already in his night-cap. His good-humour was by no means ruffled by the intrusion, and he listened cheerfully to our suggestion, supported as it was by such arguments as the occasion offered. He assured us, however, that he had no discretionary power for taking so decisive a step, and he was bound in duty not to stir with- MEMOIRS

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out a positive instruction from his Government. As there was no room for disputing this very reasonable objection, we could only regret the loss of what appeared to us an opportunity not likely to recur. But time moved on quickly, and Buonaparte's final disaster in Belgium would have made amends for a much greater disappointment."

Another movement was at the same time taking place in the departments of France bordering upon Switzerland. The royalists were secretly getting up, or trying to get up, a popular agitation in favour of the Bourbons. Count Talleyrand shewed the utmost zeal in promoting this object, and the experiment was considered so well worth trying, with the view of creating a diversion on Napoleon's flank, that Canning was authorized to support the Count with pecuniary grants in aid of arms. In this manner 25,000 francs went into royalist pockets in the summer of 1815. "I confess," wrote Canning, "to having felt but little confidence in the undertaking, and none at all in the sincerity or efficiency of its clandestine promoters, whose manners, features, and intrigues were alike alien to my tastes and habits." Whatever might have been the issue of this enterprize, the battle of Waterloo soon superseded the necessity for its continuance.

The news of the famous 18 June reached Zürich in the following hasty note from Lord Stewart :—

At Ct. Nesselrode's quarters : 9 o'clock in the evening, 21 June

My dear Canning,—Altho' I shall write by another courier, as I catch a Russian just going off here, I cannot resist sending you a few lines lest he should arrive before the one sent by the Austrians.

Lord Wellington has gained the most glorious and difficult victory he ever accomplished. Bonaparte committed no fault, but the superior genius of the other was everywhere triumphant.

The attack was made by the French on the 18th on the British army in position near Mt. St. Jean. It was assailed in every part, the left and centre in the commencement of the action, but every effort was vain. Towards the close Bonaparte collected 17,000 horse to attack the right. Lord Wellington saw, and was prepared for his movement. Our cavalry supported by columns of infantry repulsed this last desperate attack, and the rout of the enemy became universal. Marshal Blücher towards the evening appeared and attacked vigorously the rear and flank of the enemy retiring. The effect now was decisive.

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All the cannon, ammunition waggons, baggage, &c., were abandoned, and the number of prisoners are immense ; 300 pieces of artillery and Bonaparte's baggage remained in our hands. But he, it is said, has left his army and gone off. Lord Wellington moved forward to Mons from Braine la Lende, where his hd.-qrs. were previous to the action, and Blücher to Charleroi, and both are in full pursuit. The Guards and Life Guards particularly distinguished themselves. Poor Uxbridge had his thigh shot off, and has suffered amputation. Sir Thos. Picton, Col. Delaney, Qr. M.-Gl., killed ; Fitzroy Somerset, Vincent, Pozzo di Borgo, in the immediate circle of Lord Wellington, wounded. Many of [the] French soldiers and officers came over after the action. When I have more official news you shall know.

Your activity will disseminate this news ; send it on to France and spread it in every direction.

Yrs. ever, in haste,

Our loss is stated at 12,000. STEWART.

To Lord Castlereagh. XXVII. 27 June

The tidings were received in Switzerland "with unbounded demonstrations of joy." Guns were fired, and deputations waited upon the English envoy to congratulate him on the gallantry of the army and the genius of the Duke. For Canning, however, the pride of the victory was mingled with personal grief. His brother Charles had fallen in the battle.[1] Many letters which constantly passed between them shew how deep was their affection for each other, and the pang of

[1] "Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Fox Canning, who fell in the late tremendous conflict at Waterloo, had served with the Duke of Wellington as his aide-de-camp during the whole of the Peninsular war, and was with him in every action and siege from the battle of Talavera to that of Orthes. At the termination of the war he went to Brussels, where his regiment was quartered, and was preparing to go into the field with it, when the Duke accidentally met him in the street, when he was received with the usual cordiality, and the next day he had the inexpressible gratification of finding himself restored, without solicitation, to the honourable situation he had held through so many campaigns.—The affecting particulars of his last moments we cannot help repeating, as a proof, that among many other splendid qualities, the Duke of Wellington eminently possesses the power of engaging the affections of his officers, whose most anxious thoughts seem always directed toward the safety of their commander. Towards the close of the action of the 18th, Lieutenant-Colonel Canning received orders from the Duke to carry a message of importance to a distant part of the line : he had delivered it and was returning, when a grape-shot struck him in the stomach. He fell, and his friend Lord Marsh immediately rode up to his assistance. As he approached him, the Colonel raised himself up, and with eagerness demanded if the Duke was safe ? Being assured that he was, he seemed satisfied, and said, 'God bless him !' Then taking the hand of the nobleman who had so kindly come to his assistance, he had just strength to say, 'God bless you !' and expired."—*Gazette.*

1815 sorrow was if possible sharpened by the long separation which their several duties had entailed: they had not met for years. Æt. 28 The Duke himself wrote to Mrs. Canning on the loss of her son, from Paris, 19 July, 1815:—

> I assure you that there was no person felt more sincerely than myself the severe loss you sustained in your son. The glory of the occasion in which he fell can afford you no consolation, but it must to know that I had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct, and that he fell in the zealous performance of his duty.

Stratford wrote of his brother's death with characteristic pride:—

To his Mother. 31 July

> After a long and painful silence, I once more take up my pen, my dearest mother, not to condole with you upon our common loss, but to congratulate you upon having had a son who has honourably and gallantly discharged the severest of duties, and who has fallen at the side and with the approbation of his great master.

All thoughts were at the moment naturally engrossed with the surrender of Buonaparte. Richard Wellesley sent Canning a few lines after a conversation with Sir H. Bunbury, which are worth reproducing:—

London, 5 Aug.

> We are all attentive to the fate of Bonaparte, who is now on board the *Northumberland* and under the guidance of Sir G. Cockburn. I saw Sir H. Bunbury shortly after his arrival from his mission to communicate the decision of the Cabinet, their choice of St. Helena, and other arrangements: he told me that Bonaparte received the intelligence with composure, but said—that they were at liberty to take him to St. Helena if they pleased, but they would not take him there *alive*. Poor Madame Bertrand threw herself out of the cabin window in despair, but was saved. Such has been the curiosity to see the man, that the crowd of boats became dangerous to each other, and the ship was obliged to leave the port. Bunbury, who is a cool sensible man, was much struck with the *gentlemanlike* manner and engaging conversation of Napoleon, and he remarked a *calmness* about him, for which we do not in general give him credit.

While such momentous transactions were afoot, no one had any leisure to spare for the affairs of Switzerland. Indeed there was little to attend to. The Cantons were gradually becoming reconciled to the Federal Compact and

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the decisions of the Vienna Committee, and such outstanding differences as remained might be left to time to settle. Under the circumstances, Canning found relief from official ennui and private sorrow in a brief tour among the mountains. His position is described in the following letter to Wellesley, in which, after excusing himself for so long a silence, he assures his friend that his old Eton ties are as strong as ever:—

To R. Wellesley, Schwytz, 24 Aug.

Every day that one grows older, life becomes a more sober and anxious concern—the colours deepen, and in proportion as the "sad realities" gather round, one seems to have less sprightliness of disposition and less of the fiction of hope and youthful ardour wherewith to encounter them. But I do not perceive any diminution of the attachments formed in early days. On the contrary, the recollections that they present contrast so agreeably with the painful truths which experience forces upon one's conviction that the mind loves to dwell upon them long after they have ceased to be more than dreams. It was once the fondest wish of my heart, a wish so often indulged as to have become almost a matter of faith, to see my old school-friends advancing in life stage after stage with increasing distinction and prosperity, maintaining in every state the warmth and fidelity of early friendship and mutually reflecting credit upon each other. This bubble has long since burst. A few years were sufficient to shew the difficulty of gratifying ambition, and its emptiness even when gratified. One is soon—though not without some struggles of vanity—reduced within the narrow circle of one's means, with little consolation but the mortifying conviction of having many companions. . . .

Quod ad me attinet, I have been leading for some months on the opposite side of the town the same sort of life which you witnessed and shared last autumn in the vicinity of Zürich. I have a better house, and a better cook, but the society is rather worse than before. For some time after my return from Vienna the little affairs of this country and the neighbourhood of greater ones afforded me some interesting occupation. My Swiss friends behaved pretty well, and I have the satisfaction of hoping and believing that they will continue to do so. But latterly my principal resource against the invasions of ennui has been found in a diligent perusal of the newspapers, and an occasional twaddle in the form of a despatch to Lord Castlereagh. Not a single stray friend has come within the vortex of my civilities, and a summer of continual rain has not proved an additional excitement to gaiety. Under these circumstances, and others which you probably know of *real* affliction, you will hardly be surprized at my having taken the first opportunity to escape for a

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few days from Zürich. I am making a little tour about the mountains in the neighbourhood with a youth whom you possibly may remember at Eton, by name Antrobus, who is staying with me as a sort of private secretary—an office about as lucrative as it is edifying. The exercise and air of the mountains are very enlivening and help one to forget a world of unpleasant things. Were you not perhaps with Faz. and Knight, I should wish for your own sake as well as mine that you were at this very moment within reach of the *jokes* and *poems* which you speak of in so disrespectful a manner.[1]

To his Mother, Zürich, 1 Oct.

I will not alarm you with a list of the hard-named glaciers, cascades and precipices over which, or by which, we have scrambled. You will not easily believe that one can pass through such valleys as Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald without infinite danger, or that one can gaze without fear at the Bufalora waterfall, and still less that the Devil's Bridge is as good-natured and innocent a bridge as I ever saw in my life. Think of its being no more than a morning's walk to saunter over a hill about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea! The wonder ceases when you know that one slides down the snow, as the Gauls used to do; with this difference, that instead of a shield one has nothing better than what nature has given all of us, to slide upon. We were obliged to leave our carriages at the end of the first day's journey, and we did not recover them till the day before we returned. Our mode of travelling was this. Between servants and guides we were six in number, sometimes seven. For the whole party we had four horses, one of which carried the baggage. The other three had the honour of taking their betters,—if that term may be employed without presumption,—masters, servants and guides, alternately on their backs. In more than one place the advantage was all on the side of walking. A narrow footpath cut on the shelving side of a huge rock, with a torrent rushing and roaring along its base at an immense distance below, is rather a formidable object when combined with the insecurity of a tired hack and the elevation of a pack saddle. Think of your son Stratford having walked twelve leagues over such a country as this in one day. Let the Parson talk of his Caucasus if he dare!

One of the most interesting circumstances that one meets with in crossing the Alps is the sudden and surprizing change between the climate and appearance of the northern and southern sides. It gives one the same sort of impression that travellers describe in passing the Line, when they first behold the new constellations of the southern hemisphere and the strange luxuriant vegetation of the tropics.

[1] Wellesley had told him that in the rural retreat of a Zürich inn in summer "the bad jokes of the envoy would be passable, and one might listen with complacency to his often recited, but not-a-bit-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-admired poems."

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The first change on the Italian side is the diminution of snow which is instantly recognized by the eye ; then the quantity of birds,—and then again lower down the increasing variety and richness of the woods, which spread in every direction, although the sides of the mountains are if anything more rugged and steep than to the north. In the first village you hear the soft tones of Italy and discover a different expression and a different physiognomy. You have no longer the broad frank faces of Germany, with their good-humoured unsuspicious looks, and grating language ; but in their place the lowering mistrustful eye and swarthy skin that betray an Italian before he opens his mouth and puts the matter out of doubt by his gestures and grimaces. Another half-hour of descent and you are delighted with the first vines hanging on trellises—the grapes no longer green and sickly like the wretched produce of Zürich, but glowing in rich purple clusters as one has often seen them in the pictures of Bacchus and Ariadne. Then again the various productions of warmer climates, Indian corn, tobacco, figs, &c. But all these beautiful objects are not without a counterbalance. An idle people and a government without character are the distinguishing features of the only Swiss canton exclusively Italian [Ticino]. Above all, the poor women have a wretched life of it. All the hard work seems to be handed over to them. One continually meets a girl of seventeen or eighteen tottering under an immense load of hay or vegetables or anything that the laziness of the men refuses to meddle with. It is really a heart-breaking sight. But in spite of the unpleasant reflections suggested by [this], I grew so enamoured of the climate during the four or five days I enjoyed it that it was not without regret I crossed the Simplon on my way home. Every day's journey under the temperate climate and pure air of the Swiss mountains must add an additional year to one's life. For myself I have brought back health enough to carry me through the whole winter, and a complexion that does honour to the sun.

Indeed he told his sister that "the keenness of the air in those high regions and the wholesome fatigue of walking or riding several leagues every day have made me so stout and ruddy that I am more than half apprehensive of growing ungenteel!" This might be a matter of consequence, when the quiet of Zürich was disturbed by a sudden irruption of Emperors :—

To his Sister, Zürich, 28 Oct.

Quiet and humble as we are at Zürich, we have had something, I will not say better, but more riotous than the fineness of the season to admire. What think you of two Emperors —not indeed

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both at once—that would have been too much—but in quick succession, one upon the heels of the other? Balls, concerts, and illuminations, expressed the rapture of the Züriehese, and for two days one might have fancied one's self at Paris or Vienna. If the Landammanns concert had stretched to a *fifth* fiddle, the illusion would have been complete, and the joy would perhaps have not been diminished if their Majesties had abstained from hinting the probability of a third visit to France. . . .

In this little country, all is as quiet as if the name of Revolution had never been heard. Even the spirit of party seems to have subsided, and if I were not cursed with the most unquiet nature that ever fell to the lot of a poor devil without fortune and with very little talent, I should pass the most agreeable of lives in contemplating the blessed effects of tranquillity and independence restored to a worthy nation. But you who know me too well to make confession a merit will not be surprized to learn that such tranquillity has but few charms for me. My reason approves and admires it; I can even sometimes feel a pleasure in the fancy of having possibly contributed—in some remote degree contributed—to it; but my turn is not that way, and often in my best and most philosophical moments, when ambition and all its vanities are puffed to the idle winds, I catch myself building castles which prove but too plainly that with me contentment is the dream, and passion—for what else is ambition?—the reality. There, dearest Bess, is a bit of my inside for you—to shew that I have not yet lost all reliance on my old confederate. And here let us leave the subject for the present, and believe me, that wherever I may be placed, high or low, in the storm or in the calm, my heart, with all its faults and follies, will ever have one warm and faithful corner for the most beloved of sisters.

MEMOIRS.

"During the winter of 1815–16 and 1816-17 I resided at Bern. The social resources of that city are superior to those of Zürich. But the climate is severe, and the scenery, as travellers well know, even in summer, is solemn almost to gloom. Fir forests of large extent thicken round the town at a short distance from its walls, and ranges of snow-capped mountains or of bare precipitous crags lend more sublimity than cheerfulness to the horizon. Official business made very limited demands upon my time. The Cantons, though still not happily assorted, were glad to partake of the general tranquillity consequent upon the *restored restoration* in France and the confirmed ascendency of the Allied Powers. Basle had no longer anything to dread from the ramparts of

Hüningen, so laudably demolished. Geneva saw no longer a slip of French territory extending to its lake and interrupting its communications with the Canton of Vaud. Bern had obtained a partial compensation for its previous losses by a considerable acquisition from the bishopric of Basle. The neutrality of the whole republic, or system of federal republics, was formally guaranteed. A share of the indemnity imposed upon France by the Allies was allotted to the Swiss. In short, they had only to keep out of hot water and to ground their independence on some kind of military basis auxiliary to its paper defences, in order to enjoy in peace that unrestrained prosperity which had been so gloriously won by their noble-hearted and simple-minded ancestors. It had been my happy fortune to assist in recovering these priceless advantages for them, and it remained for me to render a further service, for which, to say the truth, I was very ill qualified. 1815-16 Æt. 29

"Among the leading statesmen were several who felt the necessity of forming, if not a federal army, at least the nucleus of what might be drawn out into the proportions of an army in times of danger from without. Strange to say, there was some feeling of jealousy or mistrust which had the effect of paralyzing their good intentions and obstructing the progress of their work. The existence of this difficulty was confided to me, and, in spite of my protestations on the score of ignorance and inability, I was implored to sketch some kind of plan, however imperfect, which might rally the divergent opinions, and help them to gravitate towards a common centre. With a strong appreciation of the object in view, I could only promote its accomplishment by putting together with some appearance of method such elements of military organization as I could obtain separately from my professional friends. This I did, bit by bit, cautiously and doubtingly : and it now affords me real satisfaction to remember that the experiment was not entirely fruitless. A federal staff was established, uniformity of drill, arms and clothing was extended to all the Cantons, and annual reviews were instituted for securing a due observance of the adopted regulations. In the year 1847, when the Catholic Sonderbund unhappily came into collision with the Protestant Cantons, an army of 100,000

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well-appointed men was brought into the field by the latter party alone, and more than one hundred pieces of artillery supported their movements. What is more surprising, this large force, when the object of its collection had been attained, dispersed with the utmost ease and almost imperceptibly melted back into the ranks of civil life. Most cordially do I hope that the modest but efficient system thus brought into existence may prove a better safeguard to the liberties and independence of Switzerland than the treacherous passes along its frontier or the slippery engagements of treaty.

"My first winter at Bern was somewhat of a trial. I had little but myself to think of. Not that I was alone, but simply a bachelor. Besides the secretaries,[1] my friend and schoolfellow Rennell, the best scholar of our time at Eton, was my guest. In spite of frost and snow, and something in the life of the place which partook of their chill, we found amusement and occupation enough to keep us in spirits."

The following letters to his mother and sister shew the sort of aimless life to which "quiet and rustic diplomacy" was reduced in Switzerland:—

To his Mother, Bern, 16 Nov. 1815.

I left Zürich on 31 October, and after passing several days at an inn in this town, I got into this my new abode about a week ago. I am not yet quite settled enough to open my doors to the Avoyers and Councillors of Bern, but the house is a good one, and I do not despair of passing the winter comfortably enough. The metropolis of Switzerland is after all but a country town, and not above an eighth part in size of our Manchesters and Liverpools. But the situation is pretty, the buildings are neat and respectable, the country around is agreeable and if not overstocked with woods of dismal fir and blocked up along one whole side by enormous mountains of snow, would be sufficiently like England to delight an English eye. The roads too in the immediate neighbourhood are good both for riding and walking. And you may tell Betty Patrick that the houses have double windows and chimneys. I mean *cheminées*, fireplaces, as well as stoves. But there are no carpets, and the hall doors are eternally open. The society here is on a better footing than anything I have yet seen in Switzerland, with the exception of Geneva. The principal families, whose fortunes were never very splendid, have been

[1] Addington and Antrobus.

much reduced by the Revolution, and I am told that Bern is not so gay as it used to be. But in a place where the manners are so simple and the fortunes, whatever the general scale, so equally distributed, I cannot conceive how a little more or less can make much difference in society. The great articles of European luxury are almost unknown. Men servants are very rare, and carriages almost entirely out of the question. The latter indeed it would be difficult to make use of, as there are arcades, and very clean ones too, in almost all the streets of a town not more than a mile in length, and scarcely wider than three hundred yards in its widest part . . . 1815-16 ÆT. 29

There is a very curious custom in this town, which, in point of sentiment at least, is not without its charms. Every Sunday evening there are parties,—and what will shock you, *card* parties,—which are not peopled in the usual form with young gentlemen introduced by their papas and young ladies protected by their aunts or mamas; but each assembly is formed of persons about the same age, the old folks in one, the middle-aged in another, a younger race in a third, and so on. Papa and Mama go out to their own circle at the proper time, and Miss stays at home, and does the honours of the house to a party of her cotemporaries, male as well as female. These societies begin from childhood, and the individuals go on gradually maturing and decaying together till death shuts the scene. Think how solitary and forlorn the last sad survivor must feel! Last Sunday I went to one of these parties. The age was from seventeen to two-and-twenty. My graver and more advanced years were admitted upon the privilege of a stranger. All went off in the most decorous manner, and I complied with the custom of convoying my partner to her father's house without giving her any cause to repent of having committed herself to the protection of so old a sinner.

And now, my dearest Mother, a word for your private ear—a secret of the most interesting nature! Don't be frightened—I am not going to be married, nor have I even fallen in love: it is simply this—I have nothing on earth to do, and as far as diplomacy is concerned, I might as well go to China with Lord Amherst. But hush! not a word about it for your life. It is very comfortable, and I would not be disturbed for the world. In proportion as I get out of work, I become daily more expert in the lordly arts of twaddledom, politeness, and gaiety. We flirt with the ladies, Madam,—we deal much in small talk, we dance, we waltz, and even have given, and think again of giving, balls ourself. The fair ones of Zürich have not yet recovered from the despair of our departure, and the misses of Bern are already tearing caps for us. But three days ago and we drove sixteen English miles out of town to a ball, and what is more improper still, to a wedding, where we flirted and danced till three or

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four in the morning, and made love, or something very like it, to the mistress of the house, one of the prettiest and most amiable little Frenchwomen I ever met in my life. There we had a play, very fairly acted, and a supper—*chose assez rare en Suisse*—very well served; and all this at the house of a M. Pourtales, one of three brothers, whose father is said to have died worth fifteen hundred thousand pounds—I put the sum in letters that you may not think I make a mistake. You will easily conceive that the third of such a sum is enough to make a Swiss richer than Croesus and Midas together. And considering that any one of the brothers could buy the whole Confederacy out and out, it is not the least singular part of the story that they are all remarkable for their moderation and patriotism.

To his Sister, Bern, 30 Nov. 1815

Upon my word! a Swiss winter is no joke. We have already had seven or eight successive days of hard frost with snow under foot—and they say this is only the beginning. Everything is supposed to announce a severe winter. Among other signs, three bears and a whole posse of wild boars have descended from the mountains of the Jura and the whole neighbourhood is at their heels. I am on the look-out for an occasion to partake the sport—and not being an Adonis, nor even having mocked a prophet like the naughty little boys in the Bible, I may hope to escape both bears with an *e* and boars with an *o*. *À propos* of the former, this worthy Government, in compliment to its coat of arms, which is a Bear, keeps a couple of those sagacious animals in the dry ditch which surrounds the fortifications. A large fir tree is planted in the middle for them to disport themselves upon; and I pass by as often as I can in hopes of catching Bruin among the branches. Whenever the drum beats they say the beasts climb up to find out what the noise may be, and having satisfied their curiosity walk down head foremost at their leisure.

To his Mother, Bern, 29 Jan. 1816

We have but one English family at Bern, an elderly lady, who talks of *my Lord Shaftesbury* and other learned folks—with three small children is all that I have hitherto *lit* (I hope you spell it so) upon. At Geneva there is a whole colony—as many as sixty or seventy—with a chapel and a parson, and all sorts of moral conveniences. While I, his Majesty's minister ! ! am obliged to put up with a French sermon, and a church where, not five minutes before the Protestant service, the Catholics have their Mass. Think of that, ye opponents of Catholic Emancipation ! By the way, I had well nigh forgot two great events which, though I shall not presume to describe, I shall think it my duty to record forthwith. First—a magnificent funeral oration in honour of Louis XVI.—the church clothed in black—a great *cenotaph* covered with fleurs-de-lys, and wax-candles in the middle—High Mass performed—the Corps Diplomatique present in high feather—the Great and Little Councils of Bern, &c.,

&c. Secondly, a grand ball on the Queen's birthday—all in my own house. Gentlemen *en grand costume* ; the ladies in diamonds and feathers ; and a supper for eighty people, male and female. There was the Grand Duchess Anna of Russia—and there was the Princess (think of that—a princess !) of Thurn und Taxis—and there was I dancing with them in my Windsor uniform ! Try to recollect what you were doing on the 18th and let me know whether your ears did not tingle towards evening. Rennell arrived in time for this great event. 1815-16 ÆT. 29

In the absence of any serious business, Canning set about studying the condition and customs of the people more closely than he had hitherto been able.

"Among the subjects which drew my attention at Bern, was that of emigration. I thought it strange that in a country where the expenses of government were so limited and property so much divided, where standing armies were unknown, that any part of the population should find it difficult to live. Yet so it was, even in the productive valleys of the Canton, and on one occasion I was myself an accidental witness of the fact. From the platform at the cathedral at Bern, I saw, on the waters of the Aar below, a raft laden with emigrants going by the Rhine to Holland and thence to America by working their passage over to that continent. There was no Poor Law in the Canton to afford them adequate relief, and in the smaller states even a proprietor of land was sometimes puzzled to find sufficient means of subsistence for his family. I recollect having seen a member of the Landesgemeinde, or General Assembly, in the Canton of Unterwald, mowing the grass on his small enclosure, his wife standing by, with one child on her back, another at her side,—he his only labourer, and she on foot for a tour into Italy as a mendicant. MEMOIRS.

"Crime of a deep dye was by no means frequent among the inhabitants of Switzerland. Of capital offences infanticide is the most common, probably because the immoralities of sex are little restrained, whether in towns or among the mountains, and also because the charge of maintaining illegitimate children weighs heavily on the parish, and in most cases on the faulty parents themselves. While I was living at Zürich two instances of this crime, which drew more than usual

1815-16 attention, occurred. In consequence of representations made to me I went, with the permission of the local authorities, to
Æt. 29 see two young women, convicted of having murdered their own children. I saw them separately in the interval between judgment and execution. I was moved to make these painful visits by the very idle hope of being able to obtain a commutation of sentence for one at least of the two unhappy criminals. I found on close inquiry that the circumstances in either case were such as to preclude all prospects of mercy, and I shall never forget the agony of commiseration with which I heard the cell door closed upon each miserable inmate, and the key which shut out hope, turned in its grating lock.

"I heard little of robbery during my residence in the country. The Swiss, if not too honest to trifle with the possessive pronouns, have too much prudence, and perhaps too little temptation, to prey upon each other, and as for travellers, the innkeepers have their own legitimate way of levying black mail upon such as have the luck to fall among them. Not more than half a dozen executions for murder, if so many, came to my knowledge on the spot.

"In Switzerland a capital crime is expiated by the sword.[1] A chair with a low back receives the culprit, whose neck is previously bared to below the shoulders. The scaffold is a low fixture composed of earth and masonry. The instrument is long, broad, and ponderous. The stroke is dealt horizontally with both hands. The headsman's attendant, having a plate of iron on his side, sustains the sufferer's head by its hair if any, at that conclusive moment, and delivers it when severed from the body to some one in waiting below.

"The head is finally exposed on a triangular gibbet mounted with spikes along the transverse beams. In some of the Cantons, at Lausanne, for instance, a strange and disgusting usage prevailed when I was there,—one which, I hope, and would willingly believe, has since yielded to the progress of civilization. The executioner, when employed for the first time in his sad office, stepped forward after dealing his blow, and received the victim's blood, then spouting high in a crimson

[1] In the case of parricides the right hand is first struck off with mallet and chisel.

curve, on his hands and clothes. One of my servants witnessed this feat. For my own part I hope never to see another execution. *Satis una superque.*" 1816 ÆT. 29

Canning had for some time been meditating a journey to England. It was finally arranged that he should start in March, and it happened that George Canning chose nearly the same time for his own return from Lisbon.

The former wrote from Bern:—

To his Sister, 2 Jan. 1816

I am most happy to learn that G. C. intends returning to England this spring. It is impossible not to miss him; and among the pleasures which I propose to myself in paying you a visit the prospect of seeing him once more is not one of the least. A few days ago I received a long and very kind letter from him, which stirred up all the bowels of my affection. He talks with contentment of retreat and absence from business; he speaks with raptures of the glowing climate of Lisbon; but still, though he does not say it, I fancy that an undercurrent of something not quite unlike regret may be perceived throughout. Poor fellow! he has had a bitter bowl to drain within the past few years; and he has certainly done it like a man of high spirit and a generous heart.

MEMOIRS.

"Early in the spring of 1816 I went to England on leave. At Paris I waited on the Duke of Wellington, and in London, of course, on Lord Castlereagh. There was no lack of courtesy from either of those illustrious Irishmen. Mr. Canning returned from his embassy in May. He invited me to meet him on the road, and I accompanied him to Bath, where his mother was residing. I found a handsome old lady of commanding presence and much apparent energy, answering to what he had told me, namely, that I 'should see a person of high spirit, and spirits also.' This early visit, on returning from abroad, to his only surviving parent was characteristic of his general conduct, and, in truth, his behaviour towards her to the very last was most exemplary. His next duty called him to Liverpool, whither he went after pausing for information three or four days at a small country inn near Beaudesert. His reception at Liverpool was gratifying in the extreme, and indeed the whole course of his connexion with that magnificent and enterprizing borough was no less honourable to him than satisfactory to his constituents. I left him

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on reaching his house at Brompton, and it was not long before he re-entered the Cabinet as President of the Board of Control."

Stratford Canning did not return to Switzerland till September. During his absence all the gossips of Bern had been giving him in marriage to persons unknown, but they were probably equally surprized and disappointed to find their predictions realized. He came back to his mission with a bride. He had married Harriet Raikes, the youngest daughter of a Governor of the Bank of England, with whose family the Cannings had long been acquainted. They passed their honeymoon at Tittenhanger, Lady Hardwicke's place in Hertfordshire, and soon afterwards set out for Paris, where they arrived,—

3 Aug.

To his Mother, 26 Aug.

Just in time to witness one of the prettiest scenes I ever beheld . . . Yesterday was the King's *jour de fête*, and the evening was therefore illustrated by illuminations and a most brilliant display of fireworks and of fine people to look at them . . . To-night we go to see the *Andromache* of Racine, and we propose concluding with a ball at Mr. Hammond's, where the Duke of Wellington has promised to exhibit himself.

MEMOIRS.

In September they approached their destination, "not without a secret apprehension on my part that a young English bride might possibly find the arcades and forests of Bern somewhat oppressive to her spirits. One hearty laugh we had on our journey thither. The season had been more than usually wet, but the heavens had relented at last, and on a bright autumnal morning, when the sky was cloudless and the sun in full glory, we saw a long procession of monks going to some mountain shrine with the most solemn gravity to petition for fine weather."

They did not immediately commit themselves to the firs and gossips of Bern, but while waiting for a house there spent a few weeks at a pretty villa near Lausanne, which they had selected as their residence for the summer of the following year.

To his Mother, 19 Oct.

The name of our villa, as you may learn from the date of this letter, is La Chablière, which alone, you must admit, announces

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everything that is most promising and delightful. It is rather less than a mile from the town of Lausanne, situated on the side of a well-wooded hill which shelters it from the north, and commanding a view of the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Savoy, and a great part of the Pays de Vaud, a cheerful, well-cultivated country winding gracefully round between the lake and its boundary, the Jura. . . . Harriet is as happy as a princess to find herself quietly established, and looks forward with most laudable equanimity to our winter campaign within sight of the glaciers.

MEMOIRS.

"The winter was not slow to set in after our arrival at Bern. Dinners and evening parties, with an occasional ball, enlivened its rigour, as in other capitals, but on a scale proportioned to the society, which was by no means redundant. The two Avoyers of the Canton, and a few more officials native or diplomatic, opened their drawing-rooms now and then for such convivial purposes. The Grand Duchess Constantine, sister to Prince Leopold, lived in the neighbourhood and exercised a liberal hospitality. No Court; no Mansion House; no theatre; nothing in the nature of public entertainment except a club or society of gentlemen who from time to time did homage to the ladies by giving them a dance. The cold was at times severe enough to lend a high value to that enlivening exercise. Sledges were often in use, and a German stove in each room was not only a comfort, but almost a necessity. The weekly visit to church was a matter of conscientious endurance. Never could the return of spring be more sure of a hearty welcome.

"With the first mild weather I went to Lausanne. No public business required my presence at Bern, and, in case of any unforeseen occurrence, less than twenty-four hours would take me back. I thought, moreover, that by giving a part of the year to Lausanne, I might extend my official influence and acquire some additional means of healing the dissensions of party. The chief local authorities were men of the legal profession, who had been thrown up to the surface by popular commotion and the French invasion. Of these the highest in power were Monod, Pidou, and Maret, all savouring strongly of revolutionary origin, but the last inferior to his colleagues in temper, countenance, and manners. The old families would

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have nothing to do with these intruders, and the consequence was a total separation of the adverse classes. My character of stranger and envoy gave me access to both, and frequent opportunities of observing the bitterness which prevailed between them. The spirit of democracy shewed itself even on the high road, and whenever cart met carriage the latter in most instances had to knock under. I fared no better than my neighbours, and more than once had a narrow escape of being canted into the wayside ditch. It required all the attractions of scenery and climate, all the traditions of literary genius belonging to the vicinity, to atone for such annoyances. Happily no changes in society or in social order could obliterate the memories which cluster round Lake Leman, and spread their intellectual splendour over its vacant waters and inanimate rocks. Yet even these recollections are not unmingled with regrets. We cannot refuse the tribute of our admiration to surpassing talent; but a display of moral recklessness, even when recommended by genius, is naturally repugnant to our better feelings. Who would not wish that the light radiated from such pages as those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Byron,[1] had been always as pure as it was brilliant?"

Canning had taken the villa with the inviting name of La Chablière mainly for the pleasure of his young wife, who needed that summer all the cheerfulness that beautiful landscape and the wide view over the lake to the mountains of Savoy could yield her. They were very happy together there, so far as a few letters enable one to tell. Later on, her mother and sister came to stay with her, and their presence still further brightened the lovely spot where her brief married life was

16 June

passed. Her child was born dead, and in a few hours the mother followed. She was buried at Lausanne, and an elaborate monument to her memory by Canova stands in the cathedral.

We know very little of this poor young wife beyond what may be gathered from some letters of the Countess Waldstein, who took a warm and unselfish interest in the happiness of the pair united for so short a span. We can read between the

[1] Byron was then living in seclusion not far from Bern: but Canning never met him in Switzerland.

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lines that Stratford had drawn a glowing portrait of his wife, from which Isabelle Waldstein found it "impossible not to love her"; Harriet is described as very sweet and charming, and endowed with a lovely voice and much musical talent. The last gift Madame de Waldstein thought rather thrown away: "Je me souviens très bien que vous ne saviez pas distinguer au bal quand on jouait une écossaise ou une polonaise, ce qui n'annonce pas de talent pour l'harmonie. Si la voix de votre femme vous touche et vous plaît, c'est probablement parcequ'elle va droit à votre cœur sans passer par vos oreilles, car celles-ci, je vous avoue, ne paroitraient pas des juges dignes et capables de l'apprécier." Two letters came from the Countess after Harriet's death: they are full of sympathy and compassion; and then she too passes out of sight. She died suddenly in the autumn of 1818.

Canning felt the death of his wife very bitterly; "the fair vessel wherein he had embarked all his soul's affections was sunk, and he stood alone upon the strand—friendless in the midst of friends":—but his letters of this time are too private and exclusively personal to be printed.

At first the melancholy seclusion of "the poor Chablière" was cheered by the presence of friends. His brother William joined him at once; Fazakerley came over soon afterwards and stayed till the end of October; and the well-known politician, Mr. Fischer of Bern, passed his vacation with him. After that he was left to himself for the winter, and settled down to books and retirement. He was re-reading Gibbon, in sight of the place where the *Decline and Fall* was written. The seclusion and quiet of La Chablière suited his mood at the moment: he had never cared much for ordinary evening society, and he cared for it less than ever now; so he told his sister:—

To his Sister, 18 Dec.

You are wrong to have any uneasiness on my account. I do not remember ever to have been in better health, and as for my spirits I am sometimes surprized that they should be so good as they are. This quiet country life suits me wonderfully well; and in renouncing for this winter every sort of society but what is of the soberest and most quiet description I have, in fact, only indulged my natural disposition. I have plenty of books within reach, and in addition to

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them a billiard table which is in the house and a chessboard are very comfortable resources. Addington and I rarely meet before dinner-time, except for some accidental object of business, so that our stock of conversation holds out pretty well for evening consumption, and after all we are not such hermits as not to see company occasionally at dinner.

To his Mother, 8 Nov.

The beautiful prospect seen from my windows loses nothing by being so constantly under one's eyes ; it is impossible to be tired of it ; every change of weather presents it under a new aspect, and when, after veiling itself in a mist for some days, it again shines out under a morning sun, it cheers us like the return of an old friend.

It was of course impossible that one "cursed with an unquiet nature," as he said of himself, should long remain content with the aimless life he was leading. Retirement he believed (but wrongly) he could enjoy, but the half-way condition of "rustic diplomacy," which was at once work and no-work, disgusted him. He had sounded Planta on the chances of home employment before his marriage in 1816, and his wife's death made him the more eager for a change.

To his Mother, La Chablière, 4 Jan. 1818

What I least like in the state of my mind is that I am continually living in the future. I feel as if I was tolerating a state of sacrifice and restraint for the sake of some ulterior object, and though I have no such object in view with any degree of distinctness, I take but little pleasure in anything that does not seem in my imagination to be connected with it. Something of this is naturally, I think, in my disposition ; but the loss of her who had fixed my affections, and the necessity of remaining in a situation, where there is office without business--*i.e.* restraint without occupation are admirably calculated to assist the tendency of nature. At the same time I must caution you against fancying that I am actually unhappy. There are moments indeed, and perhaps this is one of them, when my mind is somewhat depressed, but I repeat that in general my spirits are much better than I could ever have expected, and on the score of health I have nothing to desire. In spite of every effort I think *I should be wretchedly* unhappy if I had not a tolerable prospect of being able in some way or other to change my present mode of life at no very distant period ; so great is the difference between bearing anything for a time, and seeing no end to it. Events may perhaps occur to prevent my gratifying my wishes in this respect for years to come, but provided they be not foreseen so as to kill the hope which brightens on a doubtful future, one may always continue to reconcile oneself to the discomfort of the passing hour.

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Do not suppose that I am repining at my lot, or insensible to such advantages as I am permitted to enjoy. When I compare my present situation in point of worldly establishment with what it was ten or eleven years ago,—not such as it then seemed to the ardent imagination of a boy who had the world before him, but reduced to a plain matter of fact, and sober calculation,—it is impossible for me not to acknowledge with gratitude the bounties of Providence. And perhaps if I am to carry on the comparison, and consider the state of my mind on subjects of far higher importance, such as it now is, and such as it was before I had met with disappointment, or tasted the bitterness of real affliction, I should discover still more abundant reason to be thankful. But alas! the wants of the heart and the desires of the mind, far from being satisfied with the vulgar comforts of life, for the most part find scope for their activity in the absence of inferior cares. Religion may enable us to control our thoughts and to bear in silence what we cannot alter, and some purer spirits I doubt not that she may endow with a serenity which nothing can disturb; but such perfection is given only to those who have utterly and irrevocably turned their backs upon the world and its concerns,—an act which is commonly the result either of age, or perhaps of disappointment, or of habits gradually and almost imperceptibly formed. Should I be asked to confess that I am not yet prepared for such a sacrifice?—I flatter myself, though perhaps without reason, that wherever the road branched off I should have resolution enough to choose the right direction, but fancy delights too much in combinations not to dwell with fondness on the possibility of pursuing the one without losing sight of the other. You will guess from this confession that I am not quite cured of ambition. I grant that in sound reason I ought to be: public and private events have of late concurred to make one feel the utter vanity of all worldly pursuits, and I trust that my heart is not made to be an idle witness of either. But as long as I am member of a public mission, and filling an official station, the love of distinction, surely not unconnected with the discharge of duty, and the desire of doing good, will sometimes be busy in my breast, and, whenever this happens, it is but natural that I should feel weary of the bounds which hem me in on every side, making me a fit object for the suspicions of those who fancy that emolument is the only charm of office. To retirement, if I am not much deceived, I could reconcile myself without difficulty, but then it must be retirement for good; which might perhaps cost me a sigh at this moment, but a very little more will in all probability be sufficient to make me view it with perfect complacency and satisfaction.

In fact, Canning was again longing to be quit of diplomacy. What he was aiming at was, as of old, a seat in Par-

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liament, or in default of that a more active diplomatic post. In this sense he had written to his faithful adviser Planta in September, and it is amusing to find from this letter that he had completely forgotten his early enthusiasm for Switzerland, his resolve to live and die there, and declared that he "had never liked it." Whilst there was active responsible work to be done his energy exhausted itself upon that work; when the toil and difficulty were over, he grew impatient of the monotony of his post. So in Switzerland, while he never forgot to enjoy the beauty of the scene, his occupation lost its interest with its difficulty.

To Planta, 30 Sept. 1817

I am still for many reasons seriously and soberly desirous of leaving this country for good, not to-morrow or next day, but as soon as I can with a due regard to prudential considerations. You know that, as a general matter, I have always preferred home employment to *any* diplomatic situation—and with respect to *this particular* place, I have never liked it, simply because it affords no occupation, and leads to nothing, and *now* it has become ten times more disagreeable to me. I should, therefore, wish *in the first instance* to exchange it for office with Parliament if that were practicable; but if, as I much fear, it be not, I shall *then* wish to exchange it for some other *diplomatic* situation. When I first came here I thought that three or four years in Switzerland would entitle me, with the aid of such favourable circumstances as then seemed likely (even if my private wish of going home could not be gratified) to step into some higher rank of diplomacy[1]—such, for instance, as the Neapolitan, or Portuguese, or (possibly) the Prussian mission—and considering this post as, more or less, on the line of the small German Courts, I preferred infinitely passing

[1] According to the Foreign Office estimates for 1816 the British missions were divided into seven classes :—

1. Ambassadors: Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, Netherlands.
2. Ambassador: Constantinople.
3. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary: Prussia.
4. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary: Portugal, Two Sicilies, America.
5. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary: Sweden, Bavaria, Denmark, Sardinia.
6. Envoy Extraordinary: Würtemberg, Tuscany, Switzerland, Saxony.
7. Envoy Extraordinary: Hamburg.

In Canning's case the Swiss mission was qualified with the double title of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and thus temporarily raised to the fifth class.

my time of *abeyance* here to the miserable *besogne* of a petty Court with business of the smallest description and a profusion of wretched etiquette. If, however, it should appear that I am mistaken in this point, and that I cannot hope, in the present state of things, to step at once into a purer element, but that it is *absolutely necessary* to go through the drudgery which I flattered myself I had avoided—the sooner it is done the better—and much as I should dislike it for the time, I should endeavour to go through, I will not say its duties (the term is too noble), but its *routine*, with as much decency as my nature is capable of. 1817-18 — ÆT. 31

You will see by this exposition of my political wishes, in their several stages and gradations, that my mind is at present fixed on the grand object of getting away from Switzerland for good ; but should it unfortunately (I mean unfortunately for my feelings) so happen that, in spite of wishing, I feel myself bound in duty, all things inquired into and weighed, to prolong my residence here, I should then come down to the very humble consideration of endeavouring to relieve the *tedium* of such a duty by a temporary absence from this country, either a visit to England, or a short tour in Italy—provided leave could be obtained without inconvenience or embarrassment.

Planta's reply, coupled with the advice of others, convinced him that his hopes of a speedy release were not to be gratified. He submitted to Ἀναγκαίη μεγάλη Θεός, the "goddess, to whose decrees engraved on adamant, all human affairs, desires, and passions must give way" :—

To Planta, 4 Dec.

But of one thing be sure, my dear friend, that, if I can anyhow help it, I will never consent to pass my life in a middle indefinite state between something and nothing. A certain time, I well know, must be allowed for seeing or rather feeling one's way ; but the days of initiation once fairly over, none but weak minds will voluntarily submit to remain in a neutral state. Active life and retirement have both their peculiar advantages—it is the middle condition which like Milton's gryphon, half wading and half flying, has all the odium, the inconvenience of office, without either its interest or its dignity, and all the insignificance of retreat, without either its leisure, its serenity, or its independence. You seem to think me exorbitant in looking to office and Parliament *at once* ; but in my view of the matter they go together like bread and butter. I care little about income, and I give you my word that if what small private means I have were at my own disposal, and were not in part destined to other wants than my own, I would willingly take the unproductive half

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alone, and never think of its less honourable but unfortunately almost indispensable companion.

His mother was mainly dependent upon him, and his eldest brother had failed so completely in his attempt to carry on his father's old business that heavy drafts had to be made upon Stratford's purse. It was the consideration of these claims which compelled him to couple his desire for Parliament with a wish for office; and with this idea he had written on 7 July, 1817, almost immediately after his wife's death, to George Canning, who was then President of the Board of Control, to sound him with regard to a possible home career. The appeal was natural enough, but unfortunately some querulous expressions in the letter were taken in ill part by its receiver. Stratford was too apt to bemoan a fate which really needed no lamentation, and some special groan on this occasion roused Mr. Canning's displeasure. The misunderstanding was soon healed, and it need not have been mentioned here at all, but for some sentences in the justificatory letter which give a clear view of his aims throughout his early career:—

To George Canning, 27 Aug. 1817

It is matter of fact [he writes] that my continuance in diplomacy, not to say my entrance into it, has been purely accidental, and ever in my conception of a temporary nature. When on coming up from college just ten years ago I had the first serious conversation with you on the subject of office, I do not remember, nor do I believe, that the idea of my being employed abroad was ever mentioned, even as an eventual resource, though you were kind enough to shew some regret at not having a better place to offer me than the *Précis*, and to set fairly before me the risk of giving up my fellowship at Cambridge for a petty and precarious situation under government. That risk I incurred with open eyes and by a voluntary act. . . . Family misfortunes precluded me at that time from looking to the only profession which might have suited my views and education; I had to choose between office and the narrow resources of a college life, with no brighter perspective than a tutorship at Eton. I will not say that I was destitute of ambition, nor dare I affirm that the dreams of my boyhood were quite unconnected with your example; but I well knew the distance between your talents and mine—if mine were ever worthy of the name—nor was I ignorant of the difference between starting in public life with a small fortune and with none at all. I felt that my claims upon your assistance were at best of a general

nature ; that I must be tried before I could be trusted, and that the fabric of my fortune, if ever it grew into a fabric, must of necessity rest upon humble foundations, . . . and in the confidence of anticipated exertion I promised to myself that if my first step in public life was owing to family connexion, every succeeding one would spring from motives more satisfactory to you, and infinitely more honourable to me. . . . I did not despair of passing through office into Parliament. . . . 1817-18 —— ÆT. 31

When you sent me with Mr. Merry to Copenhagen and subsequently with Adair to Constantinople, a few weeks in the former instance, and as many months in the latter, were understood to be the utmost term of my absence from England ; I retained my situation in the Foreign Office, and I well remember that on receiving letters of credence as minister at the Porte, their only value in my eyes, except as testimonials of approbation, was the earnest which they seemed to afford me of a speedy promotion at home. . . . After my return to England in the autumn of 1812 I had no other idea but of living quietly on my pension until you might again be able to bring me into office. By putting myself forward to join you at Liverpool during an election which took place while you were at variance with the administration, I thought to have shewn that I considered my *allegiance* as due to you. . . At a later period when I saw Lord Castlereagh and stated to him my readiness to go abroad in a diplomatic character, it was at your suggestion that I did so. . . . At the same time or near it, I remember taking occasion to express to you in conversation my invariable wishes on the subject of employment at home, and it would be disingenuous not to acknowledge that you *then* prepared me for the chance of your not being able to gratify them on *first* returning to office ; your particular expression was that if you were to find only two places at your disposal, one in England and one abroad, you would probably assign the former to Mr. Bagot and give me the foreign station until another opening might eventually present itself at home. . . . When in the course of last year you once more accepted a seat in the cabinet, I abstained from presenting myself as a candidate for any office, because I was aware how little you had then at your disposal. . . . The very fact of my marriage under such circumstances is a decided proof that I had then made up my mind to the necessity of staying abroad for some time.

That marriage is now dissolved for ever ; and with it is taken away what best served to reconcile me to my situation, which, in spite of its advantages,—and I am far from meaning to deny it those of an easy and in all ordinary respects a *luxurious* life,—is not—can I help it ?—congenial to my disposition. Not that I am ungrateful for the comforts arising from a considerable income and respectable

1817-18 station, nor did it ever enter into my head to represent myself as having been ill-treated, still less am I absurd enough to think that everything that falls short of my desires is therefore to be disdained and rejected; but every man has his own idea of happiness, and surely it is not unreasonable for anyone to prefer and pursue his own particular scheme, as long as he can do so consistently with his duty and without prejudice to others.

Like most people, he disliked having his course chalked out for him by someone else, and the peremptory yet logical manner in which his cousin sought to point out to him the way he should go was naturally a little exasperating. George Canning really knew his cousin better than Stratford knew himself, and he possibly saw that his impatient and over-sensitive nature was not fitted for the rubs and assaults of political office at home. It might have been wiser to let him try and fail: the lesson might have reconciled him to diplomacy. But it was in the former's character to like to manage people for their own good, without consulting their tastes and inclinations; and he especially tried to make his friends independent of his own precarious tenure of power. He wrote:—

7 Oct. 1817 The principle of my conduct towards those connected with me in public life (not more, but certainly not less towards you than others) has uniformly been to endeavour to do them not only as much good, but as little disservice as possible. With this view, whenever I have had the opportunity, and whenever I could prevail upon them to adopt my recommendation, I have always been desirous of placing their political fortunes (or of seeing them placed) out of the reach of the precariousness of my own.

Nothing but experience could convince Stratford that home politics were not his proper sphere, and his friends do not seem to have had any doubts as to his eventual success in Parliament. Morier, for example, told him that:—

Paris, 9 June, 1818 Public life is your native element, and I am therefore not surprized at your wishing to exchange your present tranquillity for the dust, and let *me* add the *triumphs*, of the political arena. But do not be in a hurry; your hour is not yet come; come however it infallibly will, and believe me that no one expects or wishes for it with greater anxiety than your *ancien secrétaire perpétuel*, convinced as I am of

your success in the career of honourable ambition. Our long-standing friendship, which gives me the privilege of expressing such a sentiment, makes me also feel as it were a personal interest in the accomplishment of this my very old augury—for every prophet you know has a right to a share of the merit of the event which he foretells. Your detestation of the prevalent squinting spirit of party would gather if possible additional force from the state of society here, or, as it ought to be called, dissociability. To be sure, I mix very little in it and ought not to give an opinion but with extreme caution,—but when I *do* fall in with a French man or woman I find him or her either violent for the re-establishment of the good old times of the Grand Monarque, lettres de cachet, &c., or else furious against every idea or institution or name which was in use before the end of the last century ;—and yet such is the scrupulous purity of these two opposite politicians, that neither of them would refuse to serve the *country* under the reigning government, *quelqu'il soit*, provided they could turn a penny by it ; and this is what they both call honour, conscience, *amour de la patrie*, &c. 1818 — Æt. 31

The time for proving his aptitude for home office, however, was not yet come ; and meanwhile diplomacy must be endured. It was not a very heavy yoke, for there was really nothing to be done at Bern, and accordingly in October Canning obtained leave of absence, and started on a tour in Italy. He went by way of Mont Cenis and Turin, where he spent five days in seeing everything that assiduous diligence could see in the museums, palaces, and public buildings of the Sardinian capital. The Royal Theatre he found was open only during the carnival, and the Queen herself sold the keys of the boxes to people of irreproachable position. Her object was to keep the theatre for those who had been presented at Court, but, as the receivers of keys frequently sold their seats in retail to others, the plan hardly succeeded. Canning had an interview with the King, whom he describes as "one of the plainest and meanest looking persons one can well conceive. His stature is very short, his complexion of the worst sort of brown, and his teeth strikingly defective. Though there is certainly no necessary connexion in hereditary monarchies between the ideas of royalty and personal accomplishment, yet I confess it was some minutes before I could feel quite sure that I was talking with the King himself. He was alone, and no one but a servant had introduced MEMOIRS.

1819 me. But before I had decided the question by risking the
æt. 32 expression of 'Your Majesty' the peculiar goodness of character which came out gradually from behind his countenance, and of which I had heard before, had almost entirely removed my doubts. After a few commonplace questions about travelling, the King's conversation turned upon politics. He talked with much satisfaction of the state of his troops, and of the facility with which the new levies acquired their military exercise. I was surprized to find that the troops actually on foot do not exceed 18,000 or 20,000 men. He spoke with feeling of the necessity of restoring public morals by the means of education, but it is evident that he looks to the priests and particularly to the Jesuits for the accomplishment of this object."

There is an elaborate list of the objects of interest, buildings, pictures, and antiquities, which Canning drew up before he set out, but there is no detailed record of how much he accomplished after leaving Turin. He visited Milan, Florence and Rome, among other cities; and came back to England in March 1819. In June he was at Paris, and about this time he seems to have visited the field of Waterloo, returning to Bern in July, when he immediately asked and obtained (16 Aug.) leave to resign his mission.

On the eve of his departure he entertained a party of seventy Swiss friends at the Aigle at Lucerne. The Federal Directorate wrote him a very handsome letter, and spoke with "gratitude and sincere attachment" of what he had done for the country, "services they could never forget." And so he turned his back, but not for ever, on the Cantons with which he had been connected for five years.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON.

1819-20.

1819 —— ÆT. 32

THE mission to Switzerland was given up on the understanding that one of two things would be done for the ex-minister: either a post in the government at home would be found for him, which would enable him at last to realize his ambition of entering Parliament, or he would be promoted to a higher mission. At the moment of his application for leave to resign there was some probability of his being sent to Copenhagen. Mr. Foster, the minister to the Court of Denmark, expressed his willingness to exchange with him. There was no mention of America as a possible alternative. Yet in September, scarcely a month after his return, the die was cast, and Canning had accepted the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. He was fully aware of the difficulties and drawbacks of the situation. His former secretary, Henry Addington, in congratulating him on his appointment, characterized the mission to Washington as at that time "the most important, difficult, and dangerous, of all on the list, embassies not excepted;" and added "If you can succeed in keeping those schoolboy Yankees quiet and saving us another hundred millions of debt, you will be England's Magnus Apollo, and come home in the course of five years (nice prospect!) a G. C. B. with a handle to your name." His old chief, Sir Robert Adair, wrote also of the importance of the post: "Most difficult indeed will be your task, difficult beyond that of any European mission, but I have the fullest confidence in your succeeding there." George Canning declared, "I was never

Rome, 29 Oct.

Naples, 13 Oct.

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more clear in any opinion in my life than that the appointment is precisely the most advantageous in point of credit as well as of interest (fair honourable interest) that could have been proposed to you."

The very difficulty of the post formed an attraction to Canning. He had accepted the mission to Switzerland because he liked hard work, and had resigned it when the work ceased to be hard. He accepted Washington for precisely the same reason which had recommended Switzerland to his eyes. But there was a further motive for his ready acquiescence in another period of exile from home. That motive was the hope that his experience of American affairs might serve him as a sort of apprenticeship for public duties in England. There was no opening for him in England at the moment, but a few years of hard work in the United States would make him the better fitted for and the more deserving of a home office when such an opening should occur. At the worst the mission would probably lead to further diplomatic promotion. Residence at Washington was considered so unpleasant that the man who endured it counted upon a speedy promotion on his return. The last minister, Sir C. Bagot, had gone on to the important embassy of St. Petersburg, and Canning might look forward to a similar step, if his

24 Sept.

home ambitions were not to be realized. He told his cousin that the Atlantic Ocean and other conditions in his new post were hardly what he most preferred, "but having nothing to count upon at home, without prejudice to those who are nearest and dearest to me, diplomacy is for the time my profession, and its distinctions must be earned. Such, however, is the infirmity of human nature, that, flattered as I am by Lord Castlereagh's selection of me, I must confess that I am less so than encouraged and gratified by his leading me to consider Bagot's promotion as mainly growing out of his diplomatic conduct, and conferred upon him as a sort of public declaration with reference to the American mission."

The American minister at the Court of St. James's in 1819 was Mr. Richard Rush, a man whom Canning described in his rounded style as "of highly respectable abilities, of courteous manners, and of more than ordinary attainments."

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They met frequently before the new envoy started for his transatlantic post, and Rush was pleased with his obvious "desire to render the mission in his hands subservient to harmony and goodwill between the two countries." In his narrative of life at the Court of London, the American describes an interview with Lord Castlereagh at which he was informed of the appointment of the new minister to the States. The Foreign Secretary favoured Mr. Rush with the reasons for his choice :—

Court of London, 161 (1873 ed.)

Ibid. 157-9

In speaking more particularly of Mr. [Stratford] Canning he carried back his narrative to 1812. That year found him, he said, . . . at the head of the embassy [at Constantinople]. In this situation, important duties fell upon him, which he performed in a manner highly satisfactory ; but he attracted the favourable notice of the Government chiefly by services which he rendered as auxiliary to the conclusion of a treaty between the Ottoman Porte and Russia, accomplishing an object dear at that time to Great Britain. He was soon afterwards appointed minister to Switzerland. This, although not generally a leading station, was converted by events into a conspicuous theatre for the display of his fitness for high diplomatic trust. . . . Mr. C. was requested to give his attendance at the Congress [of Vienna] . . . and from the usefulness of his information and discretion of his counsels left upon all minds the best impressions. Returning to his station, he remained until a few months ago faithfully and ably discharging his duties.

At this time his interest in politics often took him to hear the debates in the Houses of Parliament, and his appearance under the gallery seems to have led to the suspicion that he was already preparing for the House of Commons. The following letter to Gally Knight, then Sheriff of his county, in reply to some question on this subject, gives a very full account of his views on the subject of Parliament and office :—

Gt. Cumberland Street, 24 Jan.

I know not who has honoured me by making so humble a person as myself the subject of his correspondence with the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, but it is perfectly true that I was an occasional hearer of the debates before the recess of Parliament. The Speaker allows me to sit under the gallery, and I confess that in every point of view the indulgence is a great treat to me, though I should be sorry if people fancied that I meant, by attending the debates, to set myself up as a candidate for the H. of Commons. I have no

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hesitation, however, in acknowledging to such a friend as yourself, that I should prefer the parliamentary to the diplomatic career, and simply for these two reasons, first, that I should then cease to be the sort of alien that I now am, and secondly, that being once thrown into public life, the higher is preferable to the lower line—that of command to that of obedience—for such, abstractedly speaking, is the relation in which the two lines are placed to each other. And I really believe that if my own means, small as they are, were entirely at my disposal, without my being called upon to give them up to the assistance of others who have natural claims upon me, I should yield to my inclinations in this particular. As far as diplomacy is concerned, the American mission is of all others, I think, the one best calculated to bring me into contact with the domestic interests of England, and to qualify me at some future day for being useful at home. It is this view of it which serves chiefly to reconcile me for a time to what, I am well aware, must be a situation of considerable risk and very great discomfort—or, to use the expression which Antrobus has employed in his letter of *congratulation*, "the bitterest cup that I ever raised to my lips."—Circumstanced as I am, the way must be cleared by my own exertions, and I am always content, and even anxious, to purchase, if that be possible, by any fair and reasonable sacrifice, an exemption from the odium of family patronage. But notwithstanding these general views and inclinations, you are much mistaken if you fancy that I either underrate the difficulties of succeeding in Parliament, or am prepared to accept office in England, on any terms, and under any minister.

On the former of these two points it is useless to reason: Lord Chatham himself would never have dared to face the H. of Commons, if he had paused to consider only the risks and difficulties inseparable from such an attempt. As to the latter, there is no concealing that I have a decided leaning in favour of Mr. Pitt's principles, and for this reason, that I consider them as being essentially principles of conservation, applied to the support of a constitution, under which, however defective it may be in theory, this country has eminently flourished, and which I have been accustomed from my boyhood to regard with affection and reverence. Circumstances, in some respects like those of the present period, compelled Mr. Pitt to develope the force of those principles to a degree which, in ordinary times, would be unfit and pernicious. It might happen that a minister, acting generally on the same principles, might be led either by personal motives or by erroneous views to carry their operation to an unwarrantable extent. Here there are ample grounds for dissenting from the particular measure of any minister, and I am willing to believe that, if ever the occasion presented itself, I should have the firmness to pursue, if I had but the discernment to perceive, the

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diverging line of duty. Among the members of the present administration there may be more than one, under whom, as part of a cabinet, and formed on principles of mutual control, the most punctilious individual might think it safe to act, but under whom as prime minister and lord paramount no man of sound political principles would consent to hold office.

But if every candidate for ministerial employment were to wait until he found a cabinet composed, not on principles generally in accord with his own, but of individuals exactly fashioned to his taste, he might wait till doomsday, and I much question whether his fastidiousness, however meritorious, would obtain the title of patriotism. With respect to my cousin, I know that you look upon him as a lost man, and I am by no means prepared to maintain that he has not suffered in public opinion. Some intemperate expressions, and two or three injudicious acts, swelled far beyond their natural size, and trumpeted about with malignant and calculating activity by those who are envious of his powers, or who have smarted under his wit, and still more by the worthies who know him to be one of the chief obstacles in the way of their criminal designs, have certainly diminished the effect of his commanding abilities. But though I am not blind to his faults,—and who is without his share?—I believe him to be in the main an honest man, and sure I am that of all his party there is no one more favourable to public liberty, or more attached to the old-established principles of English policy. But while he is the most accomplished orator of his party, he is also behind no one in courage, and as an old Austrian minister once said to me, *il est toujours prêt à se mettre dans la brèche*. In factious times a man with such qualities must have many a bitter enemy. Taking into consideration this view of his character, and our relationship, which I cannot annul— and past kindnesses, which, though occasionally accompanied with a strange reserve, I cannot entirely forget—you will at once understand why I look rather to him than to anyone else for a political connexion, notwithstanding the very small chance that there may be of his ever acquiring more power than he enjoys at present. What I should certainly prefer above all things, I mean all *sublunary* things, is an independent seat in Parliament. But how am I to obtain it unless I turn Whig, or Radical? By the way, pray define me a Whig at your leisure. Meantime I profess the most perfect optimism, considering diplomacy as an honourable profession, unconnected with party, the duties of which I am bound to discharge to the best of my ability, and believing that the transportation which awaits me is most conducive to my welfare, and that if I do not die either of impatience or the yellow fever, I shall be all the better for it a few years hence.

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One is curious to learn something of the young man's town life. When abroad, his letters furnish a fairly detailed picture of his work and amusements, but in England as a rule conversation took the place of correspondence, and there are long intervals during which we have little information of his doings. Fortunately in 1820 he kept a diary for eleven days—such efforts with one who disliked systematic writing in almost every form seldom lasted long—and from this we can form a good idea of his favourite occupations in London. It is clear that he went very little into society, or he would hardly have dined almost nightly at the Travellers' Club, of which he was an original member, or have been able to spend so many evenings listening to debates in the House of Commons. His long residence abroad had no doubt made him somewhat of a stranger in town, and his tastes pointed rather to intellectual intercourse with such men as he met at the Travellers' or Grillion's than to the indiscriminate chatter of crowded routs and the formal dulness of stately dinner parties. His old Constantinople ally Count Ludolf was now minister for the Two Sicilies in London, and they met now and then at dinner. Inglis, Horton Wilmot, Planta, Morier, and T. D. Acland were the friends he saw most of, and at his cousin George's table he met such celebrities as Walter Scott and Hookham Frere.

The following extracts are from the diary:—

Friday, 26 *May*.—I heard the debate in the House of Lords. Ld. Lansdowne moved for a committee to take into consideration the state of trade. He made an excellent speech. His manner and language are those of a sensible well-meaning man. His style is clear and natural, sometimes forcible, rarely eloquent. He has evidently studied much; his tone of mind seems eminently practical: he speaks with the earnestness of a man of business animated with kind and honourable feelings. It is to the latter that one must attribute the strange idea that dropped from him in the course of his speech—viz.: of removing a principal objection to the importation of French silks by pensioning off the Spitalfields weavers. Ld. Liverpool spoke immediately after him. His speech was remarkable for the judicious selection of topics and the tone of fair dealing which pervaded it. It having been known beforehand that the committee would be granted,

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there was no reason for any strong expression of party feeling on either side. This circumstance was calculated to diminish the effect of the debate ; but the vast importance of the subject excited deep interest. Ld. Liverpool has no natural eloquence, but he speaks with animation, particularly of voice and gesture ; he goes at once to the point, and has that command of Parliamentary and official terms which is derived from long habits of business. It is formidable to hear the Prime Minister of the country acknowledging that the exports had fallen off to the amount of ten millions in the course of last year ! —I got a seat among the members of the House of Commons on the steps of the new throne, which is the very finest of modern thrones, not excepting the imperial splendours of Buonaparte, and if not quite in harmony with the venerable threadbare tapestry on the walls, must at least be confessed a very striking piece of upholstery. . . .

Sunday, 28 *May*.—Went to Gloucester Lodge. G. C. had passed a better night, but was still in bed, determined to go through his fit [of gout] without appealing to Wilson or the colchicum. He was cheerful and sufficiently disposed to talk. Foreign politics afforded the principal subject. I congratulated him on the line which I knew had been taken with the other Allied Courts on the occasion of the late revolutionary events in Spain, and as I had reason to believe from a former conversation with him in obedience to his suggestions. Yes ! he said, we shall have no more congresses thank God ! They were all very well for such matters as the disputes between Baden and Bavaria, but he had been always convinced that they would prove useless for the settlement of any such dislocation as that of Spain. The Emperor of Russia still had a fancy for them, and was wanting the Allied Powers to agree beforehand upon some plan of action in case of the King of France's death, or any new explosion in the country. His minister at Paris, Pozzo di Borgo, who, while his influence was paramount in the ministerial conferences there, had been much out of humour with the system of congresses, now that he no longer enjoyed that influence, was all for a fresh meeting of the sovereigns. The struggle, he thinks, will not begin in Spain till after the meeting of the Cortes.

Monday, 29 *May*.—I met Fazakerley at the Travellers'. He had been spending several days at Holland House. Ld. H. he said had given him the delightful treat of looking over Mr. Fox's correspondence, which seems to be in a very complete state. What he had read of Fox's letters abundantly satisfied him that he had really been the honest public-spirited man which his friends had represented him. An ardent jealous passionate and almost morbid love of liberty was the prevailing sentiment, amiable from its evident sincerity, though sometimes carried to lengths which now appear unreasonable and sufficiently groundless. Fazakerley is persuaded that Mr. Fox

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believed in a Court conspiracy against the constitution. He suspected the late King, it appeared, of having a personal dislike to him, and, what is curious though perhaps not uncommon, the King is known to have had the same suspicion of Mr. Fox's feelings towards him. It was the former persuasion which had induced Mr. Fox to stand back in 1805, or 6, under the idea that the king would be more inclined to receive the Whigs into office if he were himself out of the way. In the negotiation for that coalition between him and Pitt, which had the effect of driving Mr. Addington off the Treasury bench, it seems from his correspondence that he foresaw in the earliest stages of it that it would end in the exclusive restoration of his rival to office. A strong opinion is expressed in the correspondence that G. C. played false with the Whigs on entering into public life. Faz. swore me to secrecy.

I dined at Brompton with Mr. Frere. Wood and Mr. Bankes were of the party. The latter particularly entertaining—a various reader, an enterprizing traveller, with great fluency and liveliness, more memory, I should think, than judgment, more singularity than wit, and yet with a sagacity and promptitude that might often pass, and occasionally with reason, for those more valuable qualities.—I found him talking on my arrival at a quarter after seven, and it was his voice that concluded the conversation at eleven, his power of utterance unwearied, and his stores of memory to all appearance undiminished. He talked of his travels in the East. Cairo, he says, is visibly wasting away under the effects of the commercial monopoly exercised by the Pasha of Egypt. He being almost the only merchant in his territory, that valuable class cannot exist under his government, and their former habitations are consequently deserted and going to decay. The distress caused by this extends to the country, and the Mamluk Beys are regretted, unpopular as they were in the time of their power. At Jerusalem there is no similar appearance of decay ; that city is the great market town to the surrounding country. Mr. Bankes had seen Lady Hester Stanhope in Syria ; she was living in a small but comfortable house, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, in full persuasion of her being one day called to the assembling of God's chosen people, in the capacity of Queen of Jerusalem. This fancy, which Mr. B. represents as having taken full possession of her mind, arose (as she herself relates) from a prophecy which the famous Brothers made to her many years ago when her superstitious curiosity led her to try his oracular skill. He then predicted, she says, that she would pass some years in the East and reign at Jerusalem. She has already exceeded the probationary term by two years. Mr. B. most amply confirms the account given by the *Quarterly Review* of Count Forbin's veracity.—Porson's name was mentioned. Mr. B., who had been frequently in society with him at

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Cambridge, spoke rather slightingly of his powers. He described him as having read for conversation and as having been surprizing only when he could take the lead in topics ; his quotations, he said, had by no means the variety and extent which were commonly attributed to them. He had once sat between him and Matthias, the reputed author of the *Pursuit of Literature*, in which Porson was rather severely treated. Matthias proposed to drink wine with him ; the offer was accepted, but this did not prevent Porson from muttering between his teeth, according to his usual practice when much irritated, and loud enough for Matthias to hear, every sort of abuse against *a rascal, whose name began with such and such letters, and who had had the baseness to write an anonymous lampoon against him.* In vindication of Porson's powers Mr. Frere mentioned that he had once accidentally met him in a bookseller's shop, and having just begun at that time to study Aristophanes, expressed some doubt with regard to the respective dates of two plays, the Ἱππεῖς, and some other— when Porson immediately quoted from each a passage, which had escaped Mr. F., decisive of the matter in question.—On the same occasion he had submitted to Porson that difficult passage in the *Epithalamium* of Catullus, "Ille pulvis Erythrii Siderumque micantium," &c., suggesting that *pulvis* was perhaps one of the words which have a double genitive. "No—he said—not so, I think, that would have been known; it is more likely that the passage was originally *pulveris aridi*, and that some transcriber meaning to note the substantive's being either masculine or feminine, had written an *æ* over the final *i* in *aridi*, which a subsequent transcriber had made into *aridaei* and thence *Erythraei* and *Erythrii*."[1]

Tuesday, 30 *May*.—Dined at the Travellers'. The two Roses and Hallam, and Mr. Merritt, were the most notorious of the company. Sir George Rose was the only one who entered into general conversation. The table is too large, the street too noisy, and the company too mixed, to admit of any intellectual entertainment at all in proportion to the exploits of the cook. Sir George talked of *Sandt* and the German clubs with a proper quantity of diplomatic reserve. The question of duelling, he said, had very much gone down in the German universities, the professors having applied themselves, for political purposes, to the removal of those provincial divisions (*Landschaften*) which had been for years a fertile source of quarrel among the students, by substituting in their place the *Burschenschaft*, or general bond of union in harmony with the principles and feelings of *Deutschthum* now so prevalent in Germany. The hatred of the Jews has risen to a frightful pitch, and he seems to think that they have an evil hour to come. They have risen to opulence on the ruin of the

[1] Mr. Robinson Ellis amends it *pulveris Africei*. (*Carm.* lxi. 211, 212.)

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proprietors, and excite the public indignation by displaying their wealth while the sources of it are concealed.—After dinner Fazakerley, Hare, and myself sat talking in the drawing-room till half-past twelve. Hare is a man of remarkable attainments ; but a harsh voice and a bad manner render him quite useless in general society. Few men of his age can boast so large a stock of literature, especially of the deeper kind ; his memory seems equal to anything. . . .

Wednesday, 31 *May*.—I passed the evening in the House of Commons. The principal subject of debate was the instruction to be given the agricultural committee, which had been so unexpectedly carried the night before. Ld. Castlereagh and Mr. Brougham were the only persons of any decided oratorical distinction who took part in the discussion. The quick and correct feeling of the House of Commons, as a body, is very striking. A good debate in that assembly is the highest intellectual entertainment one can enjoy ; and yet the most distinguished speakers of the present day are generally reputed inferior to their predecessors at the close of the last century ! . . .

Saturday, 3 *June*.—I called on Gifford, and was glad to find him in better health and spirits than for some time before. We talked of his *Review*. Between 12,000 and 13,000 copies of the last number had been sold on the day of publication. . . . He told me he had lately seen a curious journal, kept by a person named Pepys, who had been secretary to the Admiralty in Charles II.'s time. Pepys, though most ably and usefully attentive to his official business, was in the habit of noting down all the occurrences of his life with the most singular minuteness. He employed shorthand for the purpose, the key to which it appears that some friend or other inquisitive person had discovered. . . . . Gifford remarked that it afforded a picture of the times by no means unfavourable to the comparative morality of the present. Part of it will probably be published by Murray.—At dinner I met Mr. Leigh, one of our Egyptian travellers. He described the voyage up the Nile as being no more difficult than a sail on the Thames. The head of the Memnon in the British Museum, he said, had been sent over at the joint expense of Mr. Salt and Burckhardt. The latter he suspected of having had a leaning towards Mohammedanism ; but his idea rested on no better foundation, besides the circumstance of Burckhardt's intimate acquaintance with the Koran, than his having desired himself a short time before his death to be buried in the Turkish burial-ground.

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Sunday, 4 *June*.—I attended divine service at the Temple Church. The pulpit was occupied by my friend Rennell's father the Dean of Winchester. Age seems to have made sad inroads on his strength since I last saw him, but his preaching, aided by a fine though now somewhat broken voice, is still exceedingly impressive.

Dining with Mr. Barnett I met Sir Gore Ouseley—a good-natured man of agreeable conversation. . . . 1820

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Monday, 5 *June*.—Under the gallery of the House of Commons. Debate on the disfranchizement of Grampound. It was suddenly closed at the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer ; the news of the Queen's approach to Dover being announced, and the ministers consequently unable to attend in their places. A communication upon this most disastrous subject is to be made to the House to-morrow—a cabinet summoned for ten in the morning. I met Mr. Abercromby in the coffee-room while the reports were yet uncertain. He seemed to think it impossible that Brougham would have allowed the Queen to come on so far as St. Omer if she was only to go back again without crossing the Channel. He seemed to think that no connexion with party would prevent Brougham from following his own plans in the business. He talked of having seen a good deal of Lafayette two or three years before at Paris, and described him very much as what one had already heard, a well-meaning, enthusiastic lover of liberty, of limited capacity, and considerable vanity, though having the latter defect of the most amiable kind. He had found him still attached to the Revolution, and inclined to consider the reign of the present Royal Family in France as incompatible with the principles then established. His manner of living in the country is quite patriarchal : he sits down to table in presence of fourteen or eighteen of his kindred. From all one hears, the winds seem to be again blowing up for a storm in France. Sir John Newport was present. He mentioned poor Grattan's death, and said that he had considerable difficulty in dissuading him from attending the H. of Commons on the preceding Friday. Sir John had finally succeeded in making him sensible that he would injure his reputation in presenting himself in so terrible a state, which he must have known would probably bring on his dissolution in the H. of Commons. It is perfectly true that he had wished and indeed meant to die there, like a soldier at his post.

Tuesday, 6 *June*.—At the House of Commons, very crowded. Lord Castlereagh brought a message from the King respecting the Queen. Mr. Bennett made a violent speech respecting the letter signed by Ld. Hutchinson which had appeared in the morning papers. Lord C. replied with the utmost calmness. I was told afterwards that he turned round to his friends and said, "Let it die away of itself." Sir R. Wilson, Mr. Creevy, Mr. Denman, Mr. Beaumont, Ld. A. Hamilton, and Mr. Brougham spoke in succession, each making an attack on grounds of his own. The House did not appear to sympathize with them. Brougham looked dejected, or ill. He particularly disclaimed all knowledge of the publication of Ld. Hutchinson's letter, &c., and evidently treated it as a breach of faith.

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It did not appear from his language whether he was still the Queen's Attorney-General or not. G. C. was not in the House. I left the House at 6, and at 7, from the balcony of the Travellers' Club I saw the Queen arrive with Alderman Wood by her side, in an open carriage, attended by a crowd of a hundred or two persons, partly on foot and partly on horseback. They shouted as they passed Carlton House, and the Alderman stood up in the carriage and waved his hat, and seemed to thank and encourage the mob. I found afterwards that Ld. Castlereagh had been with the King, as the cavalcade went by.—Towards dusk I penetrated the crowd which had collected opposite Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street, where the Queen had alighted. The people were not very numerous, and extremely good-humoured, confining themselves to crying out occasionally for the Queen or her host and obliging the servants on such carriages as passed by to take off their hats. God grant that this may not prove a disastrous day for the British Monarchy—

Hor. *Carm.* iii. 3

Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis incestusque judex
Et mulier peregrina vertit
In pulverem !

As the spring of 1820 wore on to summer, he found himself more and more absorbed in the troublesome operation of preparing for a three years' residence on the other side of the Atlantic. In the present day one thinks nothing of so trifling a voyage, and may safely reckon upon procuring whatever is wanted on the American side. In 1820 however the transit lasted from six weeks to two months, according to the state of the wind and water, and we learn incidentally that Canning's return voyage, when he travelled almost alone, cost £300 in passage money. What the expense of setting out must have been, with two secretaries and eleven servants, and seventy tons measurement of baggage, we are left to imagine. In those days the British minister had to take all his furniture with him, as well as his French cook, his cabriolet, "a sort of one-horse carriage which in less refined times was called a *whiskey*," stores of all descriptions, wine and ale—in short everything was sent out from England. It took four days, in an epoch when the steam crane was unknown, to put the baggage on board.

In the midst of this bustle, there was little leisure for

amusement. He contrived however to drive his friend Rennell in the new cabriolet to Eton, where they went over their old haunts together, and then dined with his mother at Windsor; and he also attended a levée and a Drawing Room or two, where a revolution in dress was then being accomplished. 1820 — ÆT. 33

To his Mother, Gt. Cumberland Street, 24 May

"The great event which at present occupies the public mind is the abolition of hoops, announced in Tuesday's *Gazette*, preparatory to the Drawing Room fixed for the 15th of next month at Buckingham House. I fear we shall have to regret them in spite of their unbecoming appearance. They had the effect of leaving a little room among the Drawing Room crowds so as to prevent your being absolutely squeezed to death." On 19 July he kissed hands on his appointment to the Washington mission, and on the following day was received into the Privy Council: his new Majesty, the old Regent, said that the mission "could not be entrusted to safer hands." Before leaving England he was also invited by Lord Castlereagh to his villa at Foot's Cray, when he received the final explanations with which the Foreign Secretary confirmed and completed the official instructions.

MEMOIRS.

"The maintenance of peace was to be my principal care, and with this view it was desirable that I should be rather observant than active, slow to take offence, and in the management of current affairs more tolerant of adverse pretensions than ready to push my own claims to an extreme.

"The year in which I started for America was remarkable amongst other things for the accession of George IV., the return of Queen Caroline to England, and the preparations for her Majesty's trial. The King's unpopularity, and the spirited conduct of the Queen, as many still surviving may remember, were causes of much excitement throughout the country, and political feelings were brought so thoroughly into play that the guilt or innocence of the royal consort became more of a party cry than a matter of judicial inquiry.

"These pregnant incidents came home to me with special effect as they induced Mr. Canning to retire from Lord Liverpool's cabinet. The actual resignation of his office at the Board of Control did not take place till after my departure

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from England ; but he had previously confided his intentions to me, and when the trial became a certainty he kept his word."

To G. Canning, 2 April, 1821

Stratford entirely agreed with his cousin in his conduct in the matter of the Queen, and congratulated him on his skill in extricating himself from the embarrassing situation in which he was placed by the action of the Government.

On 11 August he sailed from Spithead for America in H.M.S. *Spartan*. The voyage was remarkable for nothing but its shortness. The *Spartan* reached the shores of the United States several days under the customary six weeks. Nothing of note happened on the way. Canning had of course looked forward to a quantity of quiet reading, and like other travellers had found that, apart from sea-sickness, from which he was seldom long exempt, there was something in the motion of the ship and the life on the ocean which numbed the mental faculties and "produced a sort of temporary idiocy." The eccentricities of the diet of a man-of-war, the performances of a band, and many bouts of his favourite chess, passed the monotonous hours. The look-out had nothing to report. From Madeira, where he spent three days, to within a hundred miles of the American coast but four vessels appeared on the horizon and none were spoken, nor were fish or birds more accommodating in distracting the traveller.

Memoirs.

"Though a vast ocean rolled between the new and the old country, I felt myself on landing less among strangers than in the foreign towns of Europe, where other languages were spoken, where buildings unlike our own awakened no sympathies in an English mind, and where the manners and customs of their inhabitants had little or no affinity with those of the British Isles. At Annapolis red-brick houses saluted my eyes, and Saxon words, though uttered with a difference, came home to my ears, as if they had followed me across the waters, and were only a trifle the worse for wind and weather. Fair accommodations awaited me at the inn, and such native luxuries as soft crab and cakes made of Indian corn opened a new field to the curious appetite. Having passed

a night at anchor on board ship, I had occasion to observe the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere. From the *Spartan's* deck I saw with my naked eye the satellites of Jupiter." 1820 — ÆT. 33

One of the first sights that struck the Englishman in America was the newly-invented steamship.

The steamboats particularly attracted our attention. They are large, and to all appearance constructed so as to afford very comfortable accommodations. The rapidity with which they move against wind and tide is surprizing. It sometimes happens, however, that the sea runs high enough, even in the Chesapeake, to prevent their progress, and as they are in general totally unprovided with masts and sails, they must be very awkwardly situated in case of their machinery being deranged at a distance from shore. While we were lying in Hampton Roads, a newly-established steamboat set out for the first time from Norfolk to Washington, and a few hours after she had passed us in gallant trim with her train of smoke streaming down the wind, and her wheels dashing through the waves as if nothing could check them, we saw her towed back in a most helpless condition. No explosion had taken place, but the machinery had got out of order, and the vessel was obliged to return into port. . . . The invention itself is a noble one, and the Americans seem to understand its full advantage. To his Mother, Washington, 8 Oct.

"It took but a few hours to go from Annapolis to Washington. No scenes of picturesque beauty atoned for the roughness of the road. The fierce summer sun had parched the fields to a deep brown, and the sympathizing woods had taken that gloomy colour which is called by tailors invisible green. It was evening by the time we reached our journey's end, and I was glad to find a comfortable set of rooms at a roadside inn, unencumbered with contiguous buildings, and situated not more than a stone's throw from the house, or rather the two houses 'rolled into one,' which had been hired for my residence. I know not what appearance the grand seat of government, with its Capitol and the celebrated 'White House,' presents at this period, but when I first saw it forty-eight years ago, the Pennsylvanian Avenue extending from the one to the other, or nearly so, was the only thing approaching our notion of a street, and that for the most part rather prospectively than in MEMOIRS.

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actual existence. A low flat space of considerable extent, having for its southern boundary the Potomac, and to the north a low dwarf range of hills surmounted with a row of detached villas, formed the site of the embryo metropolis of the Union. The greater part of this platform was occupied by brushwood and swamps, with here and there a sprinkling of shabby trees, and intersected by two or three roads with several tracings of future streets, towards which its inhabited portion was gradually throwing out signs of intended growth in a straggling sporadic sort of way."

The scene was certainly rather depressing to one who admired natural beauty, and Canning describes with a sense of desolation how "the trees are cut down to the distance of a mile or more in every direction round the houses, and their former place is occupied partly by a naked undulating common, partly by marshes covered with coppice wood and inhabited by frogs, snipes, and woodcocks."

In this unpromising germ of a city, however, the better part of three years was to be spent, and there was nothing for it but to put the best face possible upon the business.

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICA.

1820-24.

ANY picture of life in the United States sixty-seven years ago must be interesting, and the traits that may be drawn from Canning's letters and reminiscences are singularly graphic and lifelike. He was not indeed a sympathetic observer; his character and training were alike antagonistic to the free-spoken independent habits of young America and that lack of "reverence" which he held with Shakspere to be "the angel of the world:" nevertheless he has much to say that will be read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Americans were then shaking themselves into shape, and their angularities were not yet rubbed off by the long process of education to which they have zealously submitted since 1820, and they must not be offended if they find their portrait drawn in less pleasing outline than would now be the case. On the other hand Canning was ready enough to admire the marvellous energy and industry with which they were creating out of trackless forests and poisonous swamps what he foresaw would become a great empire. His criticisms are directed rather against their social qualities and the conceit of a very young nation than against their moral and physical virtues, which he was quick to recognize. And even in American society, of which he expressed a by no means complimentary opinion, he enjoyed some very pleasant acquaintance. His description of the country life of the well-known Carroll of Carrolton, the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, and the grandfather of the beautiful Miss Catons, one of whom (Mrs. Patterson) became the second wife of the Marquis Wellesley, is a charming picture of the best side of American

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society; and in General Macomb, Mrs. Decatur, and a few more, he found congenial friends. He certainly did not allow his dislike of the general public to appear, for the newspapers extolled his "remarkable urbanity," and Addington told him, after his departure, that he was more popular even than his predecessor, the genial Sir Charles Bagot.

In tracing his life through its various phases, one is surprized to observe how skilfully he adapted himself to the changing conditions of his duties. The man who was all firmness and determination at Constantinople, when the Porte required to be compelled into decisive action, became a type of urbane conciliation at Washington, where his duty was to soothe the irritable sensibilities which the recent wars had excited. His aim was:—

To his Mother, 23 July

To abstain from hurting the feelings of the people, and if I cannot always praise, esteem, and admire, at least to conceal my observation of what is calculated to excite the reverse of those sentiments. It is eminently desirable that the hostile feelings of the two nations should be softened down as far as the nature of things will permit, and knowing that a good deal in this respect depends upon my conduct, I feel myself bound to peculiar caution by motives superior to any passing views of popularity. I arrived here with a disposition to see everything in its most favourable light, and this disposition I still endeavour to cherish as far as daily-increasing experience of the truth, and occasional sallies of impatience *within-doors*, will allow.

Conciliation was then the policy of the British Government. England had learnt by more than one experience that the temper of the States was not to be rashly trifled with, and she was determined not to allow the many trivial points of dispute which still existed to draw her into further hostilities. The animosity of the Americans at that time waxed warm against the mother country and it needed very little to fan the kindling spark into flame. "Sir," said Mr. Adams one day to Canning, "it took us of late several years to go to war with you for the redress of our grievances: renew these subjects of complaint, and it will not take as many weeks to produce the same effect." The threat was unnecessary, for the daily press was proof enough of the inflammable spirit of the time; but Canning was careful not to give the fiery Secre-

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tary of State occasion for carrying the menace into action. Under such circumstances he could hardly be expected to achieve any brilliant diplomatic triumph : his success consisted in an improved relation between the two countries. To keep quiet and shew the Americans that the English people meant well by them was his simple yet difficult task.

"With respect to business of a diplomatic character," he wrote, "*stagnation* would perhaps be the most suitable word to express my share of it. The duty imposed upon me by the authorities in Downing Street was principally to keep the peace between mother and daughter."

It was not very easy to keep the peace, when the daughter had but lately "come out," and was as vain and sensitive as new-fledged independence could make her. A more patient nature than Canning's might have found it a hard task to soothe American susceptibilities, and it speaks much for his self-command that he had but one serious dispute with the Secretary of State.

"The feelings of the nation" he wrote "are as pacific as they are ever capable of being -but so is gunpowder till the spark touches it." To avoid communicating this spark was the difficulty, especially as the minister was expected to talk—a branch of business which was all the worse because it had to be "transacted interminably." "The diplomatic body at Washington" he said "ought really to be reckoned amongst the labouring classes ;" and a foreign minister "like a candidate at a popular election, must have his hand out for everyone, and a never-ebbing smile on his face."

To Planta, 15 June

There is no concealing that, while here, one's character is at the mercy of accidents, not only in official transactions, but in the daily intercourse of society. By great patience, great circumspection, and great good-fortune, one may get on with tolerable success for a time ; but a single oversight would at any moment suffice to cancel every previous advantage. All that you have heard of the vanity, the suspicion, and irritability of this people, or rather of these peoples, is with some few exceptions but too true. Their merits, which principally consist in activity, keenness, enterprize, an eager spirit of emulation, and an impatient disregard of difficulties, are such as rather [tend] to nourish than correct their faults. The style of their emulation occasionally reminds one of the frog in the fable.

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The following letter to George Canning shews the opinions which the English minister had formed of the United States after a year's residence at Washington. They are not complimentary, but Americans themselves will admit that there was a good deal in those early days to excite the disapprobation of so sturdy a Briton. Public feeling on both sides has happily changed materially as the recollection of the great struggle has faded away :—

To G. Canning, Washington, 29 Sept.

Since I last wrote to you I am become rich in the experience, and, if not better treated than my neighbours, in the tints, of an American summer, and can safely assure you that it is quite equal to its reputation. I suffered exceedingly for several weeks, and suspect that I had a very narrow escape from calomel and phlebotomy ; but now that the mischief is gone, I have no reason to apprehend that my constitution has sustained any permanent injury.

The resources of Washington, in point of society and local pursuits, are very limited during the recess of Congress, and in that respect, though certainly in no other, it is perhaps to be regretted that I have had so little to do during the last six months. My present occupations and habits of life are pretty much like those of a college, except that the monthly arrival of a bag from the Foreign Office, and the daily perusal of six abusive newspapers, remind me of my public station and residence in the United States. This excess of leisure, though dull, is not without its use, and I endeavour, as far as the besetting sins of indolence and castle-building will allow, to take advantage of it. My President [Monroe] and Secretary of State [Adams] are both absent, and Congress does not meet till December. Next year I hope to be somewhat more excursive myself ; but during the present, with two very brief exceptions, I have thought it right, from motives of prudence and economy, to stay continually at headquarters.

With the Yankees, however, it is popular for a foreign minister to travel about, to look at their large towns, and post through the best settled parts of the country. If anything was wanting to Bagot's success with them, it was this. They are not quite easy in the idea that he went away with impressions derived exclusively from the appearance of Washington and its neighbourhood. The seat of government and metropolis of the Union, in spite of those high qualities, is certainly not a favourite, except with the immediate proprietors of its soil and tenements. People begin to perceive that nothing short of a miracle can ever give it an extension equal to their gigantic hopes. As a place of trade it has failed ; and to judge by the rate of increase in dwelling-houses during this year, it would take

a century to carry its population up to thirty or forty thousand souls,—black souls and white. Meantime, under the auspices of Mr. Alderman Smallwood, Mayor, the roads and public buildings advance on a scale of wide magnificence, though the luxuries of paving and lighting are still only in prospect. 1821 — ÆT. 34

In general it is pretty clear that the prosperities of this country have received a considerable check. A war in Europe is the great desideratum, and the popular aversion to established governments is inflamed in proportion. The Neapolitans little thought when they threw down their arms and deserted the Constitution that they were lowering the price of tobacco from 14 to 8 dollars the hogshead. The most unsparing retrenchment in every department, save that of the Navy, and some even in that,—the salaries of Congress and ministers of course excepted—is a pretty strong proof of the unpromising state of the finances, and the fears which are entertained of a recurrence to internal taxation. Distress is still, as it was last year, particularly felt in the western country; but as yet from the cheapness of provisions and whisky it does not press very heavily on the working classes.

These are no doubt evils for the time; but I question whether the country will not be all the better for them in the end. One of their first effects is to sober down some of those brilliant fancies with which the good people, one and all, have been possessed since the pleasant days of neutral trade and the glories of Perry and Jackson. Jonathan is still on horseback, but not quite so "high in his stirrups" as of yore. The steed which he bestrides is the same prancing kicking beast, but not being so well fed, it occasionally hangs its ears and falls into a shuffling pace when not looked at. Several of the newspapers continue to deal largely in coarseness and invective, but that tone on the whole is decidedly softened. I have met with few instances of impertinence, and more general civility than I had been led to expect. Chewing and smoking appear on the decline; indoor spitting is also less common; breeches and silk stockings are not unfrequently worn of an evening; but these innovations are perhaps confined to the courtly regions of Washington. Even here the true republican virtues have found a refuge at the Foreign Office; trousers, worsted stockings, and gaiters for winter, a white roundabout, i.e. a cotton jacket without skirts for summer wear, sans neckcloth, sans stockings, and sometimes sans waistcoat. . . .

I have but few opportunities of seeing the President; but he really seems to be an amiable and upright man. While he remains in office the chances of a fresh quarrel, as far as anything in this country depends upon personal character, are certainly much dimin-

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ished. It is but just to say that among the officers of the army and navy I have met with considerable candour and good will. . . .

A separation of the States is still regarded by long-sighted politicians as the most probable issue of the present union; but it seems to me that several causes are in action which must necessarily retard and may finally prevent it. A Dr. Thornton, who lives here, . . . is persuaded, as he tells me, not only that no separation will take place, but that South America will in due time be gathered under the wings of the Northern Eagle—a central residence for the President and general Congress to be built in some convenient part of the Isthmus of Panama.—In some shape or other it is pretty clear that the South American colonies will secure their independence of Spain. . . . Poor Spain! The Americans are at last in full fruition of their long-sought Florida. General Jackson is the new governor, and he has already contrived to distinguish his reign by throwing his Spanish predecessor into prison, while the *posse comitatus* proceeded at his command to abstract from the Spaniard's strong-box certain special papers claimed by the one party and withheld by the other.

Permit me to condole with you on the departure of a certain immaculate personage [the Queen], and to congratulate you on the improvement which seems to have taken place in the state of public feeling throughout his Majesty's dominions. I observe that you were among the variegated ornaments of the Coronation. By the help of two copious numbers of the *London Observer* embellished with cuts, we republicans have been able to form an idea of it by no means unfavourable to royalty, and though we think it would have been better to give the money to the poor, I am not quite sure that we should not like to have just such a sight, of course under an appropriate name, on this side of the Atlantic. I rejoice to see that Sir Walter Scott has drawn his pen to vindicate the noble inutility of a great national pageant. He might have illustrated its spirit by a quotation from a poem with which you were once familiar—

> "O poor conception! then did Greece impart
> Its noblest lesson to th' expanding heart."[1]

You must forgive my memory if I quote incorrectly, and my principles when I confess that among the hidden parts of the ceremony I cannot least admire those mysterious checks provided by the Constitution for keeping tame such a towering colossus of power as that which is typified by orbs and crowns and sceptres, by menial nobles and kneeling prelates.

These are called quiet times; yet the events of the year have

[1] It should be "Her noblest lessons:" the lines are George Canning's on the inauguration of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of Oxford in July, 1793.

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been enough to make an *annus mirabilis* and one that has been dwelt upon the least is perhaps the most striking : I mean Buonaparte's death. You are probably not aware that he died poisoned. My authorities for this appalling charge are the *Washington Gazette* and the *Aurora* of Philadelphia. Unhappily for the success of their lie, the same county which has furnished the venom has also furnished an antidote. Some time before Buonaparte's death was known, his brother Joseph, feeling himself unwell, sent for Dr. Chapman, a physician of Philadelphia, and in the course of consultation, after several anxious inquiries respecting the signs and symptoms of a cancer in the stomach, confessed that he apprehended an attack in that shape, his father and some one else of the family, he said, having died of the same disease. The fact is undoubted, and must surely be taken as a strong corroboration of what Buonaparte is himself reported to have thought and said of the nature of his last illness.

The only very pressing subject of speculation that we enjoy is the interchange of massacres between the Turks and the Greeks. As far as the Americans are concerned a damp is thrown upon the inquiry by recollecting that the Sultan plants his own tobacco, and that the Pasha of Egypt grinds corn for the consumption of both parties. To me, as an ancient sojourner at Constantinople, the struggle is full of interest : but I have not yet succeeded in persuading myself that the Greeks have a chance of recovering their freedom.

Their naval triumphs *méritent confirmation.* It is inconceivable to me how they can ever have acquired vessels large enough to cope with ships of the line, though manned by Turks. Can they hope for success without the aid of Russia, and what would they become when delivered by that aid ? If Russia takes up the cudgels for them, can the Porte be mad enough to refuse such terms as the principal Powers of Europe, unfavourable to Russian aggrandizement, would consider reasonable ? Without the sanction of such a refusal is it likely that the Emperor Alexander, engaged as he is in the great system of continental politics, would plunge into a war which in proportion to its success would bring half Europe on his back ? And are terms of accommodation recommended by other Powers likely to embrace the independence of the Greeks, which could be never wrung from the Porte without a war, and which it would be impossible to undertake without risking the very result most certain to be deprecated ?

I speak of probabilities—as a matter of humanity I wish with all my soul that the Greeks were put in possession of their whole patrimony and that the Sultan were driven, bag and baggage, into the heart of Asia, or as a provisional measure that the divided empire which existed four centuries ago could be restored.

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The last paragraph is particularly interesting when it is remembered that on leaving America, one of Canning's next duties was to mediate between Turkey and the Greeks. Many of his letters refer to the death of Napoleon, and in one he quotes with his usual felicity the lines—

Aen. vi. 590–1

> Demens ! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
> Aere et cornipedum pulsu simularat equorum.

Jan. 26, 27

The Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, with all his ability and scholarship, was rough and occasionally rude in manner, and at an early period of their intercourse they had a very brisk dispute about the English and American claims on the Columbia river. Lord Castlereagh—or the Marquis of Londonderry as he had then become—decided to let the matter drop, and Canning himself acknowledges that there were faults in his own manner of raising the question. But nothing could excuse the insolence of Adams, and his interrogator never forgot the rudeness with which his inquiries had been received. "It was impossible to *slide out* of the debate" he said, "there was nothing for it but to set my back against the wall. It was what Pozzo di Borgo used to call a *tuile sur la tête*."[1]

Adams, *Memoirs*, v. 243 *ff.*

To Planta, 15 June

In the Memoirs, this part of which was written after Lord Stratford had entered his ninety-third year, he gives the following character of the Secretary :—

MEMOIRS.

"Mr. Adams was naturally the official of whom I saw most. He was more commanding than attractive in personal appearance, much above par in general ability, but having the air of a scholar rather than a statesman, a very uneven temper, a disposition at times well-meaning, a manner somewhat too often domineering, and an ambition causing un-

[1] Adams' opinion of Canning is recorded in his *Memoirs*, vi. 157 : "He is a proud high-tempered Englishman . . . with a disposition to be overbearing, which I have often been compelled to check in its own way. He is, of all the foreign ministers with whom I have had occasion to treat, the man who has most tried my temper. . . . He has a great respect for his word, and there is nothing false about him. . . . Mr. Canning is a man of forms, studious of courtesy, and tenacious of private morals. As a diplomatic man his great want is suppleness, and his great virtue is sincerity." For an opponent the judgment is singularly just and clear-sighted.

steadiness in his political career. My private intercourse with him was not wanting in kindness on either side. The rougher road was that of discussion on matters of business. The irritation of a sensitive temper had much to excuse it in the climate. 1821 — ÆT. 34

"He had a trick when I was with him on some point of difference between the two Governments of leaving open the door into the room occupied by his secretaries and giving them a high opinion of his national spirit by some expression which I could not allow to pass without a corresponding comment. Every year on the recurrence of 4 July, a public speech is made by someone appointed for the purpose, and Mr. Adams on its first anniversary after my arrival in America was selected for that annual display of patriotic oratory. He took advantage of the opportunity to ingratiate himself with his new political allies by language offensive to England and altogether adverse to that friendly understanding which his Government as well as ours professed a desire to maintain, and of which he was the official organ to one of the parties. The diplomatic body formed a portion of the audience and I avoided my share, *the lion's*, of the annoyance, only by making a short holiday excursion to Harper's Ferry, a place of recreation some few miles from where I was living. I had fortunately seen enough of the orator to anticipate the turn which his unbridled eloquence was likely to take. Under much waywardness on the surface there lay a fund of kindly and beneficent intentions which ought to go down the stream of time with the record of his life and characteristic qualities."

The last time I saw Adams he expatiated largely upon the great advantages of temper, acknowledging with candour that he had much to contend with himself on that score. He never spoke a truer word . . . Government and citizens, one and all, are very proud of the pending measure for acknowledging the independence of South America, though it is quite clear that they are not disposed to incur any real risk for the sake of this favourite object. Adams confessed to me that he regarded Spain as a man under the pressure of a nightmare, longing to raise his arm, but unable to stir a muscle. I had previously accosted him by saying, "So, Mr. Adams, you are going to make honest people of them?" "Yes, Sir," was his answer; "we

To Planta, 3 April

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proposed to your Government to join us some time ago, but they would not, and now we shall see whether you will be content to *follow* us." This was a cut in his old style, before he had discovered the advantages of an unruffled temper, and I was obliged for my consolation to think of the old lines in *Madame Blaise*,

"The King himself has followed her
When she did go before."

To Planta, 5 Nov.

On returning from my excursion to the North I found him civil and almost cordial, rather disposed to deal in protestations of his love for peace, and inquisitive on the subject of the new Secretary's personal dispositions and foreign policy, with an evident leaning to the idea that G. C.'s accession to office is likely to introduce a more liberal and vigorous system into the cabinet.

It is needless to say much of the various matters which came up for discussion between the minister and the Secretary of State. Very little was actually settled during Canning's residence at Washington: his task was rather to prepare matters for the several commissioners and arbitrators who afterwards decided or failed to decide the points at issue. Among these the chief was the means to be adopted for the suppression of the slave trade.[1]

MEMOIRS.

"The United States were not less anxious than ourselves to exterminate that monstrous evil. Both parties destined a portion of their naval forces to its suppression and separately took measures for bringing to trial and punishment such adventurers as were detected in carrying on the inhuman traffic. There was this difference between them. The United States brought their repressive action to bear exclusively on their own citizens and flag. The British Government sought to effect as close an approach as possible to a general scheme of maritime police among the concurrent Powers. This object or the preliminaries to its accomplishment had been urged by the British plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Vienna, and also at the conferences which had subsequently been held at Aix-la-Chapelle, to say nothing

[1] To L[d] Castlereagh [and Londonderry], ii. vii. xx. 1820; i. ii. xvi. xxxii. xlviii. lxix. 1821; xxxvi. liv. 1822. To Earl Bathurst, xiii. 1822. To G. Canning, xx. xxviii. xxxvi. xl. xli. 1822.

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of the proceedings relative thereto at Paris or in London. But such combinations, however limited, were not agreeable to the American people, and although our proposals were taken into friendly consideration, no exertions on our side could obtain their acceptance at Washington. If, as Lord Castlereagh had intended, full powers for the conclusion of a formal act of concert had been sent out to me, they must have remained a dead letter. My communications with Mr. Adams were all characterized by an apparent desire on his side to take effective measures for putting down the trade, but also by a never-ceasing reluctance to adopt our methods of repression, and now and then by a sly insinuation that we had not treated the United States with sufficient confidence to merit a full return of theirs."

Eventually the dispute about the suppression of the slave trade was relegated to a conference to be held in London, in which Stratford Canning acted as joint-plenipotentiary with Huskisson in 1824. Domestic slavery in America was not, of course, a subject for diplomatic interference, but his remarks on the attitude of the Americans towards it are interesting. He was convinced that the majority of the people would be thankful to abolish the system altogether.

To his Sister, 2 July

I am not disposed to bear hard upon the Americans for continuing to countenance slavery. The practice was sanctioned by the English Government, and it is impossible for them to get rid of the evil at once. But you may guess what effects must naturally result from a system of slavery even in a country where the general nature of the political institutions is favourable to the freedom and comforts of the lower classes, when you learn that in the administration of the Sacrament a coloured person is not allowed to approach the Table till after the whole body of white people have retired from it. . . . It is said, though how truly I have not yet been able to ascertain, that men of property and respectable connexions are not unfrequently served by their own half-whitened offspring. We may be all very corrupt and very slavish in England, but thank God! we have been hitherto preserved from such abominations as these; and yet I question whether we should have been a bit better than our neighbours if the temptations had been placed within our reach.

A great many minor questions came up for settlement,

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every one of which demanded patience and temper in the irritable state of the country, and especially of the press. One of these was the cession of the islands in the Detroit river, which gave great satisfaction to Mr. Adams. Another, which threatened to be serious, was a dispute about the interpretation of the first article of the Treaty of Ghent (1818), relating to the indemnity to be paid for slaves captured by England in the late war with the States. The matter was said to turn upon a comma, and on the arbitration of the Emperor of Russia, the comma cost England £100,000. The sixth article also gave trouble. The Fisheries question was happily shelved for the moment: the Admiral took charge of the protection of English rights, and the Minister did not interfere. The removal of Major André's bones at first seemed likely to cause a dispute, and there were endless questions of unlawful detention and slave capture, not to mention runaway young ladies, besides commercial claims, to be settled. The consular salaries were in a disordered and unequal condition, and Canning drew up a new tabulated scheme of re-organization for the whole consular service in the United States, which lasted until Lord Grey revised it in the interests of "retrenchment and reform," though hardly of "peace" to the consuls. The "reciprocity" principle of Congress was also a thorn in the side of the British minister, and when the Americans put a tax on hammered iron as coming under the head of manufactured articles—which it certainly did not—he sought to counteract the effect on English trade by proposing a duty on cotton, which also underwent a process of preparation analogous to that of iron bars: but the British Government did not care to hazard a serious dispute, and the Americans were left with whatever advantages political economists may find in restrictive duties.

MEMOIRS.

"My social intercourse with the Chief Secretary's colleagues, and particularly with the ministers of war and marine, was uniformly agreeable. A daughter of the latter, Mr. Thomson, became the wife of M. Bresson, secretary to the French mission. She died in her youth. He married a second time, and closed his life when ambassador at Naples

with an awful tragedy. The door of his bedroom opened into an adjoining apartment. Madame Bresson lying in bed one night saw her husband by the reflection of a looking glass cutting his throat and by the fatal action concluding miserably what seemed to be a prosperous career." 1821 — ÆT. 34

Of the foreign ministers, Canning came into relations chiefly with those of Russia and France. The former, "M. Poletica, a clever man of Greek extraction, had a curious way of opening conversation with any new acquaintance of the native population. He used the form of a triple interrogation—'Do you smoke? Do you snuff? Do you chew?' An affirmative reply to these searching questions might rouse a sympathy pregnant with the elements of future intimacy. My friendly relations with the French minister came to an untimely end. He took offence at some undeclared alteration of sentiment towards him in my manner; and after making an offensive display, which I might have justly resented, he sent me a challenge, accepted at once, though without the approval of my conscience, from a weak apprehension of being thought backward in matters of personal hazard. I laid down at night under an engagement to exchange shots next morning with my colleague, but before daylight an arrangement, volunteered by friends, who saw the matter as it really was, and capable of being honourably accepted by me, was made to my great relief. I now perceive on looking back that I should have acted with more true courage if I had declined the challenge as resting on no warrantable grounds. MEMOIRS. 21 Dec. Adams, v. 460

"Whatever the society of Washington may have become it had, when I was there, but little variety and extent. Families residing permanently in the federal metropolis and capable of laying the foundations of a social order suited to that title, were few, and the effects of an oppressive climate operated unfavourably even on them. The season of social intercourse on a larger scale was confined to the session of Congress, which as a rule took place in the winter and spring of each year. An influx of legislative representatives in the solitary condition of bachelors was the chief feature of that important period,

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Those who brought their neighbours together by hospitable entertainment were anything but numerous."

To Planta, 1821

During the session of Congress the President holds a drawing-room once a fortnight, and Mrs. Adams gives a party one night in the week. Some of the foreign ministers and a few of the residents, chiefly in office, give an occasional dinner or dance.

On one of these occasions a trifling incident threatened to destroy his peace of mind. A young lady gave him a flower, and he accepted it, and thought it a very pretty proceeding. To his dismay, one of his friends informed him that this was the recognized form of betrothal at Washington. His Excellency, in a terrible state of consternation, rushed to his room, and addressed a despatch to the girl, disclaiming any particular signification that might be attached to the simple operation of placing a flower, given by her fair hands, in his button-hole, and requesting her to reply in similar terms. A regular convention was signed, and Canning got out of the scrape like a good diplomatist without cession or indemnity.

Memoirs.

"Among the duties of diplomacy that of giving dinners is generally esteemed an important one, if not essential at least for the higher classes of representation. Ambassadors properly so called had no existence in the States. Their functions of hospitality devolved upon envoys and ministers, who, in concert with married members of the American Cabinet, opened their houses now and then for the hospitable reception of their neighbours. I had of course to take my share in this laudable practice. When Congress was in session I had to entertain all its members in succession. I invited them by scores at a time, at the risk of overcrowding my table. Many of them still retained a sufficient recollection of the old country to look for an invitation to drink a glass of wine with their host in the course of dinner. Wishing to encourage this point of sympathy and also to shelter my brains from excess, I ordered a bottle of toast and water to be placed by my plate with the exact resemblance as to colour of sherry or madeira. One day while I was talking to

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the left-hand guest, the gentleman on my right helped himself to a glass of my sham wine, and I had the luck of turning round towards him at the very moment when he had discovered his mistake.

"The unguarded impulsiveness and outspoken freedom of citizens proud of their independence deprived conversation in company of its usual ease. In my position it was advisable to narrow the openings for that inconvenience. I met the case by having a large basket of flowers, natural or artificial according to the season, placed opposite to my seat at table, and making the most of my two immediate neighbours. The device, simple as it was, carried me well through a succession of three seasons.

"Improvement was nevertheless in progress. My predecessor had greatly the advantage over me in his collection of good stories. I record one of them to serve as a pattern of the rest. He was Sir Charles Bagot, a man of very attractive manners, intelligent, witty and kind. An American minister and his wife dining with him one day, he heard Lady Bagot, who was at some distance, say rather quickly, 'My dear Mrs. S——, what can you be doing?' The salad-bowl had been offered to Mrs. S—— and her arm was lost in it up to the elbow. Her reply was prompt: 'Only rollicking for an onion, my lady.'

"A minister from the old country could hardly fail to make acquaintance with the most distinguished men of his time in the United States. My best contemporaries then were Chief Justice Marshall, who from being Gen. Washington's secretary had become his biographer, Mr. King of New York, Mr. Lowndes from the South, Mr. Randolf from Virginia, Mr. Okes from Massachusetts, Mr. Clay, who had been Speaker to the House of Representatives, to say nothing of Mr. Jefferson and General Jackson, and sundry officers, more particularly of the navy. I did not wish to see either of the two last-named persons. Jefferson helped materially to introduce that loose tone, which differed so much from his illustrious predecessor's example. His bearing appears to have been very much that of a political coxcomb. Among his competitors were some whom he could hardly have expected

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to surpass by genuine merit, and it is allowable to presume that he sought to give weight to his own scale by popular manners and revolutionary principles. It is reported of him that he received Mr. Merry, our first envoy to the independent States, in his dressing-gown, seated on a sofa and catching a slipper after tossing it up, on the point of his foot. Jackson had given evidence of a disposition radically adverse to England and likely when invested with power to excite dissension between the two countries. It is but fair to add that, as far as I know, this anticipation was not realized by the general's presidency.

"Of the persons whom I have named the most singular was Mr. Randolf. He affected a contempt for all formalities. When I invited him to dinner he came in boots splashed with mud, as it happened to rain at the time. He possessed the gift of oratory, and on one occasion made a speech in the House of Representatives which occupied three whole mornings of debate. On the third he expressed concern for what he felt to be his duty, and made his peroration with a wet towel round his head. When I first knew him he had never been in England, but he remembered what he had read of its country seats with such perfect accuracy that he could talk of them as if he had been on the spot and noted every part of them.

"When Congress was sitting I frequently attended the debates. The members were far more comfortably placed than in our Houses of Parliament. Each of them had a separate chair and writing-desk. Those who took part in the debate had to contend with echoes which arose from the construction of the building; and impaired alike the distinctness of utterance and facility of hearing. I have been told that the oratorical edifice of my time has been replaced by another which is free from that defect."

Washington, 14 Nov. 1820

My dear Fazakerley,—I am just come back for the first time from the House of Representatives, where I left the members proceeding to ballot the fourteenth time for a Speaker, thirteen previous ballotings having failed in producing a decisive result. The successful candidate must have a majority of all the members present, and therefore there is no visible reason, except the weariness of the parties, why the balloting

should not continue to the end of the session. No debate can take place till after the election of a Speaker, and as there was therefore no food for the ears I could only observe the scenery and the dramatis personae. First it will surprize you to learn that instead of the venerable simplicity which *reigns* in St. Stephen's Chapel, the H. of Representatives, besides being stoved, carpeted, desked and sofaed in the most luxurious style, rivals and indeed surpasses the Legislature of Paris in decoration and drapery. The Speaker, though wigless and ungowned, presides under a silk canopy surmounted with a gilt eagle; the independent representatives of Kentucky and Tennessee have the best Brussels carpeting to spit upon; the citizens of Washington, arranged in the gallery, look down from beneath a festooned curtain of silk and gold; and the foreign minister, admitted to survey these splendours, reposes meanwhile on a settee of real damask. Secondly, it may edify you to know that the general appearance of the members is considerably more respectable than one had been led to imagine. I observed several of them quite as well dressed as Morton Pitt; the Quakers struck me as being particularly attentive to their persons, their chins close shaved and their hats of the very best beaver. Two or three, whom I took for representatives of the new states, were indeed in perfect costume of look and dress. They may be capable of making the very best laws, but I should not like to meet them in a lone place. The room, in which the House assembles, is semicircular, like the two legislative chambers at Paris, and supported by large columns of Potomac marble with white Corinthian capitals. It is very spacious, and would be really handsome if it were not for the bad taste of the decorations; but there is such an echo that, although the members are generally far more quiet than our noisy senators at Westminster, it is very difficult, I am told, to hear a speech distinctly, if the orator happens to be at a little distance from you. Under any circumstances a popular assembly must always be an object of interest, and I intend being a pretty regular attendant at the debates during this winter. The hours of meeting are sufficiently convenient for a stranger, the doors being open at twelve, and generally closed at three, the hour of dinner. They have also a very convenient custom, which would hardly suit the atmosphere of London,—it is to hoist a flag on the roof of the *Capitol* during the sittings of the Houses. This flag being visible from my windows, I run but little danger of having to walk up and down the Pennsylvania Avenue,—no trifling distance, I can tell you, —to no purpose. 1821 æt. 34

Canning heard Clay speak, and was struck with his resemblance in voice and manner to what he recollected of

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Pitt. "He was an intelligent, useful, and well-disposed man, friendly to the English connexion and enjoying the esteem of those who knew him best."

Memoirs.

"Good order and personal consideration are not, I believe, more frequently interrupted there than with us, and much less so than in the Chambers of our impulsive neighbours across the Channel. I was present in my diplomatic finery when Mr. Monroe visited the House of Representatives after his second election as President."

To Planta, 8 March

Monday, when we all attended the President's inauguration, in lace coats and silk stockings, was a most wretched day of snow and mud and cold; and though we had received an invitation in form from the Secretary of State, we had a tremendous crowd of sturdy and ragged citizens to squeeze through on our way into the House of Representatives. As for Antrobus and myself, we stuck about ten paces from the door and were utterly unable to get in till the arrival of the President, who to our great concern and satisfaction was squeezed as handsomely and detained as long as ourselves. This adventure made some stir. The President and almost everyone who had heard of it expressed his regret, always with the exception of Adams, and Commodore —— assured me that he had attempted to sally forth to our succour, but had not been able to force his way through the sovereigns assembled round the door. . . . In addition to the squeezing and shoving which the poor *Prezzy* experienced at the door, his speech, which was indeed rather long, was occasionally interrupted by queer sounds from the gallery; and although the citizens had been duly invited to meet at his house and attend him on his way to the *hustings*—pshaw! I mean the Capitol—the devil a citizen, except the four secretaries of state and Attorney-General, was to be seen. To say the truth the weather was a little too severe for any extraordinary demonstrations of attachment. So Vive la République! Vive le Président! He is really a good sort of man, and certainly respected with astonishing unanimity. But we are all equal, Sir, here!

10 Oct.

On this side of the isthmus [he wrote to Lord Ellenborough] the most fashionable occupation, during the recess of Congress, is to take to pieces and inspect the works of the State constitutions. The love of constitution-tinkering seems to grow with indulgence, and in this country there seems to be as great a dread of having too old a constitution, as with us of having one too new. The statesmen of New York are at present assembled in convention for the dissection of their old body-politic, and other States are preparing for a similar operation on theirs.

"When the legislative bodies were in recess, the ministers, almost to a man, went to their respective States, and diplomacy, with rare exceptions, had little to transact or report. This sort of lengthened holiday was the more precious as it included the period of greatest heat, when it was occupation enough to keep oneself alive." 1821 — ÆT. 34 MEMOIRS.

The thermometer ranged from six degrees below zero to 101° Fahr., and when it was hot, there was no mistaking it. Canning wrote thus to his old ally :—

Hot ! hot ! hot ! my dear Planta, most horribly hot ! It is come at last with a vengeance ; and such nights ! But it was my own act, and I must bear it, and so must my liver, and so must my secretaries, and so must my servants ! But you must not expect me to write at any length till it gets cooler. Write, with the thermometer at 87 in one's bedroom ! It is lucky that there is rarely much to do at this season. Your cousin[1] stands it better than I had expected. I question whether he is not the stoutest of the party, next to my dog *Mouton*. I had meant to write to G. C. by this mail, but it is utterly out of my power. Pray tell him so with my affectionate remembrance, if you chance to meet him. You know I cannot write to so great a man as glibly as I do to you, Owl ! Washington, 30 July

At times our suffering from heat has been really painful, and I am not aware that much alleviation has been derived from being assured by our neighbours that the season has been upon the whole a remarkably mild one. Think of the quicksilver in Fahrenheit at 95 and 96 in my bedroom, suspended at a north window, in the shade and in a current of air ! You will not be surprized to learn that I have turned rather yellow under these circumstances. But this, if it be a misfortune, is one which I share, in various gradations, with all the members of my establishment. We are now in the mid-season of fevers, *Libitinae*, or rather *medecinae quaestus acerbae*, and we have them of all sorts—yellow, nervous, bilious, intermittent, though Heaven be praised ! the former of these alarming assailants is not in this immediate neighbourhood. To R. Wellesley, 1 Sept.

As soon as Congress breaks up, the evening parties almost entirely cease, and social intercourse is reduced to its narrowest limits. One circumstance, however, must be stated to the immortal honour of the Americans. Cards have no ascendancy in the United States. Books and exercise are the only natural resources in such a state of things. But the latter, alas ! is a pleasure which, however necessary To Planta

[1] Henry Parish, his private secretary.

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to health, can only be enjoyed by snatches and at best imperfectly. The country about Washington is far from ugly. On the banks of the Potomac and in the neighbouring woods there are points of view which cannot be disdained even by an eye practised in romantic scenery. But the climate, the soil, and the state of the roads are singularly unfavourable to excursions of any kind. In winter, after bad weather, the roads, or streets, as they are pleasantly called, are all but dangerous in the very centre of Washington. There is no intermediate stage between dust and mud.

To endure the heat, with the consolation of *Peveril of the Peak*, and other treasures from the same mighty pen, to amuse him, seems to have been Canning's chief occupation in summer. The few residents at Washington during the off-season occasionally attempted to raise the spirits of the diminished community by a dance, but the British Minister, who did not dance, and was gradually melting under the American sun, did not appreciate their attentions.

To his Sister, 2 July

Think of the good people here having the courage to persevere in giving evening parties with the thermometer nearly at 90 ; and think of the young ladies having the activity as well as the courage to dance away as merrily as they did in winter. Madame de Neuville, the French Minister's lady, and Mrs. Adams, who stands in a similar relation to the Secretary of State, are the leaders of this madness ; and you may guess with what good humour I partake of their sultry and overpowering revelries—I, who have no great affection for routs and dances even at a proper season !

The worst part about the climate was not its heat or its cold but its rapid alternations of both. As Talleyrand said, "nothing was settled in America, not even the climate!"

MEMOIRS.

"I sat down to dinner on one occasion towards the end of March with Fahrenheit's thermometer at 73, when I got up next morning the mercury was at 18,—fourteen degrees of frost,—and long icicles were hanging from the eaves of the houses. This extreme change had in all probability taken place in a much shorter time, for a friend who left me after dinner, was nearly lost in the snow on his way home. He had come on foot, and was too modest to request the use of a carriage. During my stay at Washington the Potomac was

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frozen every winter to the degree of bearing carts, and by way of contrast even in the month of May there was at times heat enough to make the nights severely oppressive. The strongest effects of climate were produced by the north-west winds which at times sweep violently the whole of Canada and the United States, even as far south as the Gulf of Mexico.

"I took occasion to ask one of the American ministers how, if at all, he contrived to get through the hot summer nights without a total loss of sleep. 'Sir!' he said, 'I will tell you in confidence, hoping that you may turn my example to account for your own comfort. My bedroom has four windows, two on each side opposite to each other. Free from all clothing I lie down on a hard mattress between and on a level with the windows, and even then esteem it good luck to obtain a doze or two as the night comes round.' The Secretary of State was seen one morning at an early hour floating down the Potomac, with a black cap on his head and a pair of green goggles on his eyes."

For twenty-two months Canning stayed almost uninterruptedly at Washington. During session of Congress there was plenty of society, but not of the kind he liked. In summer and autumn there was nothing to do and hardly anybody to see.

To his Sister, 24 April

With respect to *happiness*, you know, my love, that it is very much like the tail of a soaped pig, and therefore might easily elude a more skilful grasp than mine.

In the present imperfect state of this celebrated metropolis, the life of a foreigner at Washington must ever be one of privation and restraint. The city, for so I must call it, possesses neither the elegant resources of a large town, nor the tranquil charms of the country. But I consider that I am only a sojourner in the land; I look forward; I try to make the best of my bargain; I swear occasionally,—you women cannot conceive the comfort of swearing,—and I occasionally repeat to myself old saws and fag-ends of verses about patience. The mercury will sometimes go down in spite of me, and then, if I cannot get the last new novel, I shut myself up and wait for better times. My prime consolation is that whatever I feel, I feel it alone;—if I have no fair partner to share the gloomy hour with me, neither have I one to reproach me with having brought her hither. But while I

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thus lay my mind open to you let me not be unjust. Things, upon the whole, go on more smoothly than I had expected. I have met with a very fair quantity of goodwill and civility, earned indeed with the sweat of one's brow, but still not to be despised. My servants have behaved uniformly well, and the accomplishment of chewing tobacco has not yet been fatal to my carpets. . . . I am seldom incommoded with visits ; and I know two young ladies who can play "God Save the King" on the harp, and who do occasionally play it, on the condition prescribed by their papa, of playing "Yankee Doodle" immediately afterwards. . . . My books,—I must not be so ungrateful as to omit them,—are of the greatest comfort to me; and in the catalogue of consoling circumstances it would be worse than ingratitude to pass over the *ragoûts* of Monsieur Bernay.

To his Mother 23 April

Since the weather has become warmer, I get up between six and seven, breakfast and pass the morning alone, dine at five when there is company or at six when we are alone, sometimes gossip and tea-sip with a neighbour for an hour or two in the evening, and to bed by half-past ten,—Mr. Keating the major-domo going round the house at the same time with a lantern to shut doors and extinguish lights.—On Sundays we attend the Episcopalian Church, where I have a pew, and where the Reverend Mr. Hawley prays for the *President*, and assures us in his sermons that the devil (with his horns and tail) is really and truly—all in short but visibly—at our elbows. The Church service is the same as ours, with the exception of a few judicious omissions, and the clergymen are mostly, I believe, Wesleyan Methodists, more remarkable for their whining tone, and the *severity* of their creed, than for any very formidable deviation from the doctrines of the Church of England.

To William Canning, 29 Aug.

With one exception I have now sat down to dinner day after day for more than a month with my two secretaries, who, I take it for granted, have found the task to the full as painful as myself. The *best of tempers* will be at times disturbed ; and for a few days during the extreme heat we threatened one and all to become as snappish as a pack of hounds just before the hydrophobia declares itself.

In spite of the monotony and listlessness of such a life, and the recurrence of "occasional blue devils" his letters home during this period are unusually cheerful,—surprizingly so when it is remembered that he seldom wrote them till the messenger was knocking at the door, and that he generally heard the cocks crowing before he finished them. He had "a mortal repugnance to compose a letter several days before it had to set out on its voyage." He found it necessary, indeed,

to check his mother's congratulations on his good spirits, and was not at all pleased to be thought contented. 1821 — ÆT. 34

I have half a mind to pick a quarrel with you for supposing, in so uncharitable a manner, that I have nothing to grumble at because I abstain from grumbling in my letters. You really deserve to be visited with a whole catalogue of grievances! What! are you to conceive that I am basking in a blaze of unclouded sunshine, because my correspondence is not loaded with gloom and miseries and vapours? Are you to fancy, most venerable Mama, that I am perfectly at ease, because I do not scream loud enough to be heard across the Atlantic? Alas! we know but too well that the choicest pleasures of life are not without their stings; that roses have their thorns,—that love is followed by indifference, and a good dinner, but too often, by indigestion. How then should a residence in this country be unattended with its due proportion of annoyance? Can you imagine, my dearest Mother, that the distinctions of a public station have so many charms for me, as to make me insensible to the want of all those circumstances which best harmonize with the affections, and which are so rarely to be found in a foreign country? I feel indeed that I am placed on an honourable eminence, but I also feel that I am wholly amongst strangers, and almost at their mercy, and nothing within reach, except it be my dog Mouton, on which a kind feeling of my heart can rest with anything like an assurance of its being returned. However I am well content to bear with this and its concomitants, for a season, nor am I unthankful to Providence for having given me an occasion of serving my country with credit; but still there are moments when the quicksilver will sink, and when the mind will outrun time and be impatient for the harvest before the sowing days are over. To his Mother, 4 June

His mother's vivacity and brightness, which came over the sea "redolent with joy, I had almost said with youth," whilst they refreshed him like "a breeze from the ocean," are a perpetual puzzle to his understanding.

Here am I but half your age, and still by courtesy a young man, and yet I cannot boast, except on occasions for an hour at a time, a tenth part of the alacrity and cheerfulness which you possess. If the state of your mind were one only of calm and serenity,—a still, clear sky,—I should ascribe the advantage to conscious virtue and the retrospect of a well-spent life;—but all is animation and gaiety with you, "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," while I, poor devil that I am! can scarcely command enough of animal spirits to carry me with an air of decent composure through the sociable part of the four-and-twenty hours. Near-sighted people are consoled under their 25 April, 1822

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misfortune when young by the prospect of having their eyes rather improved than impaired by the lapse of years. In like manner I am content to hope that there is some advantage in reversion for those who have to endure the pressure of gloomy spirits before their time. I do not despair of being a very merry fellow some fifty years hence.

It was in one of his black moments that he wrote to Planta :—

2 April, 1821

The miseries of the place are beginning to soak into me. Not that I have any thoughts of complaining. *Swear*, I must,—occasionally, as there is no comfort without it ; but as I came hither with my eyes open, I have no right to flinch as long as my health stands. If nothing extraordinary, either for good or for bad, occurs in the interval, I am still determined to abide the result of a *third* session of Congress, but I wish you to understand thus early that I am equally determined to apply for leave of absence so as to be able to leave this country, God willing, in the spring of 1823.

He had stipulated for the term of three years on accepting the mission, and it was this thought that supported him when sore belaboured by "blue devils." Three sessions he would endure, but no more :—

To Planta, 15 June

Three simple volumes of Acts of Congress, though tough reading at best, may be mastered by dint of perseverance : but, come what may, we must hear nothing of second editions, supplementary chapters, or copious appendixes. As you love me bear this in mind.

And again :—

30 July

I take your friendly remarks about philosophy and the time of my return quite as they are meant. I have said my say, and if my health but holds, shall not return to the subject till the season of accomplishment arrives. But I must fairly warn you, that you will *then* find me obstinate—no mule more so. I know I am a very vicious animal ; so, the Lord have mercy on you all ! !

The difficulties, apart from climate, to a man of his nature, of living in Washington must be obvious enough. As he told his mother, patience was the virtue most in demand in his

25 April, 1822

situation, "and patience is unfortunately that particular virtue which I have always found it most difficult to practise." He succeeded however in exhibiting it to the American people, though he fears at the expense of his own fireside, for whom none was left,—"like a man who lives on cold meat six days in

the week in order to give a smart dinner to his friends on the seventh!" 1821 — ÆT. 34

He maintained his resolution of staying out his time at Washington. His complaints were few, though he was generally more or less miserable; he was gradually learning the lesson of endurance which his favourite motto taught him:—

> Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito
> Qua tua te fortuna sinet. *Aen.* VI. 95

He was beginning to outgrow the ill effects of too rapid promotion, and to realize that the discipline of discomfort was a valuable part of education. His early experiences at Constantinople had not sufficed to teach him this, and Switzerland and Vienna were not calculated to supply the want. In America he learned the lesson of patience and self-control in a degree which he had never understood before, and he came home all the better for the rough experience. That he recognized this may be seen from the following beautiful letter to his mother:—

To his Mother, 4 Nov. 1821

Though I have no "epistle" to thank you for, dear Mother, subsequent to number eleven, the receipt of which was duly acknowledged about three weeks ago, the 4th of November is not a day that I can allow to slip by us unnoticed and in silence. I do not mean that every gentleman, unless indeed he wears a crown on his head, would be expected to celebrate his own birthday; but here, among strangers, in a distant land, I may perhaps be allowed to exchange a few natural feelings with a loved and honoured parent, whose thoughts, I am persuaded, are at this moment dwelling with fondness on the two unworthy children, to whom under Providence she gave being,—we will not say how many fourths of November ago. A strange and anxious gift it is, this life which I have received from you, my dearest Mother, of precarious tenure and most uncertain issue; yet would it be the height of ingratitude not to acknowledge that hitherto the good has greatly preponderated,—that with some struggles and some sorrows I have found abundant sources of comfort and enjoyment. Washington is not the Island of Calypso, nor is it the most delightful thing in the world to live far away from one's country and all that the name comprehends, amongst those to whom the hatred of that country is at once a passion and a principle. Yet in spite of all this, when I pause to reflect on the difference between my present situation and what I was but the other day when I started in the race with no greater fortune than that of an honest descent and

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a tolerable education, I am lost in feelings of surprize and gratitude. These are flattering sensations, but they do not pass away without awaking others of a more painful and also of a more useful description. Heavens ! what a wretch I am to lag so far behind my fortunes ! I find myself in a station worthy of first-rate abilities and of first-rate acquirements ; yet the utmost that I can recognize at my command is no more than a faint glimmering of comprehension and knowledge, a disposition indeed and desire to improve and to proceed in well-doing, but an indolent and wayward temper, that is for ever at variance with the efforts of my mind and the movements of my heart. These are subjects of real and deep dissatisfaction to me ; but fortunately Hope does not abandon me at thirty-four, and I still live on in hope of becoming, if my life be spared, a somewhat less worthless member of society. I consider my residence in America as a second and rougher period of education ; one's passage through it is not unattended with the privations and annoyances of school, but I do not quite despair of being able at some future period to look back upon it as I now do with thankfulness on the restraints and discipline of Eton. Come what will of it, I cannot conceal from myself that under Him to whom all praise is due, I owe to a certain venerable lady the greatest portion of the little good that I have in my character, and by consequence of the worldly advantages which I am permitted to enjoy—to myself alone nearly the whole of what I fall short in.—So you see the birthday is celebrated not indeed with presents and bumpers, but with confession and thankfulness.

It was no small sacrifice to Canning to keep himself a prisoner at Washington for nearly two years. The heavy expenses of outfit and passage, furniture and servants, prescribed a course of economy, but he longed for the free air and scenes of the country. "My passion for the country" he wrote to his sister (7 Nov. 1822), "like yours, has undergone no diminution. In leaving town I always experience a sensation of escape, and I feel that my home, my natural home, is in the field and the forest." His long restraint in the city made the few excursions he was able to take in 1821 doubly delightful. The first was only as far as Mount Vernon.

To his Mother, 2 July

At this identical moment, we are enjoying the delights of a cloudy sky, and a cooling rain ; and if I were not desirous that you should treat the subject with becoming gravity, I might be tempted to describe the costume which I have assumed since the summer set in,

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not omitting my white cotton jacket, my umbrella, and broad-brimmed hat of Leghorn straw. Such were the accoutrements with which I went down the Potomac a few days ago in a steamboat to Mount Vernon, formerly the seat of General Washington, and *still* indeed his seat, for there, in a brick vault, which looks very much like an ice-house, situated on the declivity of a hill which slopes down to the river, and shaded by a few scrubby cedars, are lodged the remains of him who humbled the pride of England, and secured the independence of this country. I did not increase the pious depredations of those pilgrims who have defaced this wretched structure of brick and wood, by either inscribing their names on the door or carrying off fragments in memory of the illustrious tenant. General Washington was a good man, and in many respects, I think, a great one. He deserves at the hands of his countrymen a nobler monument than either his present tomb or this unpromising city. . . .

With Judge Washington, the general's nephew, and present possessor of Mount Vernon, I drank the King's health in a glass of excellent madeira. The mansion-house is just as it was in the general's time, a small country-seat. The grounds about it are confined but not unpleasing, and the views of the water, as you catch an occasional glimpse of it through the trees, are very beautiful. . . .

This is not the only excursion which I have ventured to make in the face of our blazing enemy. The great falls of the Potomac are about as far from Washington (I mean the city) up stream, as Mount Vernon is below, to wit about sixteen miles, and in order to get a sight of that romantic scene the adventurous traveller must submit to a process of pounding amidst the forests of Virginia, with the additional misery of being assured that he is travelling over a turnpike road. It was some comfort to us, on reaching the falls, to find that the river had quite as uneasy a journey to make as that which we had just performed. Its channel is formed of broken rocks, through and over which it tears a way, struggling and foaming and whirling till it loses itself abruptly behind its bare and precipitous banks. The fall of the water in no part exceeds eighteen or twenty feet, and it has the disadvantage of being greatly discoloured with mud. But the scene upon the whole, though by no means equal to some of a similar description in Europe, is impressive, nearly as much so, in short, as a mass of agitated water tumbling over rocks, and darkened by a wilderness of trees, is capable of being with the drawbacks which I have just mentioned. You may well imagine that there is no want of forest in this neighbourhood, but I have not yet seen any trees of extraordinary bulk. Either the original occupiers of the soil have yielded to the American axe, or the soil itself is too sandy to produce more than a diminutive growth of timber. Whatever may be the cause of this defect I am now told that if I wish to see a gigantic and

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primaeval race of trees I must go to the banks of the Ohio; but to the banks of the Ohio I have no prospect of going this year and the chances are against my ever seeing them at all.

The most enjoyable days of 1821 were spent at the country house of Mr. Carroll, a splendid old gentleman (born in 1737), who had survived the title of rebel for nearly fifty years:—

To his Mother, 5 Oct.

At the age of 83 he is not only in full possession of his faculties, but he moves about and converses with the ease and sprightliness of a young man. Early in life he visited England and other parts of Europe. He is therefore national only in his affections; attached to his native country, but well aware of the merits of others; and though he was one of those who in 1776 signed the Declaration of Independence, he appears to harbour no vulgar resentment or suspicions against the land of his ancestors. He is very wealthy, but lives in a simple manner, more so, perhaps, in some respects than we should think consistent with the enjoyment of a handsome fortune; but the homeliness of his house and furniture appears the result rather of a want of taste for luxuries than of any ill-placed frugality. He lives during the summer in the State of Maryland, about thirty or forty miles to the north of Washington. The country about his domain is pretty, and more divested of its woods than the few other parts which I have hitherto had an opportunity of visiting.

The season of 1821–2 was passed in much the same way as the preceding year. The usual official receptions and balls were succeeded by the dispersion of Congress and the inevitable heats of summer. By this time, however, Canning felt that he had earned a holiday or at least a reprieve, and accordingly he set out on the only long expedition which he ever undertook in America. For three months he travelled in the Northern States and Canada, as much in search of health as of variety. Some extracts from his letters home may be interesting to those who know the immense development which has taken place in the parts he describes:—

To his Mother, 7 Aug.

I left Washington on 18 July, with Mr.—or as the newspapers have dubbed him *Colonel*—Wilmot and two servants. As the sun is too hot in this country for unseasoned skulls, I am obliged to have a second carriage for the two attendants; and a postilion being an unknown creature in a land of republicans, I cannot conveniently use my own carriage, so two smart hacks hired for the

occasion have conveyed our party thus far, at the rate of about forty miles a day. 1822 — ÆT. 35

My first object was to visit Mr. Carroll, the old gentleman whose acquaintance you may remember that I made last autumn. He lives about fifteen miles from Baltimore on the great Western road. We found a houseful of his family, principally ladies, and among the rest his granddaughter Mrs. Patterson, whose beauty was so much admired in England, especially by the Duke of Wellington, and whose charming manners and amiable disposition would enable her to shine, in spite of her good-humoured but ill-matched husband, in the first Court of Europe. The addition of another year to Mr. Carroll's advanced age does not appear to have made him an older man in any point of consequence. He rises as he used to do at four in the morning, throws himself head foremost into a cold bath, breakfasts at half-past eight with his long white locks streaming over his shoulders, transacts business, rides out to his farm, and drinks his glass of champagne after dinner with as much alacrity and enjoyment as most young men of twenty or thirty. With all this he has candour enough to groan under the heat to one's heart's content, and avows with the most creditable liberality that the climate of North America is more than a match for the patience of Job or the constitution of Samson.

At his house we stayed ten days, and experienced the utmost kindness from the whole family. We next crossed over to Baltimore, and at the end of twenty-four hours pursued our journey through the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, to the place where we are now halting, called Newburgh, and situated on the west bank of the Hudson river about 65 miles above New York. We were seven days on the road, being obliged to make short journeys from the want of fresh horses. The same steeds brought us the whole way. We were much pleased with the greater part of the country through which we passed, and found the roads and accommodations far better than we had ventured to anticipate, . . . And the people, though coarse in their manners, by no means ill-disposed or disobliging. At the inns I was never required to dine at the table-d'hôte; I always got a separate sitting-room, and almost always two separate bedrooms for Mr. Wilmot and myself. This last point is really a great stretch of accommodation in America, as it is the custom of the country to put several beds in the same room. . . . To R. Wellesley, 2 Nov.

The Hudson is really a magnificent river, and though a little dingy is still the clearest stream which I have hitherto seen in this country. Newburgh is as yet little more than a village, but like other villages on this side of the Atlantic it has magnificent destinies in prospect, and it presents a very placid and pleasing appearance when seen from the water. The manners of the people are strikingly To his Mother, 7 Aug.

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different from what we have met with at Washington, and it is only since our arrival here that we have made acquaintance in person with the genuine tone of Yankee independence. . . . By taking things as they come, and paying all that is asked, a traveller may get on, I *guess*, as well in this country as in any other. The great difficulty is to bear constantly in mind that what we call rudeness and impertinence in England is not meant to be any such thing in the United States.

To his Mother, 20 Aug.

In a very few hours after I wrote to you we embarked in a great steamboat on the Hudson in the dead of the night, and proceeded up the river 90 miles to Albany, the capital, though by no means the principal city, of the State of New York. . . . At Albany we staid a couple of days, and then pursued our journey to the neighbouring springs of Ballston and Saratoga. . . . Saratoga,—a name which will remind you of the American Revolution, for it was in that neighbourhood that Burgoyne and his army capitulated—is at present most in vogue, and has a hundred fashionables for any ten who are found at the rival place. We went to Ballston first, and there we had an opportunity of seeing a member of that famous and ill-omened family of whom we have all heard so much during the last twenty years, I mean Joseph Buonaparte, the *quondam* King of Spain, with his daughter and two or three persons who form his suite. He dined in a private room, but joined the society of the place at other times in the public apartments. There was no difficulty in recognizing his features as a member of the once Imperial family. His countenance and general appearance seem to indicate good health and good humour ; and I was informed that, in memory of his departed greatness, he continues to receive from his servants the titles of Majesty &c. to which his ears were so long accustomed. One of his attendants was overheard asking for something on behalf of *the Princess* his daughter, who, in spite of her title, is as ugly and as deformed as if she had never received a drop of Imperial blood into her veins. On the same story in which they slept, slept also the minister and representative of his present Catholic Majesty, and the intermediate apartments, separating the rival dignitaries, were occupied by myself and Mr. Wilmot. Diplomacy as well as poverty may be said to make us acquainted with strange bedfellows. At Saratoga we found the accommodations less convenient than at Ballston, though at the latter place they are on the most simple scale, viz. a large wooden building, divided on the ground floor into two long and one square rooms, having an open colonnade in front and common to all the inhabitants ; and overhead into sundry very small bedrooms, having no furniture beyond a bed, two chairs, and a set of shelves. The best bedrooms have two windows and a small chimney, with rather more room for turning oneself round than in the others. No

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Trappist could ever have been more completely independent of the luxuries of this world. By way of compensation for want of space and furniture, we found a great air of cleanliness throughout the building. The meals, which like those of Sparta are eaten in public, though not exactly on terms of such strict economy, make their appearance with the most perfect regularity, and woe to the individual who is a quarter of an hour behind his time. At 8 admonition is given of impending breakfast by the sound of a most vociferous bell, and the company is forthwith drawn towards the scene of action. Dinner is announced in the same manner at 2, and tea, which in this country is a sort of supper, and a most substantial one, is ushered in at 7. The evening is generally consumed in sauntering about the public apartments, or gossiping under the colonnade, except when a dance is got up by a subscription amongst the gentlemen.

It was not till our arrival at Saratoga that we found ourselves in the full vortex of an American watering-place. I rejoice in having seen the sight for once, and I also rejoice in the prospect of never being called upon to witness it a second time. There is not sufficient amusement to make up for the constant publicity and crowd in which it is necessary to live while there; and for those who either have left off dancing, or who do not approve of so robust an exercise when the thermometer is between eighty and ninety, a two days' residence either at Ballston or at Saratoga will be found to suffice. We drove over to a neighbouring town called Schenectady, the pronunciation of which you can study at your leisure, and there we took coach for this place [Niagara], an enterprize of some pith, when you consider that we were to travel a distance of three hundred miles, through a newly-settled country over a road of but recent formation, in a common [extra] mail coach, and we determined to increase the fatigue, which was not to be avoided, by travelling sixteen or seventeen hours a day. . . . We met with uniform civility on the road, and everyone with whom we had to deal seemed anxious to expedite and accommodate us to the utmost of his power. . . . The worst that happened to us on the road was to eat occasionally with a blunt knife and two-pronged straddling fork of no very clean appearance, to mumble a beefsteak of impregnable toughness, to sleep on feather beds evacuated but one reeking instant before by the landlord or some one of his relations, and to pass over several miles of road constructed with huge trunks of trees laid from one side to the other, and most expressively denominated *corderoy* and *gridiron*. On one occasion indeed our driver thought proper to run a race with a *sulky* which we happened to overtake, and when informed in the midst of his career that one of the forewheels was all but off, he assured us there was no danger, as his coach had frequently been in that state before, and could go as well on three wheels as on four.

1822 For a good third of the distance our road lay through the valley of the Mohawk and generally close along the banks of that wild Æt. 35 stream. . . . The chief interest of our route was to be found in observing the progress of human industry, from the first rude invasion of the wilderness,—the backwoodsman and his log-hut—to the neat village and thriving town. In this point of view we found abundant materials for curiosity and contemplation. By far the greater part of the tract which we passed through has been settled within the last twenty years, and the change which has been effected in that short period is really surprizing. For the first two hundred miles from Albany the country is almost uniformly cleared, and for the most part cultivated, to a distance of one, two or three miles on each side of the road. It rarely happened that several cottages were not to be seen at the same time from the carriage windows, and at every ten or fifteen miles a well-conditioned village, with one or two neat churches, and sometimes a court-house for holding the sessions, seemed rising as if by magic from among the woods. There is an evident taste for architecture throughout the new settlements, and it is pleasing to see that in constructing habitations for themselves the settlers have not forgotten the house of God. . . . I cannot doubt after what I have seen that under the control of a firm and systematic government this country would rapidly grow up into an empire of great, perhaps unexampled, strength and prosperity. As it is, the progress is rapid, but with the development of great natural resources, the seeds of future weakness and disunion are also most evidently taking root, and I question whether the rapidity of the progress will not ultimately prove a most unfortunate circumstance for the children of those whose lot is cast in this hemisphere.

Near here Canning found the British lieutenant-governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, and was delighted to find himself "once more under the old flag." No one was ever more intensely and enthusiastically an Englishman. On leaving Niagara, he went down Lake Ontario in a steamboat to Kingston, thence in an open boat rowed by four Canadian *voyageurs* down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Lord Dalhousie was absent at Sorel, and thither he invited his colleague, who was charmed with this "most amiable and worthy man."

Quebec was full of scenes moving enough to the imagination:—

I visited the river Montmorenci, where Wolfe made his first attempt to force the French lines; the cove, which bears his gallant name, where he succeeded in landing and leading his men up a steep

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and almost precipitous acclivity ; the plains of Abraham, where he prevailed over an enemy worthy of contending with him ; and lastly the very place where he is said to have died. I know of no event in our history which takes so deep a hold of the imagination, and I question whether I experienced a stronger emotion of national pride in walking over the field of Waterloo than in thus finding myself amidst the rocks and towers of Quebec. In the Governor's house, the Château de St. Louis, where I am lodging, there is a good bust of Wolfe, and underneath it are the following lines, which I think you will read with interest :—

To his Sister, Quebec, 16 Sept.

> "Let no sad tear upon his tomb be shed,
> A common tribute to the common dead ;
> But let the Great, the Generous, and the Brave
> With godlike envy sigh for such a grave ! "

At Boston he arrived :

just in time to catch a glimpse of Bunker's Hill before the sun went down. Boston is far superior to what I had expected, and its environs are positively beautiful. I found there some families with whom I had been acquainted at Washington, and in general met with so much hospitality and kindness that I was quite concerned at being unable to stay more than ten or twelve days among the worthy Bostonians.

Here he received the news of Lord Londonderry's, or, to call him by his more familiar name, Castlereagh's, suicide. It was a very real grief to him, for he had felt deeply the Foreign Secretary's constant kindness towards himself, and admired the virtues of the man more than the talents of the minister. To see Castlereagh prime minister would, he thought, be a misfortune : but as a hard-working capable and considerate secretary of state, and an amiable and kind-hearted man, he was much to be regretted. The following is his letter to Planta on the subject :—

Boston, 1 Oct.

I have been more shocked than I can well express by learning, as unexpectedly as it occurred, the sudden and dreadful close of Lord Londonderry's life. Of all improbable events it was surely the last to have been foreseen, both from the character of the man, and the prosperity, political and domestic, which he appeared to be enjoying. Even as an example of human instability the catastrophe is eminently affecting, but to friends and relations, to anyone who had ever experienced Lord Londonderry's kindness and known him such

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as he was in the bosom of his family and in all the relations of private life, his loss is a just subject of genuine and deep sorrow. I am glad to perceive that justice is done to his character in this respect by foes as well as by friends, and with so general a recognition of those amiable and exalted qualities, which afford, perhaps, the best security for political merit, his public transactions, vast and multifarious as they have been, may be consigned, with a fair degree of confidence on the part of those who loved him best, to the sober judgment of posterity. For myself, exclusive of all other considerations, I cannot but deplore the untimely death of a man from whom I have received, during a professional connexion of ten years, the most important and gratuitous marks of kindness. On this side of the ocean as well as on the other there appears to be every disposition in the public to treat his memory with fairness, in spite of political prejudices ; and, in the opinion of many, England is thought to have lost in him one of her ablest statesmen, and one who was particularly friendly to the maintenance of a good understanding with the United States.

Canning was a hard worker even on a tour of pleasure. He was not content with seeing the country, but collected statistics and information relating to the progress of the people, prices, and cost of labour. Thus at Hagar's Town, Maryland, he notes on 16 Nov., 1822 :—

Labour in the fields . . .	1816,	$16	per month, exclusive of board.
„ „ . . .	1822,	8	
Mechanics' labour . . .	1816,	2	per diem, board included.
„ „ . . .	1822,	1.50	
Flour per barrel of 196 lbs. .	1816,	10.50	
„ „ „ .	1822,	5	
Meat per lb. . . .	1816,	8 cents	
„ „ . . .	1822,	5 „	

Land has fallen amazingly and beyond all calculation—generally more than one-half.

A farm which was worth $114 an acre in 1816 was sold in 1822 for $45. At Niagara butchers' meat was at 4 to 5 cents the lb. ; best flour, $3 the barrel ; oats, 20 cents a bushel ; a fowl, 9 or 10 cents ; whisky, 30 cents a gallon, exclusive of duty ($\frac{1}{2}$ from the U.S.) ; indoor labour with board and lodging, $8 a month ; a good milch cow, $12 to $15 ; farm horse, $50. Prices had fallen three or four hundred per cent. since the war. There are many memo-

randa like these, and an American newspaper justly remarked that Canning left the States better informed than any other English minister. 1823 — ÆT. 36

The remainder of his residence at Washington passed very quietly. He was in better health and spirits, and his old secretary, Henry Addington, who was now attached to the mission, joined him in December, to his chief's satisfaction. The season was a dull one, and nothing was stirring in Congress to excite the smallest interest.

5 Nov. We have been living since our return from the north in almost perfect solitude. Society has not yet begun its old rounds, and it will take some time to get the yellow fever, which has been very destructive this year, out of the heads of our friends and neighbours. We have already had, and we are again to have, the accomplished Mathews in the course of the winter. I dread his applying to me for an introduction to the President, as he has an unfortunate, and as he describes it incorrigible, habit of taking off everyone with whom he exchanges half a dozen words . . . The cock crows and I must leave off.

In March Congress was over, and nothing remained to be done. Having obtained leave of absence on the score of ill health, though it was pretty well understood that he had no intention of returning, Canning handed over the archives and ciphers to Addington in June, and in the following August sailed from New York for England, and arrived at Falmouth 8 Sept. 1823.

On his return to England his first impulse was to be idle:—to see his family and friends, and in their society to shake off the ill effects of the Washington climate. He found his relations in more prosperous circumstances than when he left for the States. His brother William had been appointed to the rectory of Heslerton near Scarborough, and was married. His other brother, Henry, had been gazetted Consul-General at Hamburg. Canning spent some weeks at Heslerton in October and November with infinite enjoyment. "To me, who have been so long tossed upon the wild waters or upon the rougher ocean of American politics and American society, the delights of a quiet rural life are inexpressible, and to enjoy them not only in one's own country but under the roof

To his Mother, 27 Oct.

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of a brother and a *sister* is more than enough to make up for the vile crampings and joltings of the mail between London and York. . . . The weather continues favourable, and I trust that another fortnight of fresh air, hard exercise, and regular hours, will set up my constitution for the winter." Returning to London in November, Canning took a house in Berkeley Square, for the season, and prepared to enjoy himself. He saw a great deal of his cousin the Foreign Secretary, and was fond of staying with Lord Ellenborough at Rochampton, whence he would sometimes drive across Richmond Park to his kinsman Raikes at Sudbrook, Petersham, and there "dine and sleep amidst the portraits of forgotten generations of the Burleigh family," to say nothing of memories of *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Such relaxations were not uninterrupted by business. In December he was nominated, conjointly with Huskisson, a plenipotentiary to arrange with Rush the points in dispute between the States and the mother country. These consisted chiefly of the old difficulty of the suppression of the slave trade; the commercial relations between the United States and the West Indies and other British colonies; boundary disputes arising out of the 5th article of the Treaty of Ghent; the Newfoundland fisheries and the like. The plenipotentiaries met at the offices of the Board of Trade in Gt. George Street, from 23 January to 15 Feb. 1824. Their discussions were on the whole harmonious, and they agreed on a Convention, of which George Canning both publicly and privately expresses his entire satisfaction. President Monroe was prepared to ratify the instrument just as he received it; but the Senate insisted on striking out of the first article certain words which had been introduced in the *projet* actually prepared by the American Government itself in Washington. After this decided manifestation of a resolve to come to no arrangement, it was considered useless to persist in the negotiation. Rush was as disappointed as anyone, and George Canning, who had been rejoicing in the triumph of "sheer straitforwardness" over that "scoundrel" Adams, had to make the best of an unmerited rebuff. We were at that time in such mortal dread of exciting the hostility of our kinsmen over the Atlantic,

Speech on Convention, Nov. 1824

Rush, *Court of London*, 455

To S. C. 17 Mar.

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that sooner than risk another war, we pocketed affront after affront.[1] The Government did its utmost to settle the various points of difference in a spirit of conciliation and friendliness, but good will is not of much avail against a stone wall. There can be no advantage in discussing more minutely a course of negotiations which ended in smoke. The only good result with which they can be credited is that they shewed the Americans that England was anxious to be friends.

MEMOIRS.

"Small as the immediate result of these conferences may justly appear, it is to be hoped that they smoothed the way in some degree for the removal of difficulties at those later periods which were found more favourable to negotiation. One by one from time to time the most urgent subjects of dispute have yielded to reason and a sense of mutual interest. Those which would prove the most troublesome when brought by circumstances into actual effect are likely to subside of themselves under the influence of public opinion. It is my earnest wish that this appearance may be realized. We should have cogent reasons for cherishing the most friendly sentiments towards the people of the United States, even if the ties of a common origin, a common language and institutions differing rather in form than in spirit, did not draw us into cordial relations with them. The fear of drifting out of our own distinctive character into that which is known by the name of Americanism may, I trust, be discarded. Among us, no doubt, there is a certain number of individuals if not a special party, who sympathize with democracy, as exhibited under that

[1] A similar rebuff was administered by the American Government to England some years later. The northern boundary question had assumed unpleasant proportions, and it was determined to submit it to arbitration. The King of the Netherlands agreed to sit in judgment, and Canning was requested by Lord Aberdeen in the autumn of 1829 to draw up the statement of the British case. It was a thorny subject, and far from inviting; but the result of his labours was pronounced by Aberdeen "all that we can desire" and the Duke of Wellington expressed his "very high approbation" of Canning's report. It was not till 1831 that the decision of the King of the Netherlands was known at the Foreign Office; the Under Secretary forwarded the news to Canning because "so far as it is favourable to Great Britain the country is so much indebted to *you*." The decision was on the whole for the British contention. Consequently the Americans rejected it. We did not think it advisable to press the point.

Fr. Aberdeen, 21 & 25 Dec. 1829

15 Jan. 1831

1824 name; but the mass of our population is unmistakably
æt. 37 attached to those forms of thought, moral conduct, and government which have hitherto given us a high position in the world, together with an empire capable of holding its own against all comers. We have witnessed great changes of late, and others are welling up fast over the horizon, but those national features will, I trust, continue to mark the countenance of John Bull, and stamp it with its own indigenous, well-known expression."

CHAPTER X.

THE LIBERATION OF GREECE.

I. MISSION TO PETERSBURG.

1824–25.

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WHEN Stratford Canning returned from the *far niente* of his American mission, he was entrusted with the most important diplomatic task then pending in Europe, and as fate would have it this task drew him once more to the East. In spite of an invincible repugnance, which grew stronger at each recurring experience, Constantinople, "that semi-barbarous capital which had left so painful an impression on his mind," drew him eastward again and again with the attraction of a magnet. When it is remembered how strenuously he sought home employment, and how devoutly he had resolved never to return to the detested circle of Turkish diplomacy, it must appear surprizing that he should so speedily have yielded to a destiny which was in all points so diametrically opposed to his wishes: but on this occasion public and private reasons conspired to recommend his acceptance of the embassy at the Porte with a force which prudence could not resist. He was contemplating a second marriage, and this rendered the certain income of the embassy preferable to the chances of office at home. He felt moreover that it would be a mistake to quit the diplomatic service until he had attained the highest rank—that of full ambassador. And he was lured to his ancient exile with the promise of a speedy return. The mission was distinctly stated to be temporary and for a limited purpose. George Canning had already tried (in March 1824) to secure the Treasury secretaryship for his cousin, but the Prime Minister had other views. He now told him that he had obtained Lord Liverpool's assent to the plan of offering him the vice-presidentship of the Board of Trade on his return. Such an

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offer would constitute a fair opening to an official career in England, and with that promise he found less difficulty in reconciling his mind to a brief return to the "horrible hole" on which he had so thankfully turned his back twelve years before. He could not foresee the unhappy fatality which, in closing his cousin's career just when it was rising to its zenith, would also destroy for awhile, perhaps for ever, his chance of a place in the government.

Yet the real attraction to an ambitious man, (though Canning might not perhaps have allowed it,) which his new mission presented was its extreme difficulty. Momentous issues then hung upon the wise and prudent conduct of affairs in South-east Europe. The aftermath of the French Revolution was ready for the sickle in the countries bordering the Mediterranean. Spain, Naples, and Greece had in turn disturbed the "legitimate order of things" which the Congress of Vienna and the subsequent meetings at Paris and Aix had committed with much pomp and complacency to official paper. Much now depended on how the Greek insurrection was to be dealt with. As it happened Russia and Turkey had been almost at blows again, and it was chiefly by the action of the British Government and its ambassador at the Porte, Lord Strangford, that peace had been preserved and terms of arrangement—rather vague terms—accepted by both parties. The greatest of all dangers had thus been for awhile averted. Russia was prevented from using the Greek revolution as a pretext for strengthening and advancing her private designs upon the Ottoman Empire. The risk of misunderstanding was not yet however entirely over; the terms of arrangement were not yet wholly fulfilled; and the presence of a Russian ambassador at the Porte was still needed to put the seal to the reconciliation.

Meanwhile, and before the outstanding disputes with Turkey had been finally set at rest, the Czar took upon himself to come forward as a mediator between the Greeks and their old masters. His reasons for the step were mixed: he was at first in some degree influenced by impulses of humanity and even sympathy for the Greek cause; he was naturally anxious to arrange a reconstruction of the Greek provinces in such a way that an independent kingdom should be impos-

sible, and that Russia might obtain some such protectorate over them as she already exercised over Servia and the Danubian provinces; and he was specially eager to be the first in the field, and so to prevent England, where symptoms of enthusiastic sympathy with the sufferings of the Greeks were growing alarmingly apparent, from coming forward in the character of the champion of Christian liberty in the Ottoman Empire. 1824 ÆT. 37

With these views a Russian "Memoir" was drawn up, in which a plan of pacification and reconstruction of Greece, in three provinces, including Crete and Epirus, but retaining the sovereignty of the Porte, was set forth; and the Powers were invited to meet in conference at St. Petersburg to carry this or some similar plan into effect. The Turks, it is true, were known to be strongly opposed to the mediation of the Powers; but the Turks, it was urged, were always opposed to everything, and it was resolved to disregard their wishes. The Greeks, it was argued, could hardly fail to welcome a mediation which must end in a real improvement of their former position, even if it could not realize the dreams of independence which they had long nursed but which their arms were not likely to accomplish. The Conference was agreed to by all the Great Powers; even George Canning overcame his dislike to congresses in this instance, and what lent a peculiar importance to his cousin's appointment as ambassador to the Porte was the additional and preliminary mission now entrusted to him as plenipotentiary at the St. Petersburg conference. In the summer of 1824 all was prepared for an autumnal visit to Russia in this character; when a slight communication overturned the whole arrangement. The Russian "Memoir" or some parts of it had leaked out, and the Greeks had become aware of the benevolent intentions of the Czar in their behalf; but so far were they from being grateful for the proposed interposition that the Provisional Government in August despatched from Napoli di Romania an indignant letter to George Canning, protesting against the Russian proposals as cruel and oppressive, and calling upon England to protect the Greeks in their struggle for liberty against this uninvited and tyrannical intervention of the Powers. 12 Jan.

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Under these circumstances the British Cabinet had no alternative, or more accurately the Foreign Office guided by George Canning on broad principles would allow no alternative, but to abstain from the intended Conference. So long as one of the belligerents was prepared to accept mediation, the Conference was possible ; but when both protested, George Canning maintained not only that the Conference was futile, but that it was derogatory to the dignity of the Powers to engage in a proceeding which from the outset must command no chance of success. On this ground he informed Prince Lieven that the English Government could not enter the Conference. Such a consultation of the Powers, he admitted, might be desirable later on : but for the present he could be no party to it. The Czar was indignant at the change of front, and sought for deeper motives than the ostensible ground of the Greek letter. He fancied himself suspected of selfish designs in his policy towards the Greeks ; and in turn he accused George Canning of long-standing sympathy with the revolutionary spirit as manifested in the Hellenic movement.

Partly to remove any misconceptions of this character, and partly to invite an interchange of views upon the whole question, it was resolved not to cancel Stratford Canning's appointment as special ambassador to St. Petersburg. He was still to go ; but he was not to enter the Conference, should it take place in spite of the refusal of England to join its councils. His duties would be of an explanatory and interrogatory kind, and he was also charged with the conclusion of a treaty defining the boundary between British and Russian territory in North-West America, upon which a dispute had long been pending ; and on his way to Russia, he was to visit Vienna and enter into explanations with Prince Metternich on the Greek question. The delicate and momentous nature of these duties is a proof of the high estimation in which his abilities were held by the Government and especially by that most searching and impartial of critics, his cousin ; but the reader will not be in a position to estimate the full difficulty and importance of these now remote negotiations without a few words on the position at that time taken up by England in her foreign relations.

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George Canning's foreign policy was a new departure, and has won for him the admiration of Liberal politicians who have little sympathy with his opinions in general. That policy consisted simply in the substitution of England for Europe. Instead of mixing himself up in the sort of general committee of European affairs which was then the fashion, he resolved that England should act only when her own interests or honour—this last claim had not then been abandoned—required her interference. With European congresses and the principles of the Holy Alliance he would have nothing to do. "No more congresses, thank God!" was his exclamation in 1820. He did not believe in the Austrian plan of an Imperial police for the suppression of whatever smelt of Jacobinism, and for the maintenance of that best of all possible conditions "the established order of things." He saw that the time was gone by for this high-handed suppression of popular movements, and that there were contingencies where the Holy Alliance, with all its solemn professions, would prove nothing better than the jailor of the liberties of Europe. He determined that England at least should have neither part nor lot in such a policy, and the Greek question furnished him with an occasion for taking up the independent position which he believed to be the true policy for his country. In his instructions to his cousin for the mission to Petersburg the following memorable definition of the foreign policy of England occurs:—

> To preserve the peace of the world is the leading object of the policy of England. For this purpose it is necessary in the first place to prevent to the utmost of our power the breaking out of new quarrels; in the second place, to compose, where it can be done by friendly mediation, existing differences; and thirdly, where that is hopeless, to narrow as much as possible their range; and fourthly, to maintain for ourselves an imperturbable neutrality in all cases where nothing occurs to affect injuriously our interests or our honour.

In applying these principles to the insurgent Greeks, the third contingency alone came into operation. We were under no pledges of honour to interfere in the interest of either party: our interests were not directly affected, except so far as any disturbance of tranquillity in the Levant

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must injure our trade; friendly mediation had been rejected by both belligerents; and it remained therefore only to narrow the range of the existing differences. With this object, as well as to clear the way to possible mediation in the future, Stratford Canning was instructed to proceed to St. Petersburg by way of Vienna. His letters from these capitals will furnish an interesting view of the attitude of the two leading European Powers of the day towards his cousin's foreign policy.

"To narrow the range of differences" in the present instance meant a definite aim: nothing was more probable than that Russia would seize the first pretext for coercing Turkey by force of arms, and that must at all hazards be prevented. The dangers of Russian aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey were not so fully felt in England then as they have been since; Austria had been more formidable to the Porte in the past than Russia; but both England and Austria,—especially Austria,—were alive to the natural tendencies of the Russians to a southern port, and were resolved to foil them. The difference was in the means to be employed. George Canning set forth his plan with his usual lucidity in his instructions to his cousin. There were, he said, two essential conditions which must be fulfilled before England could join in any scheme of mediation, invited or voluntary. The first was that the Russian ambassador, M. de Ribeaupierre, should have actually taken up his residence at the Porte,—or in other words that all outstanding disputes between the Czar and the Sultan must thus openly have been cleared aside, and Russia could thus appear exclusively in the character of a friendly mediator, *puissance amie*, in which alone she had any treaty right to interfere on behalf of the Christian subjects of the Porte. The second was that the mediating Powers must definitely pledge themselves before going into conference that in no extremity would they resort to force. This was of course also designed to "narrow the range of differences" by preventing Russia from using the Greeks as an excuse for aggrandizement. On these two conditions Mr. Canning was inexorable. In vain might Russia urge that she had a chargé d'affaires at the Porte: the English Foreign Secretary would

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have nothing short of a full ambassador, in pledge of perfect reconciliation with Turkey; nor would he allow the possibility of a recourse to arms. "To forcible intervention, England could not be a party, nor, by consequence, to councils that might lead to it." All he could contemplate would be "an intervention strictly amicable," without joining either party, or holding out "a menace which we have no desire to carry into execution." A "previous and public disavowal of force" by all the Powers was a necessary preliminary to England's intervention. These conditions granted, England would mediate on the request of either belligerent, or even possibly might *volunteer* her mediation unasked, though it was not easy to foresee the circumstances which would lead to such a position; but voluntary or invited, no mediation could have England's adhesion unless force were abjured and the Russian ambassador were in his palace at the Porte. 1824 — *Æ.* 37

If we seek to know what scheme of pacification George Canning had in view, supposing these conditions satisfied, we shall find that so far as written documents, public or private, are concerned, his plans were vague. Something "considerably within" the two extremes demanded respectively by Turk and Greek, of "unconditional submission" and "unqualified independence," would be the end in view. The creation of an independent Greek kingdom he then regarded as impracticable, and later, when the Greek delegates in London sounded him as to the possibility of Prince Leopold accepting the crown of Greece, he refused the consent of the Government. On the other hand to restore the old tyranny of the Turks was out of the question. But on the details of the *via media* which he advocated his despatches of 1824 are silent. Sept. 1825

It is not essential, though always desirable, that an ambassador should personally be in accord with the instructions of his government; but in this case there is no doubt that the two cousins were of one mind, and that the Greeks regarded Stratford Canning's appointment to the embassy at the Porte as a sign of England's interest in their cause. His letters from America during the early days of the struggle for independence are conclusive on this point. He actually professed a secret wish that the expulsion of the Turks "bag and baggage" See p. 307

1824 from Europe might become a possibility, in terms identical with those used by Mr. Gladstone half a century later. "The poor Greeks!" he wrote to Planta. "I have almost a mind to curse the balance of Europe for protecting those horrid Turks!" and again, "I wish to God it were possible to wrest a cession of territory for their separate and independent establishment out of the Porte. There are plenty of rogues among them, but they are entitled to our compassion, and I wish to heaven that the interests of Europe would allow of letting the Russians loose *tout bonnement* on the Sultan and his hordes. I cannot suspect the Emperor Alexander of having brought about the present struggle, whatever a certain Greek secretary [Capodistrias] at his elbow may have done; but he is no true Russian if his mouth does not water at the game which circumstances seem to have thrown open to him." A very general feeling at the time was expressed in an eloquent letter by Lord Erskine to Lord Liverpool, in which it was maintained that the conduct of the Turks as rulers had put them out of the pale of civilized nations, and that the Greeks were not in the position of a conquered nation rebelling against properly constituted authority administered in accordance with enlightened views. To interfere on their behalf was not only no breach of the law of nations, but was an imperative moral duty. Whether Stratford Canning went this length we have no means of judging; but it is evident that his sympathy inclined him to Erskine's view while his prudence compelled him to advocate less stringent measures than he would have preferred had there been no European complications at stake. A memorandum which he drew up in 1824 at the request of his cousin gives, we must presume, his own opinions on the proposed pacification of Greece. It begins by admitting that the "British Government would hail the complete independence of Greece, if effected by the Greeks themselves, as the best solution" of the problem, but allows that "sentiments of humanity and natural sympathy" must not be permitted to exclude considerations of the peace of Europe; and the leading Powers having assented to a plan which would preserve the sovereignty of the Porte, there "could be no question of the complete independence of Greece" at the

W. S. to Lord Liverpool, 1821

1 Dec. 1821

See Stratford de Redcliffe, *Eastern Question*, 160 *ff.*

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conformity at St. Petersburg, but only of her security "from the violence and misgovernment" of her former masters. He maintains that it would be "the height of injustice and cruelty" to deny the Greeks the right to judge for themselves as to accepting any arrangement that might be proposed and that "the allies are bound to stop short of war." Yet "virtual compulsion" must be exerted upon the Porte :—

The Turks so entirely look up to the army, always considered more of policy and humanity, might find the example of submission far superior to them in the arts of government and enjoying the advantages of a purer religion. But to induce the Porte to recede in any degree from the ground it has taken it may be thought an expedient of something more than the appearance of real contest, however temporary and harmless, of which it ought to be dreaded that an impression of the Janissaries, must be presented to her imagination. War though not actually proclaimed, with some of the principal Powers of Europe, or at least with two of them, must be made to appear the probable consequence of protracted hostilities between the Porte and her Greek subjects.

The memorandum explains the difficulties of bringing pressure to bear upon the Porte. If Russia were put forward alone, there was the risk of her coming into collision with the Turks (and no one could foresee the end of that); if the Allies acted jointly, England would perhaps appear to be committed to the Holy Alliance. Separate but identical notes are proposed, with the last resource of withdrawing the five ambassadors from the Porte. Such pressure could not indeed be brought to bear upon Greece, because there were then no diplomatic establishments at Athens; but the Greeks might be made to understand that if they rejected the mediation of the Powers they would have nothing further to expect from them and would receive no further countenance. Such were the views of the new ambassador who was now on his way to Russia to exchange opinions on the pacification of Greece.

He reached Vienna before Christmas 1824 and here in 21 Dec.
the persons of Metternich and his two shadows, the Emperor and Gentz, he found himself confronted with the dogmatic assertion of the principles of the Holy Alliance, or rather of

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that Imperial police of Europe which inaccurately goes by the name of that curious compact. Metternich took the didactic tone of the "guardians of the peace of Europe;" he regarded the Greek revolution as part of the Jacobinical movement which he imagined he had suppressed in common with the other Allies in 1814–5; and he considered George Canning, author of the *Anti-Jacobin* though he was, as, in his sympathy with the Greeks, little better than a Jacobin himself. He condemned his change of front, and did not accept the Greek Letter as in any way representative of the Hellenic people. Intervention, however, whether the Greeks liked it or not, he regarded as necessary, if only to tie Russia's hands. As for the independence of the Greeks, he held it to be a mere chimaera, though he was prepared to see their position improved as far as might be compatible with the sovereignty of the Sultan; but the danger of Russia using the quarrel as a pretext for her own aggrandizement was no chimaera at all, and for this object alone Metternich regarded the proposed Conference as necessary, as the best way of tying Russia's hands by making her go along with her allies. To discourage the Greeks in their dreams of independence, and to keep Russia from isolated action, would be a sufficient recommendation for the Conference,—that it would be accepted by either party of the belligerents he did not expect. But the moment was critical; there was a strong war party in Russia, and Alexander needed all the support he could get to restrain it from an attack upon Turkey in aid of her coreligionists. Therefore Austria would join the Conference, not for the sake of the Greeks, but to keep Russia quiet, and preserve the "legitimate order of Europe," as understood at Vienna, from subversive changes in the East. Force would be avoided, but there was no need to tell the belligerents so, and a pledge on the subject was more than the Prince felt disposed to grant.

The ambassador at Vienna at that time was Sir Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, "whose qualities of temper and understanding inspired confidence and left no room for any unpleasant misgivings." By him Canning was presented to the famous Chancellor.

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"My first conversation with him took place at an evening party. The same sofa held us both, and I had not been long seated, when he said rather curtly, 'You have a bug on your sleeve.' Whether he meant to try me, or to provide for his own security I know not, but the remark was not pleasing, and I could only defend myself at the expense of the hotel. On occasions of a more official character I found him civil, friendly, and communicative, rather too fond of hearing his own voice, and even prone to take the language of respect for that of acquiescence, but otherwise considerate and agreeable. I derived from my private and official intercourse with him a far more favourable impression than if I had only judged him by his policy and external bearing. But as it was my business to make an impression politically upon him, that advantage was of little weight and I doubt whether I succeeded better than the ambassador. My difficulty lay not only in the Prince's exuberant self-esteem, but also in my own anxiety to avoid an irritating style of argument, which might have widened the distance between his views and ours, and which would certainly not have been approved at home. I did not hesitate, however, to tell him that, although we did not wish to set up any hostile opposition to the course preferred by him, we were prepared to assert our own line if Austria and her Northern allies took measures to put down the liberal spirit then working in Europe.

"Sir Henry in communications with Prince Metternich had left that minister under a mistaken impression as to a very important part of our policy, and I had the task of making them both understand that Lord Liverpool's cabinet was acting on its own convictions and not under parliamentary pressure when it manifested sympathy and something more with those liberal movements which of late in various quarters had incurred the displeasure of the Holy Alliance. Moreover, to exclude every chance of mistake I conveyed to him by means of a third party the full extent of my instructions, and a candid avowal of my apprehension that he had not sufficiently imbibed their real import as expounded perhaps with too much deference by me.

"Gentz, who had acquired so just a celebrity by his writ-

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ings and opinions at the period of Buonaparte's victories, enjoyed at this time a large share of Prince Metternich's confidence. To his pen was assigned the task of drawing up that minister's despatches, whenever the subject of them required a full and able exposition. His services were, no doubt, abundantly rewarded, and ample means were thus supplied for the indulgence of his well-known sybaritic propensities. The Chancellor referred me to him, and we had in consequence three or four long conversations relating to the questions of the day. He received me with an air of mystery at his private house after dark. I was glad to make the acquaintance of so renowned a writer, and to learn his ideas and arguments from his own lips. But I cannot bring to mind a single statement or suggestion of his which caused any change in my opinions or gave any additional force to his chief's overflowing eloquence.

"My audience of the Emperor was little more than a ceremony. I was shewn into his presence, and left alone with him. His reception of me was gracious, but his manner was singularly awkward. I told him in substance and briefly what I had stated more abundantly to his ministers, and his remarks, which were uttered rather by jerks than flowingly, were such as might be supposed to come from that source. The Prince, when I saw him after the audience, asked me what I thought of the Emperor's language, and I could only say that it was a perfect echo to his own, of which, no doubt, he was well convinced before he heard my reply. His Imperial master was, I believe, a sensible, just, and well-intentioned man, though with no great expansion of mind, but in his foreign policy he was guided entirely by Metternich, and if he allowed himself a free exercise of his will in anything it was in the management of his internal affairs. I have it on good authority that he kept the state prisoners in the fortress of Spielberg under his own personal control, and if I remember right, it was not till after his death that Gonfalonieri and some of his fellow-sufferers were restored to liberty. Silvio Pellico was liberated sooner. I happened to make acquaintance with the former several years later. He assured me that he had no part in the conspiracy which was the occasion

of his misfortune. His opinions, he avowed, were anti-Austrian, but he denied having given them any illegal expression. His fate was a cruel one; he was condemned to death, and brought face to face with his executioner on a public scaffold. There at the last moment his sentence was commuted for imprisonment, which he endured through sixteen years, the half of that period in irons. He was in person one of the noblest men I ever beheld, handsome in features, of a commanding stature, and finely proportioned. He was torn away from a wife whom he loved tenderly, and when after a time she lost her health, he was told of her illness, and not allowed to see her, even at the last. When the police were on their way to arrest him, he flew to the door of a secret issue, and on applying his key found that the lock had been changed without his orders. On his way through Vienna to the fortress, Prince Metternich had an interview with him and tried in vain by working on his feelings to draw him into some kind of confession. He looked nevertheless upon the Emperor as his jailor, and shewed no resentment against the Prince. Grand as he was in muscular proportions, his gait retained the impression of a long confinement in fetters. Judge if the iron had not entered into his soul!" 1824 ÆT. 38

The following passages are taken from a private letter to George Canning:—

To G. Canning, Vienna, 30 Dec.

My intercourse on matters of business has been entirely, or almost entirely, confined to the three puissant personages who, as you well know, are all in all within the limits of this Empire, and one of whom may perhaps be suspected of an occasional aspiration to be equally so beyond them. All three have expressed regret at the late determination of the Cabinet; all three have betrayed a lurking suspicion that there was more than accident in the critical arrival of the letter from Greece; all three have declared the same determination to stand by Russia in the state of desertion with which she is menaced. But if any distinction may be established amongst the members of such a triumvirate, I should say that of the three I had found Gentz the most reasonable, Metternich the most polite, and the Emperor the most sincere. The most striking proof which I have received of H.M.'s frankness is a declaration in plain terms that he had rather I had been sent to Petersburg,—"saving my person,"—by

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some other road. The minister was considerate enough to add that such had been his first impression, when he understood that I was going to attend the Conference, but now that the case was altered he rejoiced to have the dressing of me *en passant*.

But all this is nothing to what I am to expect at my journey's end. A sulky Emperor and a furious Nesselrode are to be the least of my calamities. A population of fashionables, faithful to the signal of the Court, and fretting under the joint effects of a recent inundation and a sick Empress, is to be turned loose upon me; and the conferences—*à parti carré*—are to flourish, it is thought, under the nose of the British nonconformist. In sober seriousness I must make up my mind, from all that I hear, to meet with long faces and rough language in the Imperial precincts, and dispositions not very accommodating even on the North-West business; unless you authorize me, of which I have no expectation whatever, to take part in the conferences on Greece. . . . I must do Prince Metternich the justice to say that, considering his belief that I was in habits of intimacy with his bitterest enemy, to say nothing of an old grudge, and the sin of relationship to you, he has treated me with civility, with good-nature, and even with some appearance of confidence. He is a sanguine man, and for some days after my arrival here appears to have entertained a hope that I had some discretionary powers with respect to the conferences, and that he might be able to convert me to his opinion. The endeavours which I made in that interval to gain his good will have not, it seems, been thrown away, and from what he has said to Sir H. W. within this day or two, he seems inclined of his own accord to put me on friendly terms with his *âme damnée*—M. de Lebzeltern. The acquaintance may be useful, though not wholly without danger.

Prince Metternich in one of our conversations spoke personally of you,—not much in praise,—but so as to give me to understand that he regrets sincerely your present distance from him and from his system of policy. His text was, *le diable n'est pas si noir qu'il ne paroit*. After entering into sundry details to shew that he was himself most cruelly aspersed, as a man incapable of allowing a Constitution to exist on the same continent with him, and producing a packet of daggers, with Latin mottoes against kings on their blades, to prove how Jacobins were still at work in Europe, he assured me in candour that he did not consider you a very extravagant example of Liberalism, but only slightly dangerous as encouraging, without meaning it, characters less favourable to order than yourself. He spoke with regret of old times—of the comfort and conveniency and efficacy of settling matters of state by conversation at a round table—falsely termed a conference—and by the meeting of two prime

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ministers belonging to countries essentially pacific and identified in their leading interests like Austria and England. In a word I conceived that he would be delighted to have you enter into the same sort of understanding with him that your predecessor did; but I am much mistaken if he be not prepared to do you all the mischief in his power—whatever that may be,—as soon as he loses all hope of making a tolerable colleague of you. Meanwhile he is very entertaining, and not the least so when he describes Capodistrias as having produced the Circular of Troppau by an ill-timed paper, full of ultra notions of his own, and drawn up, says the man who overthrew him, in malice, against the Alliance, and also when he attributes to Chateaubriand, another object of his dislike, the having given occasion for the publication of the Russian Memoir, by sending it to all the French consuls in the Levant. He is shy of speaking of Pozzo, which looks as if he thought that he was still to be tolerated.—In keeping up the conversation with him on these topics, and on the general principles of his foreign policy, I have borne in mind what you told me when I last saw you at the F. O. I consider what you then stated as my text-book.—One of P. Metternich's expressions was that he had regretted during the last three years to look around and to find no England on the Continent. Her *power* indeed remained, but her *influence* had disappeared. By the way I should add that Metternich boasts, in proof of his constitutional tolerance, that when he was last year on the Rhine, he advised some of the minor German States, whose governments complained to him of their constitutions, as being very troublesome appendages, to make no arbitrary changes, but to bear with their constitutional forms, in the comfortable persuasion that they could not fail of dying away in time of themselves.

I have made a point of occasionally visiting Gentz, who is literally Metternich's right hand; but with the exception of some light shade of difference on the subject of the Greek Conference, and a more decidedly red-hot zeal against constitutions, I have found his opinion very much the same as his employer's. Sir H. Wellesley (who, by the way, has behaved with great propriety and kindness to me) thinks that he is not by any means with Metternich on the chapter of Austrian subserviency to Russia. It is very probable that I have not seen enough of him to obtain any portion of his confidence. He is a timid man, as you know, and would probably expect to find my opinions very different from his own. It is in his declarations in favour of a pacific system that I conceive P. Metternich to be most unquestionably sincere. When I read to him the day before yesterday that paragraph in your instructions to me which describes the pacific system of British policy, and the determination of the Government to

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maintain neutrality when peace was not to be obtained between two contending parties, he observed that it perfectly expressed his own ideas, and that he would sign the whole passage with the exception of what concerns *neutrality*, which he asserts that Great Britain understands in a sense of her own.

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I am now convinced that Prince Metternich's principal object in pressing for conferences is to use—not indeed force, nor direct menace of force,—but the influence of the Allies to discourage, to restrain, and to divide, the Greeks, and thus to weaken any chance which the latter may have of establishing a complete independence.

If Stratford Canning had left England with any hope of inducing the Austrian and Russian Courts to change their minds about the conferences, his interviews with Metternich undeceived him. Austria would certainly join the Conference, and *à fortiori* it was beyond reasonable expectation that the Czar would be shaken in his resolve. The attempt must be made, however; or at least some interchange of views and explanations must take place: and as nothing was to be gained by a further stay at Vienna, marching orders were issued for the journey to St. Petersburg. In those days in midwinter it was no light undertaking. "Eatables and drinkables must be taken with us, besides the things to eat with and to drink with!! It is quite frightful, and the snow won't freeze down, and I am told by *Stutterchess* and *Moushkinspoushkins* that the roads are so abominable by Lieven's way that I must go round by Warsaw and Riga. One traveller has seriously advised me to go by Berlin. But if I do, I'll be hanged! The Russian minister, meanwhile, has given me a cabinet courier to go with us.—Metternich very civil, but full of prejudice on my arrival. Society flat—the Wellesleys very good-natured and attentive. Lots of old female friends, looking as young as rouge can make them. Our party all well, but nearly poisoned with the horrible cooking of this infernal auberge—the Impératrice d'Autriche, Weihburggasse." Vienna must have indeed presented a contrast to the brilliant days of the Congress. There was no Countess Waldstein there then; no Talleyrand; no shining constellation of crowned heads and warriors and statesmen.

To Planta, 30 Dec. 1824

The mission started from Vienna on 7 Jan., 1825. Henry Parish, his old secretary of Washington, was with him, and a

connexion by marriage, Colonel Barnett, besides messengers and servants. They were twenty-two days on the road, and their experiences, as described in detail to Mrs. Canning, are curious enough for quotation. 1825 — ÆT. 38

Our only serious adventure was an overturn, which happened to Charles Barnett and myself, while seated in our chaise and reading most diligently by the light of a travelling lamp. The road between Brunn and Olmütz, where this accident happened, was broad and even ; and though the night had set in, our lamps, fresh from Long Acre, threw an almost mid-day lustre on the snow. In spite of these advantages, our postilion, who had never read Homer's *Odyssey* even in a German translation, first struck out one of our lights by running against *Scylla* in the shape of a waggon, and then, to avoid a repetition of that disaster, turned us gently over into a *Charybdis* about as deep as Clewer ditch, which skirted the whole extent of the road. The other carriage with my two secretaries having gone on before, we were obliged to wait in the snow for the casual assistance of some passing waggoners. Poor Keating was thrown head over heels—or rather wig over boots—into a neighbouring field, and I received the distinction of a slight contusion. . . . Two independent somersets, performed without premeditation, the one by Monsieur Bernay, my French cook, the other by Keating, from their respective seats behind the chaise, sundry stickings either in mud or in drifted snow, the occasional fracture of a carriage-glass, and some unhappy dinners, composed the number of all that can be stated under the head of grievances. To his Mother, 8 Feb.

If in some places we were delayed by the extreme badness of the roads, in others we swept along with a velocity that quite surprized us. In general, mud was our worst enemy, frost our best friend. The extraordinary mildness of the season prevented our using sledges till we reached Dorpat, a town and university within 200 or 250 versts of Petersburg ; but long before we arrived at that point, the roads were so hard and smooth as to admit of our travelling at the rate of 10, 12, and even 16 versts in the hour. In the worst parts of our journey we managed to crawl on at the rate of three miles an hour. Such is the perfection to which carriage-springs have been brought in these luxurious times by our ingenious countrymen, that the only fatigue which we experienced was that of sitting for a length of time in the same position. I question whether Fahrenheit was at any period of our journey more than 8 or 10 degrees below freezing point. I was quite in despair at having no occasion for my bear-skin pelisse. Even the rivers conspired to defeat our romantic expectations by allowing themselves to be crossed

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without danger, and almost without difficulty; while the accommodations were in general so unnaturally good that I gave up my first intentions of continuing to travel by night as well as by day. There was no official motive for hastening our arrival at Petersburg by any violent exertions, and night-work I have ever found to be a great drain on my constitution. We were obliged, however, as matter of convenience, to pass three nights on the road out of the twenty-two which we employed on the whole journey, including stoppings, from Vienna to Petersburg.

We found it impossible to follow any fixed plan of travelling. We found it best to regulate our movements by the distance from town to town, by the state of the weather, and by the nature of the country through which we had to pass. Monsieur Bernay had been very urgent with me to buy a small waggon at Vienna, for the especial conveyance of himself, together with the materials and instruments of his art. But I made an arrangement less expensive and equally serviceable by putting him, with a few things absolutely necessary for our use, into the same *calèche* with the English messenger who preceded us—himself preceded by a Russian courier sent from Petersburg by the Government to order horses and prepare apartments for us. In this manner we made as much progress as the season and state of the roads permitted, and when we did not dine on cold meat in our carriages for the sake of despatch, we were pretty sure of finding rooms and eatables ready for us at any place where we had agreed to stop.

The inns throughout Poland, with the exception perhaps of those at Kracow and Warsaw, are poor and filthy in the extreme, being usually kept by Jews, who are so far from conversion to Christianity that they are scarcely human. After seeing their persons and manner of living one ceases to blame the Government which forbids their residing in towns indiscriminately with Christians, who, by the way, are also sent into the country, but only to be buried. We had the good fortune to be usually lodged with some principal officer or magistrate of the place, and we were really surprized by the general cleanliness and even elegance of our lodgings. In Russia the postmaster at every stage lives in a government house, having spare rooms for the accommodation of the Imperial family whenever they travel. Many of these houses are allowed to be used as inns. To some we were admitted by special favour, and our first amusement on arriving was to look over the English prints with which the rooms are generally adorned. . . .

I must also embellish my narration with a *cut* in illustration of our travelling equipage. To effect this latter purpose (as you know I cannot draw) I must beg you to imagine the two dark green

carriages—a *Dormeuse* and *Britchka*, which you saw in succession at Windsor,—loaded with persons sunk in great-coats and with trunks adjusted to their shapes, and creeping or tearing along as the case might be, with the assistance of six, or seven, or eight uncouth horses of all sizes and colours, most scantily and raggedly harnessed, and driven by a single postilion in a sheepskin dressing-gown girded at the waist, and whipping and screaming and urging on his cavalry with the most extraordinary diligence that can be imagined. . . . 1825 ÆT. 38

After leaving Vienna on 7 January, and crossing the Danube, we passed over the plain where Buonaparte was first defeated by the German army. On leaving Austria we crossed into Moravia, and thence through a part of Silesia into the dwarf territory of the little old republic of Kracow—old rather from the antiquity of its town than of its present institutions. From Cracow (which I may as well begin this time with a *C*) we went across the country—for the roads were often in a most primitive state—to Warsaw—which cannot, I am sure, be named without bringing to your recollection the glorious though unfortunate efforts of Kosciuszko in defence of the liberties of his country. These liberties still exist in the shape of a constitution, called free, but they are about as valuable as the liberties of the Fleet Prison.

"The Grand Duke Constantine governed Warsaw in his brother's name. What little remained of Poland enjoyed the semblance of a representative constitution, and the Grand Duke's seat, as one of its members, was pointed out to me in the legislative chamber. I had the honour of dining with his Imperial Highness, whose manners were said to have taken a softer colouring under the influence of the Polish lady whom he had selected to fill the place of his first discarded consort. He took me apart after dinner, and talked with rapid utterance on a great variety of topics. Whatever may have been his defects in judgment or temper, he possessed an amazing flow of ideas, and an inexhaustible command of words. I had enough to do in listening, and when at length the one-sided conversation ceased, my brains were in a whirl. Too much sail, I thought, for the ballast; too little coherence and discipline for a disorderly rabble of ideas. In truth it required but a brief knowledge of his character to understand the insurrection of Poland, and the succession of Nicholas. How fortunate after all for the MEMOIRS.

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Russian Empire that out of Paul's four sons only one resembled their father!

"The troubles and risks of our journey did not diminish as we advanced. In Poland the weather was wet, the roads deep in mud, the villages wretched, and the inns no better. In Russia there was snow enough for the employment of sledges. We took off the wheels from our carriages, and glided along without noise or interruption. The cold was not severe for such climates in the depth of winter. My servants travelled in the dickies and found sufficient shelter in the hoods and aprons attached to them. For myself, I had a panoply of bearskin, a *schub* of grand dimensions, and wrapped in its folds I might have braved the very worst of Fahrenheit or Réaumur. It had an inconvenience, however: the moisture of my breath upon the fur produced icicles, which, stiffening all about my mouth, made the sense of cold still more uncomfortable. I was not surprised on reaching St. Petersburg that the schubs had been stowed away in family-wardrobes, and that wadded pelisses reigned in their stead. Travellers in the depth of winter with a scanty allowance of daylight could not expect to learn much. In that part of Poland which we traversed forest-scenery appeared to be the rule. There was little or no movement on the roads, even the wolves kept away. I saw but one. The villages, especially where Jews abounded, were wretched even to filthiness; the country seats, as far as we could perceive, were extremely rare.

"After passing the Russian frontier we were really in clover; at each station we had the use of rooms provided for the Imperial family, and a courier belonging to the Government was always at hand. So lively indeed were his attentions that they gave rise to a suspicion of intrigue, and it was rumoured after I left Petersburg that my busy attendant had found means to look into my despatch boxes, and to convey the substance of my instructions to his employer. This rumour was said at the time to have been countenanced and indeed confirmed by Lord Strangford. That circumstance had no value with me, and I believe the story to have been one of the purest invention. My subsequent negotiations with

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Count Nesselrode would never have taken the turn they did, had he been previously aware of the latitude allowed by my instructions.

"In point of dreariness Poland was no more a match for Russia than in political power. A sheeted whiteness on every side, an ever-growing plain, whose monotony was unrelieved by the slight undulations of its surface, a leafless vegetation dwindling more and more as we advanced, small clusters of mean cottages half buried in snow and undistinguished by any building of superior size, were the principal features of our oceanic landscape. Nothing else could we see; nothing at all did we meet or overtake; no population appeared in the villages, no cattle, no dogs. The very chimneys, if any existed, gave out not a single wreath of smoke. No doubt there was life somewhere; human hearts were doubtless throbbing here and there under those ghastly roofs; but to the wayfarer's eye the whole scene was sepulchral, blank, motionless and silent."

With Canning's arrival at St. Petersburg at the end of January the serious duties of his mission began. He had already according to his usual habit drawn up the heads of his negotiation. Before deciding on a policy, or holding an interview with a sovereign or minister, before making a speech or writing a despatch, he wrote out the sequence of the several parts of his argument. His mind was strictly logical, and he was never satisfied till, pen in hand, he had put down the argument in its due order. Accordingly we find the following paper of the diverging views of England and Austria prepared in his own hand before he entered upon his negotiations with Count Nesselrode. Such a tabular statement cleared his mind, and cut away the risk of side issues:—

Pacification of Greece by pacific means.

All independence compatible with the sovereignty of the Porte.

Declaration of the Allies amongst themselves not to use force or menace.

Conference to be held on its own grounds, and not in virtue of the alliance of 1815.

Plan and armistice unacceptable to both parties at present.

Russian Memoir impracticable.

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Great Britain.	*Austria.*
1. No conference for the present.	1. Immediate conference at Petersburg.
2. Expression of readiness to mediate amicably.	2. To arrange a plan of pacification, or not, according as it shall be deemed advisable in conference.
3. Explicit declaration to the parties not to use force.	3. To insist on the cessation of war in Greece on the ground of detriment done to mediating, particularly to the neighbouring, Powers.
4. Neutrality admitting belligerent rights to the Greeks.	4. Neutrality meanwhile, but in a very limited sense towards the Greeks, as to acknowledgment of a provisional government and belligerent rights.
5. Communication of views and opinions as to a plan of pacification, to be offered under more favourable circumstances.	5. M. de Ribeaupierre not to go till after the commencement of the conferences.
6. M. de Ribeaupierre to go to Constantinople at once.	

Probable and eventual difference.

Favourable to Greek independence if to be had of itself.	Unfavourable to ditto, if ditto.
Great Britain conceives that the Emp. of Russia is completely his own master; that he has no right to expect the accession of Gt. Br. to a conference, under any circumstances, till after the arrival of M. de Ribeaupierre at his post,—that the arrival of that minister at Constantinople is necessary for effect, especially on the Greeks, and that it is absurd, useless, and indefensible to make proposals to Turks or Greeks now, while they are both known to be decidedly adverse to the interference of the Allies and to the Memoir.	Austria is of opinion that the Emp. of Russia requires the countenance and association of his Allies; that M. de Ribeaupierre going to Constple. at present is not called for, and would be prejudicial; that the effect of a conference would be far greater than his going; that a conference, however likely to lead to nothing for the present as to the pacification of Greece, of eminent use and the only way of keeping Russia in the right path and giving the Allies the power of availing themselves of all favourable chances to turn up.

The following is his tabular statement of the explanations to be offered to Nesselrode on the change of English policy. 1825 ÆT. 38

Further and full explanation.

Made in a spirit consistent with friendship and the alliance between the two Governments.

Change assuredly sudden, considered as an *intention:*

1. Anxiety to send me (and other particularities).
2. Communications with Lieven.

Not so in point of *execution.*

Conditions:

1. Complete settlement of all other, not Asiatic, affairs—*reasons.*
2. Previous arrival of M. de Ribeaupierre at Constantinople—*reasons.*

Real cause of delay the Greek Letter.

No chance then of success: *reasons*—

1. Greeks having protested against the Russian Memoir in the most unqualified terms;
2. Turks also known to be opposed to foreign intervention.

To offer a friendly intervention immediately on such events—

1. Useless with respect to the object.
2. Derogatory to the parties failing, and prejudicial even, as likely to retard the pacification, from exhibiting both parties to each other as indifferent to the instances of the Allied Powers, and pledged to a war of extremity.

To go into conference with a conviction of this nature objectionable, as,

1. Useless.
2. Exciting the public attention and exhausting the resource.
3. Embarrassing to the British Government.

These considerations all of a *temporary* character:

So in *spirit* as well as in appearance.

Proofs to be taken from the general policy of the British Government.

1. Pacification.
2. No general interference with other nations.
3. Limits of the alliance of 1815.
4. England not *as yet* seeking to create a *constitutional* party against the Holy Alliance—

Looks to her own business, and interferes with others only as the conduct of other States affects injuriously her own honour or welfare.

Quotations from instructions.

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Per contra.

We attach too much importance to the Greek Letter.

No:

1. Previous acknowledgment with respect to the shipping business.
2. General character of the Greek exertions.

Might have brought Letter to Congress.

No: apparent want of fairness.

Inconvenience of separating without doing anything.

Mischief of separating with a *difference* as at Verona.

To take England as she is:

For them to judge. } In this case they can do nothing without her: and she not being able to join at present, better to wait till she can.

Voluntary offer as soon as we see a reasonable chance of success with either party:—

Condition—a public disavowal of force.

Ready to *accept* request from *either* party to mediate:

Condition—clear understanding as to employment of no *force*.

To employ the interval in a free communication of each other's views to meet the eventual case.

Russian Memoir at least to be *modified*: the *same* would never do.

First necessary to consider the *mode* of execution.

1. Renunciation of force, but by declaration similar to ours;
2. Simultaneous to both parties.

Then come a series of heads for consideration. These papers give a good idea of the careful manner in which Canning prepared his work. There is no date to either, but it is clear that they were drawn up after his interviews with Metternich, and the second one may probably have been prepared for the later and fuller conversation with Count Nesselrode on 19 March.

He had met the Russian Foreign Minister at Vienna ten years before, but had not become well acquainted with him. To uncertainty as to Nesselrode's personal manners and opinions was added the unpleasant knowledge that the Czar and his minister were both intensely irate at England's recent conduct on the Greek question. It was therefore with no very agreeable anticipations that he waited upon the Foreign Secretary and sought an audience of the Czar, and his first interviews confirmed all his fears.

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The reception by the Emperor Alexander was marked by every appearance of civility; but the Czar maintained a dead silence on the subject of Greece. Perceiving that there was still much irritation at the recent change of policy in England, the ambassador prudently abstained from pressing his Majesty, and subsequently learnt that he had won Alexander's good opinion by his reticence. He found Nesselrode equally courteous, and equally reserved at first. One might have imagined that there was no such land as Greece in the world. Presently however the Foreign Secretary admitted, with much polite regret, that he was not permitted to discuss the Greek question. A despatch had already been sent to London, suspending confidential communications on that subject with the British Cabinet. Of course if Canning were instructed to join the conferences then on the point of opening at St. Petersburg, this reserve would be abandoned; otherwise any discussion must be "totally useless"—and he had no more to say about the matter.

To G. Canning, 2 Sept. Confid. 13/1 Feb. 1825

There is no use in knocking at a barred door: so Canning dexterously dropped the subject pending instructions from home, and devoted his energies to the second part of his duty —the conclusion of a treaty relating to British and Russian territory in North-West America. The object of this instrument was a good deal more than a mere question of boundary, though the latter was made to cover and mask the larger design. A Russian Ukaze of 1821 had advanced claims to exclusive maritime rights in the Pacific, and some public repudiation of this inadmissible pretence had to be made on the part of England. This was to be accomplished in a friendly and innocent manner by the first article of the new boundary treaty, in which our maritime and fishing rights in the Pacific were clearly maintained. The article was debated by the Russian plenipotentiaries, Nesselrode and Poletica, but the treaty was finally agreed to, 28 February, without any material concessions on the side of England.

This matter being satisfactorily arranged, Canning found the Russian Government in a more friendly disposition towards him on general matters, and resolved to make another attempt to open discussions on the Greek question. The

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conferences were now proceeding, and he gathered that the difficulties which met the plenipotentiaries at every turn had rather tended to strengthen the position of England by verifying her predictions of failure. He heard a good deal of the progress of the conferences from the members. Among these the French ambassador, Count de la Ferronnays, played, like his Prussian colleague, a secondary part. Canning remembered him as "a man of very distinguished manners, agreeable in conversation, with a fund of quiet good sense which inspired confidence." The Frenchman's good sense led him to regard the conferences as "a mere formality:" he saw no practicable plan, but thought joint representations might influence the Porte and diminish the risk of a new war with Russia: and therefore he wished England would join. The leaders in the conferences were the Russian and Austrian representatives, who acted in close concert.

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"Count Nesselrode lived on intimate terms with the Austrian envoy, Count Lebzeltern. Their houses were contiguous, and it was said that they were in the habit of communicating with each other by means of a private passage. I was not without hope that the good will of Count Lebzeltern, engaged in my favour by Prince Metternich, might give me an opening to the confidence of his Russian friend."

This hope was not realized. The Austrian proved untrustworthy, and attentive as he was at first he soon became shifty and reserved.

To G. Canning, 13 Feb.

Lebzeltern himself is very clever, and very cunning, and as agreeable as a man can be who, when he talks, is constantly making faces at one under the influence of convulsive twitches. . . . He accuses you of having made more mischief here than was necessary, by some "awkwardness" in your mode of communicating the change respecting my attendance on the Greek conferences to Count Lieven. You must forgive me if I admitted the charge of *awkwardness*, for the sake of securing your claim to ingenuousness and sincerity.

To G. Canning, 6 April

He [Lebzeltern] talked of the conferences, but talked of them with caution and reserve, yet so as to leave me with a suspicion that the difficulties of forming a plan of pacification for Greece, and a plan of proceeding for the proposal of it, have been found to be

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quite as great on entering into the subject as they had been apprehended to be from a distance. He spoke of the employment of force, and, without being more unequivocally explicit than his colleagues, intimated that the means in contemplation were rather what might be termed in French *comminatoires*. He seemed to lament the tenour of your communicated despatch as having produced irritation, and told me that some members of your cabinet had objected to sending any answer at all to Nesselrode's *suspensive* despatch.

Everyone assured him that the Powers would exhaust every conciliatory resource before resorting to force, but they could not pledge themselves not to give Russia at least their moral support should she be compelled to enforce mediation upon the Porte by arms. On the other hand to dream of coercing Greece by war was out of the question and opposed to the spirit of the age.

It was on this question of using force that the coöperation of England really depended. Other difficulties might be overcome or waived, but on this point there could be no compromise. After five weeks of silence, Canning at last induced the Russian Government to speak. The American treaty having been concluded, he informed Nesselrode that unless the Greek question were to be discussed his mission was ended, and he must ask for his audience of leave. The Foreign Secretary was evidently curious to learn what instructions Canning carried: it was possible that he had powers, on certain conditions, to join the Conference. At all events the threat of departure determined the Czar to break his long silence and if possible to penetrate the equal reserve which the English plenipotentiary had studiously maintained. In truth, Canning had mastered the position with consummate skill. He possessed in reality no power whatever of joining the Conference; his instructions, as has been shewn, were purely of an explanatory character—he was to exchange views with Nesselrode. But had he admitted that he was armed with no definite plan of pacification, and had no discretional power to enter the Conference, the matter would have ended immediately, and he would have had no chance of probing the Russian Government's intentions. Someone described him as "the most *unpumpable* of men.'

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"Vous nous tenez le bec dans l'eau trop longtemps," said M. de la Ferronnays: as a matter of fact he held out not a moment too long. He finished the American treaty, obtained all the information he could get on the progress of the conferences—which eventually ended in smoke—and then, when no more was to be gained by delay, he proposed to leave with his secret unrevealed. This was too much for the inquisitiveness of the Russian Foreign Office. They must find out what lengths England was prepared to go. Accordingly the gag was removed, and in two long interviews on 13 and 19 March Canning and Nesselrode exchanged views on the Greek question. It needed some firmness to break down the Czar's reserve, but at last a free interchange of opinion took place between the ministers; and it was soon discovered that England had no immediate solution to propose, and that Russia held to all her previous resolutions. Canning played his cards very skilfully; he made the most of the English argument and extorted all the information he could in return; but Nesselrode saw that there was no hope of agreement, and when his antagonist reduced the whole matter to a single point, and asked whether, if other differences were waived, and England consented to join the conferences on the sole condition of a disavowal of force, Russia and the Allies would pledge themselves to this repudiation, Nesselrode replied without hesitation in the negative. The dispute had thus been reduced to a simple issue, and with such success as he had gained Canning was forced to be content. He had never expected much result from his mission: he called it a "forlorn hope" and told Planta that he "had laboured most diligently to make something out of nothing:" "I have worked like a horse, and hope I shall not be treated like a dog." Considering the weakness of his weapons, it is surprizing that he won even so much as he did from the astute adviser of the Czar. Some extracts from his letters to George Canning will illustrate the negotiation:—

To Planta, 6 April

To G. Canning, 6 March

The most satisfactory thing that I have heard from Count Nesselrode in the course of our late conversations is that you have never been the object of any attack or of any intrigue from this Court. True or not, the assertion has its value, as shewing in the

one case his innocence, and in the other his respect for you. It would move you to tears to hear him describe his surprize and his disappointment at finding that I was to take no part in the conferences. You had shewn yourself so willing, he said, in the first instance, rather anticipating his wishes than wanting to be goaded—and then to change in a moment, and all for a letter in bad Greek from a fellow who has since been turned out of office—it was too much !—he could not have believed it ! 1825 ÆT. 38

Have I done good by labouring to afford the Emperor a fair opportunity for retracting his suspension of confidential intercourse? Do you approve of the ground on which I have finally planted the question in my last discussion with Nesselrode? I trust you will be able to answer in the affirmative. If not, I can only say that I have acted for the best, and if I have blundered, I have done so with all my strength. 6 April

Notes of the concluding interview with Nesselrode, 13 April.

N. very civil—desired his particular compliments to G. C., and, though not personally acquainted, expressed his earnest disposition to draw well with him for the maintenance of a cordial understanding. . . . The present decisions of the Conference quite "preliminary," he said. . . . The communications to be made to the Porte were in the first instance of a very general description . . . The Russian Memoir had always been meant as open to discussion and alteration. Ribeaupierre would still go, though he rather gave me to understand this than expressed it very distinctly ; but he wished Minziaki to settle the affair of the Beshli Aghas and to make the first communications about Greece. Ribeaupierre's arrival at Constantinople might thus be made a means of settling that question and he would arrive more advantageously. . . . About the employment of force, he said that the real difference between England and Russia seemed to be that the Emperor, on failing in a friendly intervention looked to the possibility (a possibility that might be called a strong probability, considering his avowed opinion of the necessity of putting down the Greek insurrection at all events) of resorting to compulsory measures, while England to all appearance would be content to leave matters as they were in that case. It was on this account, and not with any view to Russian advantage or to any hostile object, that the Emperor would not agree to tie up his hands. It was the intention to obtain for the Greeks advantages . . . subject to the sovereignty of the Porte. (His description of the advantages to be obtained was not very promising, nor did he seem to have very clear ideas on the subject.) He said that the little which they meant to do at present was on account of us, and our views—he wished rather to make it appear a matter of deference to England.

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To G. Canning, 15 April

Contrasting the very innocent conclusion to which they have come for the present with the formidable views which they appear to entertain as to future contingencies, I cannot but congratulate you on an issue coinciding so completely in both respects with your opinions and anticipations. I repeat that I may be mistaken; but it really seems to my imperfect judgment that, as far as this first act of the Grecian drama is concerned, things have taken as good a course as you can desire, setting aside the continued detention of Ribeaupierre, and the new difficulty of the Beshli Aghas. That both the circumstances are well calculated to try your patience, and to raise fresh suspicions of the sincerity of this Government, which it requires great candour and considerable faith to remove, I readily admit. But living, as I have done, for some weeks, and particularly during the last few days, in the midst of the most earnest protestations of truth and disinterestedness, I cannot but hope that, in spite of appearances as to some points, the peace of Europe is not in any immediate danger.

That the immediate intentions of all parties are peaceful I have no doubt; but whether the avowals which have been made as to the eventual employment of force are made in good earnest, or only for the purpose of disposing Great Britain to coöperate in settling the affairs of the East in such manner as to prevent the necessity of recurring to forcible measures, I cannot take upon myself to decide: it seems pretty clear, however, that the insinuations of mediation are to help in bringing the Porte to terms on the subject of the Beshli Aghas and other points of difference between them and Russia, while the tendencies of the Porte to open her bosom to a mediation are to be promoted and fomented by fresh applications of the terrors of a positive rupture with Russia.

I trust you will give me credit for not having neglected to press the departure of Ribeaupierre even to the last moment. Nesselrode, when we were taking leave of each other, intimated that he might still, perhaps, be sent before the affair of the Beshli Aghas was concluded. It is somewhat curious that his three coadjutors pretend that they had nearly succeeded in getting him off, when your despatch arrived, and gave an unfavourable turn to the business by acting unpleasantly on the Emperor's feelings. But perhaps this is only said for the purpose of echoing back the opinions of those in your immediate neighbourhood, who are known even here to have been averse at first to returning any answer to Nesselrode's despatch. I asked Lebzeltern, when he mentioned it to me, why he had not given me a hint of it at the time. His only excuse was that he had not supposed you would reply to Nesselrode at all. He threw out in conversation the other day that the Emperor might still perhaps be persuaded to send off Ribeaupierre, provided he could consent

beforehand to fall very ill on the road. I told him the idea was not a bad one, if the illness could be kept off till the Envoy's arrival at Buyukderé, where I feel quite sure that you have no objection to his being laid up for six months. La Ferronnays asserts that even at this moment he would stake his life and existence on Ribeaupierre's being sent off, if the affair of the Beshli Aghas—*and* the other less important subjects of disagreement between Russia and the Porte—were but once, not happily, but tolerably, settled. . . . 1823 ÆT. 38

I cannot help thinking that my declaration of the importance which you would not fail to attach to the distinct renunciation of all compulsory means, coupled with a just sense of the intrinsic difficulties of the Greek question which has doubtless been brought home to the plenipotentiaries in the course of the conferences, have drawn them to this present decision, which, however it may fall in with your opinions of what is best for a season to be done in Greece, is not very consistent with their own decided preference for an immediate intervention. It is with respect to the probability of an actual resort to force that I am most anxious to give you correct information. I have but little, however, to add to what is stated in my despatches. Lebzeltern, the last time I saw him, said that personally he did not see any great harm that could result from the entrance of 50,000 or 60,000 Russians into Moldavia and Wallachia : he was sure that the Emperor would never look to conquest, and the Porte would soon be brought to reason. Count Nesselrode in his last conversation with me talked of the advantage which might result from the presence of a few English frigates in the Archipelago, acting of course, in concert with the Allied Powers. La Ferronnays this very morning told me that, however it was to be desired and earnestly endeavoured that a resort to arms should be avoided, the three *auxiliary* Allies were ready to support Russia in going to war with Turkey, rather than let her enter alone and uncontrolled into the contest. In speaking of his own Court, he said that France would deal to Russia in such a case the same measure that Russia had dealt to France in the affair of Spain. But all this, I must repeat is accompanied with the strongest and most solemn assurances of pacific intentions, and also of pacific determinations for the present, at the same time that all the ministers agree in talking of the Greek contest as a nuisance which somehow or other must indispensably be put down. I ought not to omit that La Ferronnays in saying that the Allies would never resort to force as against the Greeks appeared most fully aware of the awkward figure which this most generous declaration made in argument. . . .

Suffice for the moment to say that Lebzeltern assures me of considerable good having been effected as well by what I communicated to Count Nesselrode from my instructions as by the observations which I made on his last despatch to Count Lieven intended for

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communication to you. I shewed him the *memoranda* of my conversation with Nesselrode.

Whatever the cause may be, there is a prodigious increase of cheerfulness and good-humour in Count Nesselrode's manner within the last few days. He has charged me with particular compliments and civil expressions to you. He begged I would do justice when I saw you to his desire to draw well with you for the purpose of keeping up a cordial good understanding between the two Governments. He finished by saying that Lieven had his entire confidence, and that he knew your regard for him, which I confirmed, and intimated that there were no thoughts of a change in the Russian embassy in England.

Canning had undoubtedly smoothed away much of the irritation which the Czar had felt against England. He had also laid the foundation stone of the edifice of Greek freedom which he afterwards helped to rear. The Duke of Wellington's protocol of April 1826 is generally held to be the first step towards Greek independence, and the earlier labours of 1825 have been ignored. But it is not too much to say that these preliminary discussions cleared the way for the later agreement. Had they been guided with a less steady and skilful hand, the road might have been blocked for many years and a serious misunderstanding might have arisen with Russia. As it was this danger was averted, and the two Governments were put in full and unprejudiced possession of their respective views. Canning's last audience of the Emperor shewed that he had made considerable progress in winning his confidence :—

XXV. Most confidential. 4 April

His Imperial Majesty seemed chiefly to have at heart to impress upon me, first, that the policy of his Government was directed to objects of general good and not to interests exclusively national ; secondly, that his views were decidedly and systematically pacific ; and thirdly, that he was bent on a strict adherence to the principles of the Grand Alliance.

Applying these rules of policy to the affairs of Turkey and of Greece, the Emperor declared that throughout his late differences with the Porte he had laboured conscientiously to avoid the necessity of an appeal to arms, in spite of the many provocations offered by that power. He assured me that in proceeding to take measures for restoring tranquillity in the East, his only motives were those of humanity towards the Greeks, of concern in the general welfare of

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Europe, and anxiety to remove as far as possible all subjects of irritation between himself and the Sultan. His Imperial Majesty added that it was not as a single power having questions of national interest to discuss with the Porte, but as one of the States of Europe, and in concert with his Allies,—with England among the number, if England were so inclined,—that Russia proposed to interfere in the affairs of Turkey. To offer an equitable arrangement between the contending parties, and to enforce their acceptance of it by means which would not put to hazard the peace of Europe, were the simple and unexceptionable intentions which the Emperor described himself as entertaining. "I am well aware," said his Imperial Majesty, "that the resources of Russia, great as they are, could scarcely be called into action without exciting, perhaps not unreasonably, the vigilance and solicitude of other sovereigns, and it is on this very account that I have made it a solemn duty, since the evacuation of France by the Allied forces, to keep my empire in an attitude of perfect repose."

I observed in the course of this conversation that the Emperor appeared to labour under an impression that his motives were suspected, while on the other side he insinuated that the foreign policy of his Majesty's Government was not invariably of that enlarged and disinterested character, the merit of which he claimed for his own. I therefore took occasion to assure him on the first point, that if even for a moment any doubts had been entertained, they had long since given way to the proofs of moderation and sincerity which his conduct in the affairs of Turkey had supplied; and as to the second, I endeavoured to convince him that in differing on some occasions from his Imperial Majesty, the King our gracious master, far from being prompted by selfish and contracted views, had acted on the soundest and most approved principles of general advantage, providing at the same time for the just interests of his own people, and respecting conscientiously the rights of all other nations. I thought it of consequence to place distinctly on this ground a part at least of the difference of opinion which has of late occasionally withheld Great Britain from co-operating with her Allies. For if the Emperor had been left to refer that difference exclusively, I will not say to a selfish policy, but to the restraints imposed by a constitutional form of government, which he seemed at one moment by an effort of candour to do, his Imperial Majesty would have been at liberty to conclude that in all such cases of difference he would find the British Cabinet prepared to countenance measures in which it was only prevented by mere secondary considerations from taking an ostensible part. To mark more particularly the limits which ought of right to confine the operations of the Alliance, I added that it did not enter into the system of his Majesty's ministers to go in search of opportunities for favouring the establishment of new constitutional States.

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In drawing a broad line of distinction between the cases of Naples and of Spain, and that state of things in Turkey which at present occupied the attention of the Allies, his Imperial Majesty was so explicit in his assertions that the intervention which he contemplated was of a strictly pacific character, and one in which he cheerfully submitted to be guided and controlled by the spirit of the Alliance, that I presumed to avow my embarrassment in endeavouring to reconcile those assertions with the evident unwillingness which existed to satisfy the scruples of Great Britain by a positive and binding assurance to the same effect. The Emperor condescended to reply that we had only to go into the conferences in order to be completely satisfied ; but I listened in vain for an explanation of the causes which deter the Russian Cabinet, anxious as it is for the coöperation of Great Britain, from promising to satisfy his Majesty's ministers in the only manner which they are disposed to appreciate. The Emperor expressed himself throughout with much earnestness, and seemed desirous to convince me of his sincerity, of his firmness, and of his love of peace and justice, under a fixed sense of the obligations of religion. In speaking of the war in Greece, he betrayed a mind divided between sympathy with a people of his own persuasion goaded into rebellion by their sufferings, and disapprobation of the revolutionary principles which had been mixed up with the causes of their struggle. He mentioned Monsieur de Ribeaupierre, and referred to the new instructions addressed by Count Nesselrode to the Russian ambassador in London for a further explanation of his motives in detaining the envoy.

I understood his Imperial Majesty to say that the slowness of the Turks in evacuating the provinces of the Danube and the little disposition which they have shewn ever since the satisfactory arrangement of that business to conciliate Russia, were the principal causes of M. de Ribeaupierre's detention. The Emperor further gave me to understand, in confidence (as he was pleased to say) that he had found M. de Minziaki, on trial, so eminently qualified for the duties of his very delicate situation, that although that agent was undoubtedly of an inferior rank, he was unwilling to lose the advantage of his services as chargé d'affaires at Constantinople. . . .

In conclusion his Imperial Majesty requested that I would convey to our gracious sovereign the strongest assurances of his regard, and that I would express to his Majesty and to his Majesty's Government how fully he relied on their disposition to maintain the relations of friendship with him and the principles of the Alliance.

During the two months occupied by the mission Canning lost no opportunity of seeing the life and society of the Russian capital.

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"I know not what it is now, but at that time the society of Petersburg was agreeable enough. Dinners were rather monopolized by the officials; but quiet tea-parties in quiet families and evening assemblies on a large scale in more ambitious houses were to be found somewhere or another every night in the week. Notwithstanding the scanty allowance of daylight, and the constant presence of ice on the river and of snow in the streets, the severity of the climate was rarely such as to keep people at home. Fires were sometimes lighted in open spaces for the benefit of coachmen and other menials who had to wait out of doors while their employers were either in company or at the theatre. In Russia the indoor system of warming is vastly superior to that which prevails in Germany. The apartments and indeed the whole building, staircase and all, are kept at an even temperature by means of flues carried along the walls and deriving their heat from stoves of the Swedish fashion, which shew the fire at pleasure, and are therefore almost as companionable as an English grate. The folding-doors in a suite of rooms are seldom closed, the air circulates, and when you rise in the morning, there is no sensation of cold. The windows are double, and between them hyacinths and other flowers of that kind are generally to be seen. When the sun shines, which is often the case in winter, you may fancy yourself in a southern climate, and it is only out of doors that the illusion ceases to your great discomfort, and sometimes to the peril of your nose. Exercise in the open air is taken either on foot or in open sledges. If you wish to take it on horseback, you must resort to a riding-house. Green peas and asparagus are to be had throughout the winter, and on grand occasions they are kept in countenance by a profusion of flowers, children, like them, of the hothouse and the stove."

With the people in general he was pleased: he found the official circle sociable and well-bred, the lower classes civil and obliging. The Russians, he said, "are a people of lively imagination and deep feeling. Many a page of history has yet to be filled with their exploits!" How true was this pre-

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diction he was himself able to realize thirty years later. The royal family treated him well. He was particularly charmed with the Emperor's mother, widow of Paul, and with the clever and beautiful Grand Duchess Hélène, wife of Michael, who "did not enjoy the same popularity as his wife, but I found him sensible, friendly, and unassuming. His brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, had the character of a martinet, but I had no opportunity of forming my own opinion of him." The last remark is important, as disproving the often repeated statement that Nicholas's dislike of Canning in later years arose out of a quarrel at Petersburg in 1825. The two only met once in their lives, and that was at a purely formal reception at Paris in 1814.

The following letter was written to his mother :—

To his Mother, 5 April

It was on Sunday that I had my audience of leave, first of the Emperor, and then of his mother, the Empress Dowager. It is not the custom for foreign ministers to take leave of the other members of the Imperial family. The Emperor received me, as at first, in his private room. I found him alone, and during the conversation, which lasted about forty minutes, we both stood and stood so close to each other on account of his deafness in one ear, that a hand could scarcely have been passed between our respective persons. There had been a grand christening at Court in the morning, a most fatiguing ceremony, at which he had officiated as godfather, and he was to preside shortly after at an enormous public dinner to be given in the palace ;—for which reasons I was anxious to get him on political topics without loss of time. It was happily accomplished. The Emperor spoke in French, and not, as when I saw him at Paris, in English. He spoke with fluency and warmth, agreeably and impressively, but rather as a sensible, quick, well-educated man, than as a man of much genius or remarkable capacity. He listened fairly to my replies, and on dismissing me expressed himself in terms of personal kindness. But to give you an idea of his feelings towards the *enlightened* part of our Government, he never once inquired after G. C., whom he personally knows, and only once after some hesitation pronounced his name.

The Empress Mother, a sister of the late King of Würtemberg, is really a very fine old lady, quite as upright in her person as an old lady of our acquaintance, and possessing besides the *kindred* virtues of early-rising, activity, and benevolence. She also presided and officiated at the christening of her little granddaughter in the morning officiating I may well say, for it was a part of her duty as well as of the Emperor to walk three times round the font, she carrying the

baby on a cushion, and he with two lighted tapers in his hand. The object of the ceremony was a small Grand Duchess that came into the world about a month ago, the offspring of the Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's third brother, and of the Grand Duchess Hélène, daughter of the King of Würtemberg's brother, and as young, as pretty, and as clever as one could wish a wife to be. The Empress, though she had been busy the whole day, received me, and sustained a conversation of ten minutes without the least appearance of fatigue. I found her standing in the middle of the room, one of her ladies in waiting at a little distance behind, and the two masters of ceremony who introduced me also waiting at some distance behind me. Her conversation turned upon common topics, and had no interest in it beyond a general expression of good nature. I kissed her hand on entering according to custom, and I ought in truth to have bestowed two kisses, or one more than usually audible, to make up for the total omission of that duty which I had made through inadvertence at my first audience. The reigning Empress was not to be kissed, or even to be seen. She had been ill for some time, and though now a great deal better, she does not yet expose herself to the fatigue of public presentations. The whole family have been united at St. Petersburg this year, and they really seem to live on the most amiable terms with each other. The Prince of Orange, you know, is married to one of the Emperor's sisters. Think of his travelling hither from Brussels in ten days. If the rapidity of his journey was meant as a compliment to his wife, it was really a flattering one. When I was presented to him last week, he mentioned poor Charles with kindness, and that too without knowing that I was related to him. 1825 ÆT. 38

With respect to such sights as the Court affords, I have been exceedingly fortunate. I have been present at a *Te Deum* in the Court Chapel, a ball, and a masquerade, besides the christening; and this, let me tell you, is a great deal, considering that Lent has occupied so much of the time, and considering still more that the Emperor hates society and gives as few entertainments as he possibly can.

The Winter Palace, in which the grand entertainments are given, is an immense pile of buildings, but more remarkable for its extent than for the purity of its architecture. It contains, besides innumerable chambers, three or four magnificent halls of very large dimensions. There is the *Salle Blanche*, and the *Salle de St. George*, and the *Salle des Marbres*, each more striking than the other. On the night of the ball there was dancing in the first, card-playing in the second, and supper, served under orange-trees, with a profusion of flowers on the tables, in the third. At the masquerade the public was admitted to the number of several thousands, and the whole suite of apartments was thrown open. The sight of such a crowd and so strange a mixture of dresses and of ranks was curious; but the gratification of one's

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curiosity was dearly purchased by the heat and the noise and the pressure, to say nothing of more serious inconveniences inseparable from such a collection of all classes. The behaviour of the people was very orderly, and there was no appearance of the police. The Emperor occasionally danced, or rather walked a dance, called the *Polonaise*, which consists in nothing but a walk to music throughout the apartments, each gentleman holding a lady by the hand, and the couples following each other in succession. The Empress played at cards in the middle of the throng. While playing, she sent for the different members of the Diplomatic Body and conversed with them in turns. The French ambassador was the only foreigner invited to play with her.

When the Emperor had seen enough of his less refined guests, the doors of St. George's Hall, communicating with the Hermitage, a building which joins the Winter Palace, and which was built by Catherine and much used by that extraordinary woman in the latter years of her life, were thrown open, and the Court retired to sup in the theatre prepared for the occasion. The effect on entering this splendid room was quite enchanting, as you may suppose, when I tell you that it was lighted up from behind the walls, if one may so call them, which were composed of crystal drops, and of course transparent. The interest of the scene was increased by two circumstances, namely, that the decorations were precisely similar to what they had been in Catherine's time, and we were treated to some of the famous horn-music, which Madame de Staël has described so well in her work on Russia, and in which, as you know, each note, and even each fraction of a note, is played by a single individual, whose whole professional existence is devoted to the production of that one sound. These very humiliating bands are now become rare, and will probably cease before long, as the Emperor has expressed his repugnance to the principle of their formation. The best reason, I think, for putting an end to them is that they make but indifferent music, very inferior in my mind to a tolerable church organ.

This is a great place for extraordinary efforts in the science of harmony. The Court musicians are really admirable and contend for the palm of excellence with the choristers of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. The military bands are also very numerous, and generally excellent. Upwards of four hundred performers were collected a few nights ago at one of the theatres, but owing to some defect in the arrangement, the result was greatly inferior to what one had expected. . . .

The winter, which has been unusually mild, is lingering with every appearance of obstinacy. The rivers are still frozen, and a hot sun lays bare the pavement on one side of the streets, while the shaded moiety remains several inches deep in snow. We had at one

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time seen the sledges completely replaced by *droshkies*, the summer equivalent for the former kind of vehicle. The coachmen had taken off their crimson cornered caps, and put on beaver hats, which are the swallows of the country. But all is thrown back again, and one is sadly puzzled to make out how it can be the 5th or rather the 6th of April, for I have slept and passed into another day since I began this letter.

I rather regret that I have so little chance of seeing Petersburg in its summer attire. The difference must be very great. I want above all to see the canals less hideous than they are at this moment, and to have a view of the Neva not chained and muffled as now, but rolling its transparent waters in one broad flood from lake to sea. The environs are said to be pretty; and I should think they might be so, as far as a very flat country can be pretty, but at this moment there is nothing to be seen in driving about save fields of snow and remaining vestiges of the great inundation. . . .

As to the canals, they are far superior to their originals in Holland. There are three principal ones, all cased with granite, and mounted with iron railings in very good taste. The paved frontages which border them on each side are very convenient for walking, and in winter they are constantly cleared of snow and strewed with sand. The Neva is treated in the same way. Nothing can be handsomer than the quays in front of the Emperor's palace, which together with the Hermitage, united to it by a gallery, occupies a considerable space on the bank of that river. This is the fashionable walk, and also the fashionable drive, where the Emperor is frequently to be met, sometimes on foot and sometimes in a traineau with one horse and no servant, taking exercise, like physic, by order of his doctor, a strange clever Scotchman, Sir James Wylie. . . .

But I must hasten to say a word about the society of St. Petersburg. I am sure "you have kept a corner for that;" it must however be only a word, or a very few words. In this, as in other respects, the Court is all in all. The society with which I mingle is composed of the foreign ministers and a few of the principal families, attached in some way or other to the Emperor or his family. The Russians are not a dinner-giving people, and the greater part of my visit here has passed during Lent, which they keep more strictly than the Catholics. Neither are they much in the habit of giving regular entertainments of an evening. Once introduced you may call when you please, on the gentlemen in the morning, on the ladies in the early part of the evening, and in some families who sup at home, or who have their regular receiving evenings, you may look in uninvited about ten and pass the remainder of the day there.

One generally finds a suite of apartments open, spacious and admirably well warmed. Conversation is not much to be depended

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upon; as instruction of any extent is rare, and the events of the day are not sufficient to supply fuel for small talk, besides that the fear of Siberia has a wonderful effect in restraining the tongue on the great chapter of politics. But you have cards, and chess, and billiards, and you may go out without ceremony, and sometimes without notice. There is a Madame Guriev, the mother-in-law of the Secretary of State, who receives company in this manner almost every evening of her life. It is usual for the foreign ministers to go there on Sundays, and I am occasionally of the party. There are two or three other large houses open in the same kind of way. But in general it is remarked that there is much less society than there was a few years ago, and the Emperor's increasing love of retirement is likely rather to narrow than to extend the circle. The example of the Court is everything here. . . .

Of the merchants I see but little or rather nothing. I invited the principal members of the Factory to dine here some weeks ago, but I never meet them in society, and the aristocratic spirit of the place keeps them at a distance in a manner which you may be sure that I should not countenance if I were ambassador here. There was a time when the Emperor used frequently to visit the English families; but he has given them up of late in common with other branches of society.

MEMOIRS.

"Of national sports peculiar to Russia I saw but one, and that was a specimen of the celebrated *Montagnes Russes*. I took my turn in the amusement, and, as fortune would have it, my companion in the sledge was Madame Zavadovski, the beauty of the day. About the middle of the descent, our sledge was overset at full speed, and I lay stretched at the side of my fair partner in the snow, consoled by our position for the merriment which it occasioned.

"To leave St Petersburg without giving a thought to Catherine seems almost unnatural. Yet the only trace of the great man-Empress which came under my notice was a sad one. At the Hermitage I observed an old lady with her head pressed down on her bosom and wheeled about in a garden chair. I learned on inquiry that the poor decrepit invalid was Mademoiselle Dashkov, who had shared with Catherine the glory and the guilt of that adventure which gave to Russia the most triumphant of its sovereigns after the reign of Peter.

"I did not take the same route in returning to England

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as that by which I had come out. I went round by Moscow, and thence through Warsaw to Berlin. Gradually but slowly the snow disappeared under the double influence of lengthening days and a southern direction. But other inconveniences took its place. The roads, magnificent in breadth, and flanked by ditches on each side, in some parts even shaded by avenues of trees, were otherwise in a state of nature. Heavy at best, they were often deep in mud or clay. The bridges too were not reinstated, and we had to cross large rivers on rafts. The inns, moreover, were so indifferent, that we made it a rule with few exceptions to travel night and day. It took nearly a hundred hours to reach Moscow, and it was a chance that we got there at all. Early one morning we had to cross a river on two small rafts fastened together. The weather was cold, the hood of the carriage was up, and I, together with my fellow-traveller, was deeply ensconced in wrappers of sundry kinds. We were in the middle of the stream when I perceived that the rafts were giving way at the joining. I started up and had the horses instantly plunged into the water. Relieved of their weight, the rafts righted, the horses, a pair on each side, held by their bridles, swam ashore, and thus the danger ceased almost as soon as it began.

"It was late one night when we stopped to change horses at a roadside inn. Observing light in a room on the ground floor, I looked through the window, and saw about twenty persons of both sexes lying in their clothes on the bare boards. They lay in a circle with their feet towards the centre and seemed to be all fast asleep, notwithstanding the want of beds and coverings. Later in the journey I chanced to behold a more singular sight, indicative at once of an Asiatic origin, and of a primitive simplicity not yet eradicated in Russia. Every village has its bath, and the inhabitants indulge in a thorough cleansing of their persons at least once a week. I was waiting on the bank of a river for the means of crossing when the door of a small building in the skirts of the neighbouring village was suddenly thrown open, and a procession of girls came forth each having a pitcher on her head, with arms most classically raised for its support, and looking so innocent that their utter want of clothing created no surprize. This

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curious apparition reminded me that the custom of bathing indoors and out with no regard for sexual distinction had only ceased at St. Petersburg in the days of the great Czarina.

"I gave a week to Moscow, and regretted deeply that I had not more time to bestow upon that wonderful city, the true metropolis of the vast empire which surrounds it. Twelve years had elapsed since the great conflagration occasioned by Napoleon's invasion, and the traces of that noble calamity were still visible, but only here and there, and in no way to obscure the magnificence of the great traditional centre of autocratic power and religious supremacy. An impress of Eastern origin and of Eastern taste pervades the whole city, suffused, so to say, with a tone from the Tartar school, barbaric and imposing. The bazars which skirt the towering structures of the Kremlin are similar to those of Smyrna and Constantinople. A prospect commanding the full extent of the adjacent city, its streets, its buildings, its walls, its river, and the wide circle of country beyond, was to be expected from a position like that of the Kremlin, and in truth no feature of the glorious panorama was wanting when viewed from the tower of Ivan Veliki. To me that sight was a source of unbounded pleasure, and I enjoyed it as often as I could. So great was the fascination that in leaving Moscow, though pressed for time, I stopped my carriage at the Moskva Bridge, and hurried once more up the lofty flight of steps to take a last and momentary farewell of a scene which neither distance nor length of years can ever erase from my memory.

"On the bend of the river at no great distance from the town gates were laid the foundations of a grand church, which owed its existence, as gossips reported, to a dream. It was said that the Emperor Alexander, stimulated, perhaps, by Madame Krüdener, had received in his sleep a divine commission to build a first-rate church on the spot where I saw its rudiments. Whether the plan has been since carried out or abandoned I cannot say, but the appearances gave promise of a successful result, and it would give me pleasure to learn that the pious intention of the founder had been fully realized.[1]

[1] This magnificent cathedral, "The Temple of the Saviour," was finished only a year ago, in 1886.

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"Among the objects of special interest which I thought it a duty to visit at Moscow was the prison for criminals. There I witnessed the application of that formidable weapon, the knout, not, thank Heaven! on the flesh of a convict, but on a deal board. The indentation caused by a stroke of it on the wood was evidence enough of what its infliction must be on a sensitive object. It is a long blade of leather about a quarter of an inch thick, gradually tapering from a breadth, say, of two inches to a point, hardened but still flexible, and having the upper and lower edges of its thickness cut sharply square. Its length, including the handle, seemed nearly four feet. The executioner holds this terrible thong perpendicularly between his legs, and straddles with a silent shuffle towards his victim bared and tied up for punishment. At the proper distance he raises the knout and brings it down slantingly with more or less force on the criminal's back. The strokes, I presume, are repeated agreeably to the sentence; but it is dreadful to hear that a single blow administered with skill, and perhaps with spite, is capable of producing death, in addition to severe agony. It must be allowed that, compared with this, decapitation by the hand of a Peter or an Ivan was mercy itself."

Canning left golden—or silver—opinions at Moscow. He expended many roubles for the release of a debtor from prison, and for the benefit of the hospital, besides other largesse; and M. Bulgakov, in writing on the subject, told him that he had fascinated everybody by the "charm of his manners and the sweetness of his disposition"! Thirty years later, the Russians were not quite so devoted to "Sir Canning." The following letter describes some of the entertainments at Moscow:—

To his Mother, 21 April

I have dined with two or three of the principal persons, amongst others with Count Rastopchin, who you may remember was governor of Moscow when the French were here, and who has published a self-denying pamphlet, which no one believes, to prove that he did not give orders for setting the city on fire. I have been also to two or three parties and two or three plays. One of the persons

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at whose house I have spent an evening, was Count Korsakov, the only one of Catherine's long list of favourites and lovers still surviving. He has the appearance of having been handsome ; but if his conversation could ever have had any charm for his Imperial mistress, he must now be very far advanced in dotage. His house is fitted up in a most extraordinary manner. The passage on the ground floor leading to the staircase is painted in representation of a gravel walk, indeed I believe it is strewn with sand, and bordered with strips of green baize, by way of turf. On the first landing place you are tempted to look into a small room opening upon it, in the centre of which is a statue of Venus surrounded with several laurels which fill up what must be called the temple of the goddess with a most exuberant foliage : other oddities succeed, and terminate in the general's bedroom, which, according to the Russian fashion, is laid open in common with other rooms on the same floor to the inspection of the company. Count Panin, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs on the accession of the present Emperor, is here, but I have not fallen in with him. The contemporaries of Catherine are very rarely to be met with ; and the very few who are alive cannot of course be other than aged.

On the whole, there is a strange mixture of wealth and beggary, of magnificence and meanness, in this antique metropolis. Such contrasts are in some measure to be found in all great cities, but here the elements, which elsewhere lie near each other, are completely mixed up and confounded together. A suite of apartments magnificently furnished is not unfrequently inclosed within walls of a most shabby and decomposed appearance. An equipage complete at all points is not, perhaps, to be found within the whole circumference of Moscow. If the carriage be smart the horses are rips ; and invariably a well-dressed coachman is preceded by a postilion almost in rags. The only point of importance is the number of horses by which the carriage is drawn. True nobility requires four at least ; there are cases where it may extend its grandeur to six. The merchant creeps along with a pair of steeds ; and such is the power of example, so contagious is prejudice, that I have more than once detected myself in entertaining a feeling of hearty contempt for the inmate of a vehicle so drawn, while I was myself flourishing by with all the pomp and parade of the noble number.

On his homeward journey he visited Warsaw, where he communicated to the Czar, who had preceded him, the instructions delivered by the English Government to Sir C. Stuart in reference to the South American Republics, and saw the Duke of Cumberland.

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To his Mother, Warsaw, 7 May

Considering that I have been on the road, and often *in* it, during eighteen days and fourteen nights, with very short intervals of repose, I am quite surprized to find myself so little fatigued. The first three or four hundred miles of the road on this side of Moscow were really frightful, and nothing but great exertion, and the kindness of Providence, prevented our sticking in the mire till doomsday. We had nine horses to draw the britschka and frequent battalions of peasants to drag us out of holes. I stopped a day at Warsaw. Through Poland the roads were good and the daily progress of the spring as we went southwards and summerwards quite enchanting. Russia is not Europe. It is a fifth quarter of the globe.

Here I find a new world of variety of objects to attract my attention, and people inclined to be civil. I have just been dining with the Duke of Cumberland, and making acquaintance with the fine little boy his son, who will be in a fair way to the throne, if the Salic law were established in England.

From Warsaw he went on to Berlin, where he was presented to the King of Prussia, and so to England.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LIBERATION OF GREECE.

II. THE ENGLISH MEDIATION.

1825-26.

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THE mission to St. Petersburg was hardly over when Canning had to begin his arrangements for another residence at the Porte. On 2 July he wrote to his mother, "I trust that the preparations for my departure will be completed or nearly so by the end of this month. I *hope* it—because as I have made up my mind to this fresh diplomatic enterprize, I wish to get through it with as little delay as possible. The sooner it begins, the sooner, I trust, it will end. I had an audience of the King last Wednesday before the Levée, on which occasion I took leave. His Majesty was pleased to express his gracious approbation of my conduct at Petersburg, and G. C., who was present, added some laudatory expressions of his own." Notwithstanding his audience of leave, it was some months before the new ambassador found himself on the way to Constantinople. The delay was caused by official difficulties—the clearing up of certain obscurities in which Lord Strangford's negotiations at the Porte were involved—but Canning had also private reasons for retracting his desire for immediate departure. He thus refers to them :—

MEMOIRS.

"The few weeks which had elapsed between the close of the American conferences and my departure for Russia were occupied by a short visit to Tunbridge Wells, and a tour, not much longer, in Holland. At the former refreshing place I found the old Lady Donegal, whose beauty and charming manners are said to have made a warm impression on the

heart of George III.; Mrs. Tighe, whose rival attractions had given her a distinguished position in society; and Lord Stowell, whom I had previously known as Sir William Scott, and who, although age had not yet extinguished his eyesight, was, as he said of himself, 'outward bound.' Here, also, I made acquaintance, under the auspices of my old friend Lady Caledon, with the family of Mr. Alexander, owner at that time of Somerhill and its interesting old mansion of Grammont celebrity, with whom it was subsequently my lot to form a lifelong connexion." 1825 ÆT. 38

The parents were strongly prepossessed in his favour, but Miss Alexander was not to be won at the first asking. She was very young, hardly eighteen; her lover was more than twice her age, and was besides of an earnest resolute and masterful nature which rather frightened her. A strategical retreat to Holland, to escape from his attentions, proved unavailing. In love as in diplomacy Canning was indefatigably persistent. He pursued her to Holland, maintaining the while a mysterious secresy to his friends, and at the Hague, either among the dykes or the pictures, received his answer, which was not encouraging. He departed to St. Petersburg, cast down but not despairing, and his constancy was rewarded in the autumn. On 3 September, 1825, they were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, and spent a brief honeymoon at the Priory, Reigate:—

To his Mother, 6 Sept.

We are now living in this paradise of a place with as much happiness as human life can afford. The neighbourhood is beautiful, and she has just been taking a ride of two hours, with me at her side on foot, through every variety of lane and walk. . . . I know not in short how better to express my state of mind, now that I am in hourly familiarity with her, than by saying that my heart overflows with gratitude to Heaven, and that I wish you were here to witness our happiness. I say *ours* because I do not think that mine could be as complete as it is, if I had any doubt of hers. . . . We get up at seven, and go to breakfast soon after nine; and you would be delighted if you were to see the prayer-book brought out and the Psalms fairly read through before our morning studies are commenced. In a word we are bent upon being the most reasonable of couples, without bating a jot of love and lightness of heart.

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MEMOIRS.

"When I took leave of my illustrious relative, little thinking at that moment that I heard and saw him for the last time, he unlocked his thoughts with respect to my future destination. He told me that he did not reckon upon my continuance abroad beyond the time required for making a fair and earnest experiment of his instructions concerning Greece. If they were crowned with success, that issue would be the best signal for my return. In case of their failure, I should still be at liberty to exchange diplomacy for Parliament and office at home. He had obtained the consent of Lord Liverpool, and he trusted that as vice-president of the Board of Trade with a seat in the House of Commons I might advance my own credit, and render good service to the country. A prospect so full of hope and corresponding so entirely with my wishes could not be otherwise than agreeable, and it helped to carry me with cheerfulness through a long series of delays and disappointments. The great question of the hour in England was that which is known by the name of Catholic emancipation. It was at that time an open question in the cabinet, a progressive one in the House. Mr. Canning entertained a sanguine expectation of its being carried. Should it pass the Commons again, Lord Liverpool, he said, was ready, and he thought him the most honest man in England, to step out of the way, and cease to oppose it with the advantage of his official character. The ministerial advocates of the measure might have to resign, but were it so, they would in all probability be borne back into office 'on the shoulders of the people.' I could not but sympathize cordially with this prospective movement. The first vote I gave, when under different circumstances I became a member of Parliament, was in favour of the emancipation."

Accompanied by his young bride, and armed with such elastic instructions as the state of the Greek question suggested, Canning set off for his post at the close of October. They went overland by way of Paris and Switzerland and Florence.

MEMOIRS.

"At Geneva we were visited by Prince Adam Czartoryski and Count Capodistrias, [the old rival of 1814,] who were

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both waiters on revolution, and each in his separate course a sanguine expectant of some new turn in the wheel of fortune. The outbreak of the Greek insurrection had proved fatal to the Count's ascendancy at Petersburg. Prince Metternich, who was the object of his marked dislike, told me in conversation one day that he had 'waited for him at that point:' 'Je l'ai attendu là' was the expression he used, and I inferred from it that he had returned hate for hate and watched his opportunity to procure the downfall of his wily self-reliant antagonist."

At Naples they found their official "family" waiting for them, and after a presentation to the King of the Two Sicilies they embarked with their suite on Admiral Sir Harry Neale's flagship the *Revenge*, 74, for Corfu.

At Corfu they were detained for some weeks by the serious illness not only of several members of their household, but of Mrs. Canning herself. An epidemic of scarlet fever raged in the embassy and Sir Frederick Adam's, the Lord High Commissioner's, house became a temporary hospital. There was serious anxiety for a while, but fortunately all the invalids recovered, and at the beginning of January 1826 the embassy was once more on its way to the Porte. On the way Canning took steps through Captain Hamilton to afford the Greek Provisional Government an opportunity of laying its views before him, and an interview fraught with important results took place off Hydra on 9 January. The Petersburg Protocol of 4 April was the direct consequence of his report of the proposals here made to him unofficially by the Greek deputies.

To George Canning, 20 Dec. 1825

Nesselrode to Minziaki, 12 Dec. 1826

"Before entering the Archipelago we passed a night at anchor in a small bay between Cerigo and the main, almost at the foot of that dark frowning promontory high and precipitous which stands sentry over the waters of Greece. We woke next morning under a fine blue sky and lost no time in setting sail to a strong southerly breeze which soon bore us up to the narrow channel having the peninsula on one side and the grand little island of Hydra on the other. There

MEMOIRS. 9 Jan.

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we anchored again, and before noon were boarded by two of the Greek leaders [deputed by the Provisional Government of Greece] then at open war with the Ottoman Government. These patriotic gentlemen were [Prince Alexander] Mavrocordatos and Zographos, both of distinguished position among the insurgents, and thoroughly acquainted with the state of public affairs and the prevailing current of opinion in Greece. I could only receive them privately, with such reserves as my official character and due respect for a friendly Power imposed Sad was the picture presented by Greece at that period. Resources all but exhausted,—counsels more than distracted,—hopes daily declining within,—only barren sympathies without,—discouragement approaching to despair,—and hatred of the Turks unsoftened, nay, inextinguishable like the Greek fire of old. Harassed by such adversities and disheartened by prospects all but hopeless, it was natural for the leaders in Greece, however patriotic, to look for relief in terms of accommodation with the Porte, and as a last resource to reckon upon our mediation as offering the best chance of negotiating successfully with that Power. In reporting to my Government, as I was bound to do, the real state of affairs in Greece, I found some consolation in being at liberty to declare that an opening for negotiation capable of improvement appeared to exist, nor did I fail to give as much encouragement as I could with prudence to the pacific tendencies and reliance on England which Mavrocordatos and his colleague had manifested to me. The intimation I received from them was the possibility of an arrangement by which the Morea should be separated from the Ottoman Empire for the purposes of internal administration, while its principal fortresses should be occupied by Turkish garrisons."

IV. 10 Jan.

The despatch which records this interview does not bear out the statement as to Turkish garrisons, which Mavrocordatos declared would be "directly at variance" with the aims of the Greeks; but possibly some hint of further concessions was given in the reference to "a larger discretion" which the Prince alluded to before the interview closed. The most important points gained were two: first, that the Greeks were

anxious for English mediation, and secondly that they would consent to something short of independence, which they had never conceded before. They desired a total separation of the Greek and Turkish population; did not object to paying tribute to the Sultan, and perhaps to indemnifying the transplanted Turkish landholders; nor would they refuse the Porte some share in appointing the local authorities. 1826 — ÆT. 39

"It so happened that on the very day of my interview with the Greek emissaries, the decease of Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, at Taganrog, came to my knowledge, and made me anxious to hasten my arrival at Constantinople, having reason to think that despatches of importance awaited me there. The admiral in consequence gave orders for weighing anchor." MEMOIRS. 1 Dec.

On getting outside the channel they were caught in a terrific hurricane, which tore the old sails of the *Revenge* to ribbons and thus probably saved the vessel. A companion, the *Algeciras*, commanded by Captain Wemyss, went straight to the bottom; and the two Greek deputies, after a perilous escape, got to shore more dead than alive. Such was the dramatic climax of the first step towards the liberation of Greece. A fatality seemed to hang over the voyage. A fever at Corfu, a death by drowning at Syracuse, and another by cold, a hurricane off Hydra, were succeeded by a long period of contrary winds.

"In the port of Ipsera we gathered cruel evidence of what war is when kindled by the antipathies of race and creed. It was little more than dawn when we anchored before the town which takes its name from that of the island. The houses had every appearance of undisturbed repose, and the early hour sufficed to account for the want of movement in the streets. The admiral's steward went ashore with the full expectation of finding a market well stocked with all the objects he required. Imagine his surprise when the truth broke upon him. A death silence indoors as well as without, not a voice, not a footstep, not an inhabitant; the town a mere shell, plausible to the eye, but utterly void of life. MEMOIRS.

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Later in the day a party of us landed with our guns and strayed among the vineyards in search of game. At one spot near the coast we came upon a piteous sight, the bones of many who had preferred a voluntary death to captivity when their homes became the prey of a Turkish squadron. Mothers in horror and despair had slaughtered their children on the cliff, and thrown themselves over on their bodies which had already found a resting place below. Scarcely less horrible than this scene of death was the apparition of two survivors from the interior of the island. Worn nearly to skeletons by fear and anguish and famine, the very types of hopeless misery, with haggard eyes and loathsome beards, and tattered rags by way of clothing, they told without language the history of their sufferings. Heavens! how I longed to be the instrument of repairing such calamities by carrying my mission of peace and deliverance to a successful issue!"

4 Feb.

On arriving at the Dardanelles the embassy was transferred to the royal sloop *Medina*, and Canning regretfully bade farewell to the kindly admiral, while the band of the *Revenge* sent the national anthem of Greece pealing mournfully over the waters of her oppressors. He was easily moved by impressions, and the trials of the voyage had shaken his nerve. He was not ashamed to confess that he went down the side of the flagship with moist eyes.

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"The *Medina's* size enabled us to creep up the Hellespont so long as it was broad enough to warrant Homer's epithet, but at some little distance from the inner castles we were obliged to check our impatience once more. We were now in the heart of winter, and the cold breezes which rushed almost continuously down the straits were more than refreshing. They nailed us so long to our anchorage that my patience at last gave way and I determined to land without further delay, having no companion but a secretary, and so find my way to Constantinople as I best could. Horses were sent to meet us on the beach, and it blew so hard that we had some difficulty in keeping to our saddles during a twilight ride of four hours to Lamsaki. Next morning we passed over to Gallipoli, and

sleeping three nights on the road completed our journey on the evening of the fourth day. Descending a hill near Rodosto after dark my hack stumbled and pitched me over his head: I received no hurt from the fall, and my attendant, a Janissary, displayed his zeal by picking me up with the most affectionate alacrity. The latter part of our road stretched along the walls of old Stambol, and just as I turned round the last tower to get into the town at the head of its harbour, a large horned owl, enlivened by the dusk, hooted from the ivy in which it was nestled. So close was the sound to my ear, and so dismal was its tone, that it seemed to follow up our previous vexations by sea and to indicate a fresh series of mischances on shore. To confirm this melancholy impression I had scarcely alighted at the ambassador's residence in Pera, when Mr. Turner, the principal secretary, greeted me with a most unexpected and unwelcome admonition: 'I am sorry' he said 'to inform your excellency,' and he said it without further preface, 'that you have a traitor in the embassy.'" 1826 ÆT. 39 27 Feb.

What Mr. Turner meant was that one of the chief interpreters was suspected of betraying the secrets of the embassy to the Prussian envoy, Baron Miltitz. There was hardly any doubt as to the fact, but nothing more definite than circumstantial evidence was to be had, and Canning was forced to content himself with keeping a strict watch upon the dragoman, whose talents and acquaintance with the business of the embassy made him a valuable servant if he could be retained with safety. Whether it was wise to retain him will presently be seen; but considering that the man was in the good graces of the Porte, and his dismissal might alarm the ministers, and remembering that Miltitz was the chosen confidant and *âme damnée* of Lord Strangford, the preceding ambassador, it seemed at least desirable to avoid a public scandal.

"February was well advanced when I arrived at Constantinople. The *Medina* with my family, domestic and official, on board, did not make its appearance till after the middle of March, nearly three months after our embarkation at Corfu:—so great is the prevalence of northerly winds in the interme- MEMOIRS.

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diate seas, and such was then the slowness of water communication between Christendom and the capital of Turkey. My overland journey from the Dardanelles had been effected with so much haste and singleness of purpose that on reaching Constantinople I had scarcely the wherewithal to supply the ordinary wants of a bachelor. Entertainment was out of the question, so, at least, it appeared to me, though such was not the view taken of my position by Sir Hudson Lowe, who happened to be my neighbour at the time. That ill-starred officer, of whom I knew nothing but from general report, complained directly to myself that I had neglected him, and gave me unmistakably to understand that he expected an invitation to dinner. My first impression on reading his note was one, I confess, of disgust, but I found on inquiry that the unlucky governor was more worthy of compassion than resentment. I wrote to him therefore in civil terms, and capitulated as to dinner, provided he would come with suitable resignation as to the character of the fare. He came accordingly, and I was afterwards glad to have satisfied a natural curiosity, at the same time that I had soothed the excusable irritation of one who had rendered important services in the army before he had the misfortune to undertake a delicate and overpowering charge. On leaving Pera he went to Smyrna, and there his extreme unpopularity drew upon him a personal assault from individuals [of the French colony] who had lashed themselves into a passionate and culpable resentment at his expense."

Thirteen years had passed since Canning had left the tumble-down palace of the British Embassy at Pera, as he thought, for ever. Great changes had taken place in the interval. The "common enemy of Europe" was dead, and England was no longer fighting alone against an overwhelming tyranny. She was now rather struggling against the too close embraces of her allies, who in their exceeding affection were eager to tie her hands by a series of conferences, conventions, and concerts. Canning had no longer to wage war with the French Mission, which had lost most of its ancient influence at the Porte: his antagonist now was Prince Metternich and his representative Baron Ottenfels—the Internuncio of 1812—who was ably and

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unscrupulously abetted by the Prussian envoy in carrying out the plots of their joint master the "Prince of Darkness," as Metternich was called. Instead of counteracting the overpowering strength of the French Empire, now no more, the task of the British ambassador was to defeat the intrigues of the Austrian Chancellor, the soul of the somewhat superannuated Holy Alliance and the upholder of all that was narrow dogmatic and unbending in the policy of the Vienna Congress and its appendices. The latter struggle was hardly less arduous than the former, for whatever Austria suffered in point of prestige, in comparison with the triumphant position of Buonaparte in 1810, was balanced by her possession of the ear of the Porte and the unscrupulous ingenuity of her intrigues.

The reader shall not be invited to plunge deeper than is absolutely necessary in the quicksands of continental diplomacy, at this period peculiarly shifting and treacherous; but it is obviously impossible to understand the work of an ambassador without studying the conditions under which it had to be done and the means at his disposal for its accomplishment. Canning's main object was to secure the pacification of Greece. It was an object, as Sir Charles Bagot told him, of the very first consequence, —"the one point upon which the peace of Europe depended;" but it was also one which must tax the resources of mere diplomacy to the utmost. It will be remembered that the Petersburg mission had left the Greek question open as far as England was concerned. George Canning would have nothing to say to force or menace, and the other Powers declined to commit themselves to a formal disavowal of this engine of coercion. England had therefore stood aside while the four Powers discharged their little popgun at the Porte. Their very innocent recommendation of an arrangement with Greece ended in smoke. The Porte would not listen to the voice of the four charmers, and the force which they had so doggedly refused to disavow was, strange to tell, not brought into requisition. It was suspected that the Austrian Internuncio, under Prince Metternich's instructions, had secretly opposed the policy which his court had ostensibly adopted. Metternich frankly detested the Greeks, and had only joined the Petersburg Conference to

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prevent Russia from going in single-handed. His envoy at the Porte was, it is said, instructed to inform the Sultan that Austria was not in earnest. Whatever the cause, the four Powers failed in their plan of mediation.

There was now no competitor in the field, and England was free to try her own plan. It was no longer a case of unsolicited interference, for deputies from the Greek Provisional Government had waited upon George Canning in September 1825 to place their country under the protection of England. The responsibility was too serious to be lightly accepted, but the suggestion paved the way for the mediation which was invited at the interview with Mavrocordatos off Hydra, and formally solicited by the States-General of Greece on 19 April, 1826. England had thus become not only the sole but the authorized pleader for the Greeks. She had various points in her favour. One party of the belligerents had agreed to terms: the Greeks would follow her counsels, and would probably do something to put down the piracy which had made the Archipelago a den of thieves for the last four years. The Turks could at all events find no interested motive in her mediation; with England there was no risk of aggrandizement, as there would be in the case of Austria or Russia, though the presence of numerous English volunteers among the insurgents was not likely to conciliate the Sultan. Russia, by the death of Alexander, was placed in a new position, which Mr. Canning regarded as favourable to the chances of pacification. The following passages are from a letter to his cousin written immediately after the Czar's death:—

From G. Canning, 9 Jan.

1. Comparing together all the *pros* and *cons* of the new state of affairs in Russia, I incline to think upon the whole that it is more favourable to the chance of a settlement of the Greek question. One element of discord is removed, by the removal of the *principle* of the Holy Alliance from the question of intervention. Alexander's reasoning, and what was more effective, his feeling, was "Why not trust me to settle Greece, as I trusted you, Austria, with Naples, and you, France, with Spain?" This feeling, however disguised, or (when it was intended to cajole *us*) suppressed, was at the bottom of all Alexander's complaints and remonstrances: and I am persuaded that though there were moments of enthusiasm and paroxysms of ambition, the fixed

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purpose of his mind was not so much to liberate Greece as to do that work as the blessed instrument of the Holy Alliance. That will not be the creed of either of the brothers. Their politics will probably be Russian rather than cosmopolitan, and it would require greater impudence than that of a greater potentate than either of them to say—what Alexander (granting him his principle) had a right to say, and what every one of the allies except ourselves (because we deny the principle) must in his instance have admitted, that they are entitled to be trusted at Constantinople with an army of 800,000 men. So far therefore the political question is simplified, and we may, if we please, demand assurances and disavowals and deny any case for Russian interference, unaccompanied by guarantees against Russian aggrandizement.

But though I see this facility (for such I think it is) for future joint discussions, I am not one jot abated of my preference for separate intervention. I would try it to the utmost before I consented to a change of course. I do believe that with Alexander himself we should have succeeded in persuading him to adopt that course—that is, if Strangford could have held his tongue. Whether the mischief that he had done could have been cured is now matter of speculation. I trust however that he cannot have been so untameably fidgetty and meddling as to begin anew with the new emperor before my padlock will have reached him.[1]

2. I think I see, what you will give yourself joy, if not credit, for having shewn me (though to do you justice you state the facts only without drawing the inference), a new ground of interference much higher than any that we have yet had open to us,—I mean the manner in which the war is now carried on in the Morea—the character of barbarism and *barbarization* which it has assumed. Butchering of captives we have long witnessed on both sides of the contest. . . . But the selling into slavery—the forced conversions—the dispeopling of Christendom—the recruiting from the countries of Islamism—the erection in short of a new Puissance Barbaresque in Europe—these are (not topics merely but) facts new in themselves, new in their principle, new and strange and hitherto inconceivable in their consequences, which I do think may be made the foundation of a new mode of speaking *if not* acting (I am cautious in my exposition because I am only now meditating *aloud* to you, not instructing or even deciding) and one which I confess I like the better because it has

[1] Lord Strangford had been recommending to Count Nesselrode a collective menace of the Powers to be addressed to Turkey, in direct opposition to his Government. George Canning wrote him a despatch of "unexampled severity," 31 Dec., 1825, reproaching him with having "cut the ground from under Mr. Stratford Canning's feet," and done the utmost mischief at Constantinople. "The instructions which I have now to give your Excellency are comprised in a few short words—*to be quiet.*" This was the "padlock."

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nothing to do with Epaminondas nor (with reverence be it spoken) with St. Paul.

When my meditations ripen you shall hear again. Meantime proceed *rectâ viâ* as the instructions . . . point out. Vaunt our singleness of action and singleness of purpose—point out the peculiar happiness of the interval and the evanescent nature of the opportunity; exaggerate if you can the danger from Russia.

Nothing was easier than to tell his cousin to proceed *rectâ viâ*, to vaunt this, and point out that: but, as Stratford Canning very soon perceived, measures more than merely argumentative must be employed to extort concessions from the Sultan for Greece. The "peculiar happiness of the interval" was much more perspicuous in Downing Street than at Constantinople. The state of the war was such that the advice of the British ambassador in favour of large concessions must have appeared simply ludicrous to the Turks.

MEMOIRS. "The Greeks were pretty well run to earth, and the burthen of the war was thrown almost entirely upon Egypt, whose Pasha, the famous Mohammed Ali, commanded in Candia, and by means of his son Ibrahim and a powerful squadron threatened the principal holds of the insurrection." Such was the position of things when Canning arrived at the Porte. What motive could he suggest to the Turks to induce them to give up their advantage, just when they seemed about to triumph? Their Egyptian vassal was doing most of the work, and they had little to lose and everything to gain by a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Never indeed, since the days of her military glory, was Turkey so little disposed to concession; never was her imperial master's position stronger.

MEMOIRS. "Sultan Mahmud had greatly increased his internal authority with the exception of Egypt. He had reduced to obedience all Pashas who, like Ali of Janina, had ventured to aim at independence. He had treated the Derébeys, or great hereditary landlords, in a similar manner. The Ulema, or heads of the church and law, the Esnafs, or leading corporations, were no longer in a condition to oppose their sovereign's will. There remained, as thorns in his side, the

Janissaries ever ready to break out into mutiny, —the Egyptians governed by an able and unscrupulous usurper,—the Greeks maintaining their rebellion doggedly by force of arms." 1826 ÆT. 39

What could friendly mediation accomplish in such circumstances? What argument could be used to convince the Sultan that it was to his interest to let his rebellious subjects go free,—practically free,—just when their submission seemed inevitable? Frankly, there was none. More than this, there was hardly a shadow of an excuse for mediation at all. The Turks did not interfere to obtain concessions for the Peterloo rioters, and why should they admit the right of England to meddle in their internal affairs? The answer to this, as Lord Erskine said in his letter to Lord Liverpool, was that the Porte had brought the interference on herself by misgovernment; but this was an argument beyond the ken of a Turkish despot, and one which, if pressed to its logical conclusion, would expose every State to the perpetual risk of officious and interested meddling on the part of the rest of the world. The Turkish standpoint was extremely simple and straightforward, as expounded to Lord Strangford, *à propos* of the Russian Memoir, in 1824:—

It is not to be endured, said the Reis Efendi, that the Christian Powers of Europe should, without any right but that which their collective strength gives them, prepare and proclaim to the world a scheme for the dismemberment of an empire which has uniformly endeavoured to be at peace with them and to avoid giving the smallest cause of offence. In what treaty is it specified that the Sovereigns of Europe are to assemble, and quietly to carve out the Turkish dominions at their pleasure, because the Christian subjects of his Highness choose to rebel against him? And on what ground is it attempted to justify this monstrous pretension? Because forsooth, the Turkish arms have not yet succeeded in quelling the rebellion! *Whose* fault is this? Are we *only* contending with our open and armed enemies, the Greeks? Are we not also contending against those secret and insidious foes, who, while they profess friendship for us, and soothe us with kind words, are constantly supplying those who have sworn to exterminate us and our religion, with arms, and money, and counsel, and succours of every description? And yet, while we are struggling against such disadvantages we are told that, merely because we do not put down the rebellion, our empire

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is to be parcelled out into independent States, at the will and pleasure of the Christian Sovereigns. But they are mistaken. The Sultan *can* conquer his enemies, and before long, those governments which are now speculating on our supposed weakness will find out their mistake.

The subject of Greece was one, said the Reis, "which never *could* become a proper subject for discussion on the part of the Sultan's servants." This attitude was resolutely maintained by Sultan Mahmud, in spite of the remonstrance of the four Powers in 1825, in spite of the reasonings of the Cannings in 1826, in spite of the joint urgency of England and Russia in 1827, in spite of the Treaty of London in July and the battle of Navarino in October; and it took two Russian campaigns to break it. Through all these transactions the Sultan never wavered once. The Greeks were his subjects; they had rebelled and they must be brought to submission; that was his policy, and by that he stood. It is impossible to refuse him our admiration, even while we must regret the desperate imprudence of his high spirit.

Europe however had resolved to free the Greeks. The statesmen indeed were not so much moved as the poets and enthusiasts, and Greece owed much to the circumstance that both the Cannings belonged to the second as well as the first category. It is true that George Canning was on his guard against laying too much stress upon the heroic past of Hellas; he dreaded sentimental statecraft, and wished to find something which "had nothing to do with Epaminondas" as a ground for mediation. But, let the reason be what it might, Greece must never again be under the Turkish yoke. Stratford was sent out to secure that end; and although from the first he saw that the odds were heavily against him, he took up the cause *con amore*. The usual compliments had been exchanged; the dragoman of the Porte had brought him forty-five trays of flowers, fruit, and sweetmeats, and had received a diamond snuff-box in return; three richly caparisoned horses had been transferred from the imperial stables to those of the embassy; the jewels and other presents from the British Government were flying about Constantinople; when he pressed for a confidential interview with the Reis Efendi, which

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after the usual demurs was granted. On 15 March they had a conversation, which lasted five hours, and in which Canning used every peaceful argument that his experience could suggest to induce the Porte to come to favourable terms with the Greeks. He was heavily handicapped by Lord Strangford's blunders at Petersburg, of which the Turks were well informed; and he had to convince the Reis that England was not committed to other Powers just when Strangford said she was. He made the best of a bad brief, but all was of no avail. The Reis Efendi on this and on subsequent occasions turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances and reasonings, and declared that it was contrary to the "sovereign dignity and the holy religion" of the Sultan even to reply to the mere suggestion of foreign interference in what was a purely domestic matter. His manner and position were haughty and disdainful, and to every repeated attack he offered the same unshaken *non possumus*. At the official audience of the Sultan, when by some accident the ambassador was permitted the unprecedented privilege of entering the presence with his sword, Mahmud said not a word.

V.

George Canning to Strangford. IV. 10 Feb.

XVI. 7 April

28 March

Canning was not unprepared for this rebuff. He had not forgotten his old opponents of 1810–2, and was quite aware that nothing but the threat of force and the decided awakening of fear would move the Turkish mind to concessions to the infidels. His former experiences led him to undervalue the policy of the Sultan, and to ascribe to obstinacy what in a king of England would have been termed high spirit and patriotism.

"My difficulties," he wrote long afterwards, "centred in the character of the Sultan. My business was to overcome his most habitual convictions, strengthened by mistaken counsels, by secret intrigues, and in some degree by flattering appearances. My only instruments for the purpose were the pen and the tongue, persuasion, admonition, and an occasional glimpse of perilous contingencies. Now Sultan Mahmud possessed in an eminent degree the distinctive qualities of a Turk and a Musulman. Without being bound in his private conduct by the rules of the Koran, he was in temper and policy

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a despot and a caliph. His ministers drank of the same waters as their sovereign, and willingly no less than dutifully trod in his footsteps."

The communications which the ambassador sent home for the enlightenment of his Government, contain many reflections on the character and policy of the Sultan and his ministers:—

XVIII. 19 April

The opinions of the Turkish ministry take their colour entirely from the Seraglio. The Sultan since the death of his favourite Halet Efendi has adopted a system which, if it has the merit of keeping intrigues at a distance, is also attended with the inconvenience of narrowing the sovereign's views, and preventing the approach of knowledge and enlightened opinions to his throne. He still has a confidant among the officers of his palace. The Silahdar Agha, or imperial sword-bearer, at present enjoys that precarious distinction, though it does not appear that his vicinity to the source of power has yet inspired him with the boldness to aim at more than being the depositary of his master's cares and the companion of his amusements. The Reis Efendi is the appointed and only channel through which the Sultan receives communications from foreign Powers—no other individual either within or without the cabinet, except the Grand Vezir, who is identified with the Sultan, would at present undertake the perilous charge of conveying the suggestions of any foreign minister to the Seraglio. . . . Even the verbal communications of the dragomans on objects of secondary importance are noted down and conveyed without loss of time to the immediate knowledge of the Sultan.

His Highness is by no means deficient in the natural qualities of judgment and resolution; he is rather severe than unjust, and prejudiced rather than ill-intentioned; he is capable of great perseverance in the pursuit of a favourite scheme, and he has so far succeeded in confirming his authority over the Turkish portion of his subjects, as to enlist their fears of his personal vigilance and severity in aid of their general respect for the Head of their religion, and the possessor of the throne. But how is any enlargement of mind to be derived from the education of the Seraglio, and what is to be expected of a sovereign who, from the time of his accession, has made it the principle of his government to preserve power by ruining abruptly or cutting off insidiously not the turbulent alone and aspiring officers of the Janissaries, but every distinguished candidate for the honours of the State? With such complete success has this principle been applied that there is not now a single man of superior

capacity in his employment with the exception, perhaps, of the Pasha of the Bosphorus, who has manifested his energy by a most unsparing execution of refractory Janissaries, and his shrewdness in being the first to remind his master that he is the only survivor of them. The exclusion of all superior talent from the departments of the administration is not unmarked by the populace of Constantinople, and if what I hear of the language held by the lower orders be true, a trifle might at any time suffice to occasion a serious insurrection. 1826 ---- Æt. 39

That despotic authority which the constitution of the Turkish Empire assigns to the Sultan is thus essentially and practically centered in the person of the present monarch. Fanatical as well as despotic, he has no idea but that of governing through the superstitious prejudices of his people. [Mahmud was indeed superstitious enough himself to consult an astrologer on the propitious moment for moving into a country house.]

He is known to have a decided leaning towards the introduction of the *Nizam Jedid*, that new system of discipline, to which the Janissaries are so averse and which cost Sultan Selim his throne and his life. He is suspected of being on the watch for a favourable opportunity to repeat the attempt of its introduction, and to have gradually prepared the way for its adoption by a systematic removal of the leading opponents of the measure. In other respects the marked features of his policy are a continual recurrence to ancient customs, and an endeavour to revive the spirit of those earlier times, when the moral and physical forces of the empire were not in contradiction with each other, and the troops who fought under the banner of Mohammed had to contend with Christians not yet formed into the disciplined battalions of the nineteenth century. . . . [He aims at] a more complete detachment of the empire from foreign connexions, and a yet more rigorous inforcement of Turkish supremacy over the Christian subjects. His disposition to accomplish the first of these objects has been proved by the total suppression of the authority of the *deré-beys*, or landholders, who in many parts of Asia governed to a certain degree the population residing on their property, and who had an immediate interest in sparing the resources of the country. The kind of paternal sway exercised by these powerful and half-feudal lords has been made to give way to the rule of beys and pashas appointed as in other parts of the Sultan's dominions, and holding office on such a tenure as to make it impossible for them to be otherwise than oppressive and rapacious. The consequences of the change are such as it was easy to foresee ; a neglected soil, a [diminished] population, and that degree of discontent which is almost ripe for rebellion.

Applying these notions to the question of Greece, there is little

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difficulty in accounting for the manner in which my proposals were received by the Sultan. . . . I am now satisfied that the obstacles I had to encounter were too deeply rooted to admit of their being removed by any ordinary process of management or of persuasion. In truth the Turkish Government is dead to every consideration but that of force. Whether it be the religious idea of yielding only where there is a necessity for yielding, or dread of popular opinion, or unwillingness to reflect on their weak and embarrassed situation, or mere Turkish obstinacy, it is altogether impossible to bring them to any reasonable determination by force of argument. . . . I am persuaded that the apprehension of force itself to have decisive effect upon the Turkish Government must not be remote or uncertain. . . .

That suspicious mistrust of the enemies of their faith and of the ancient opponents of their establishment in Europe, which has coexisted with them for ages, is at this moment particularly active. The question on which it shews itself with the greatest acrimony is that of Greece. The Sultan's bosom is the special depositary of this sentiment; and his ministers, who of all his subjects alone dare to mingle in public affairs, are not only the official instruments of his authority, but are so intimidated by their ideas of his severity and means of observing their conduct, as scarcely to acknowledge their natural capacity for entertaining an opinion of their own.

Again :—

LXXXI. 30 June

This disposition to turn every event to the prejudice of those who represent the powers of Christendom at the Sultan's court has of late years been reduced into a system. To whatever cause the change may be attributable, whether to the sovereign, to the policy of foreign courts, or to any improper degree of pliancy in the diplomatic body, there is not a dragoman in the service of this or any other mission who is not struck with the increased pretensions of the Porte and the increased difficulties which beset the transactions of business with the Turkish ministers. . . . Some of the leading principles on which the Porte seems to regulate its intercourse with the foreign missions are these : to commit itself to writing as seldom as possible ; to hold no personal communication as long as it can be avoided with the foreign ministers ; to reduce the immunities enjoyed by the Franks to the strict letter of the capitulations ; to limit the effect of stipulations favourable to their privileges by forced and evasive constructions ; to establish cases of exception destructive of treaty rights on the plea of the sovereign's prerogative ; to impair on every favourable occasion those circumstances of dignity, service, and authority, which display and indeed constitute the independence of a foreign embassy in this half-barbarous and fanatic country : in a word, to shew no favour and

to do no justice but what is absolutely necessary to avoid a rupture and to maintain the usual diplomatic relations. 1826 ÆT. 39

Whatever arguments might be brought to bear upon the Sultan, it was clear that they must be sought from other sources than the immediate interests of Turkey or friendly consideration for Christian powers. The first attack was to be upon philanthropic grounds. As George Canning had written in January, the "barbarization" of the Morea was a much higher ground of mediation than any that had before presented itself. It was rumoured that Ibrahim Pasha intended to exterminate the population, or at least to transplant and expatriate them, and fill the country with Egyptians and Arabs. This was something that might perhaps form a ground of remonstrance and even intervention; but unfortunately it was not true, or if the idea had once been entertained, it had certainly been abandoned. Later on, the atrocities of the Egyptians in the Morea, the wholesale massacres and enslavings, the hundreds of pairs of ears nailed over the Seraglio gate as trophies of war, formed a new basis of remonstrance; but when these enormities were urged, the Reis Efendi would shrug his shoulders, deny some reports, call others exaggerations, and finally retort that the Greeks were quite as bad themselves. This was unhappily true enough, as the fall of Navarino and Tripolitza had shewn; the rebels took their full share of treachery and murder, and Canning himself was obliged to admit that, wishing well as he must to the Greeks, "there is no denying that with few exceptions they are a most rascally set."

Setting aside, then, philanthropic grounds, which were rather thrown away upon the Ottomans, and which admitted of the retort of provocation, a remonstrance might be made upon the piratical state of the archipelago. George Canning, feeling perhaps that his "higher ground" for poor humanity's sake might not prove a firm footing for negotiation, suggested that it might be well to press the more earthly policy of our "commercial grievances." "Take them up, and press them hard. If we are to have a quarrel we must have the mercantile interest with us: hitherto their claims have been somewhat postponed to Russian accommodation. Take them up now." To G. Canning, 1 July

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The piracy had indeed gone to such lengths that it formed a proper subject of remonstrance on the part of a ship-holding nation; but the worst part of the matter was that the pirates were for the most part Greeks, and when pressed on the subject the Reis Efendi had the obvious reply "Let us put down our rebellious rayas in Greece, without any more of this foreign meddling and disavowed support to the rebels, and you will soon hear no more of piracy." The answer was so true that it was hardly worth while provoking it; but it took a longer experience than Canning even had yet had of the Porte to realize that Turks are not always quite such fools as they look. The experiment was tried and failed. It does not appear to have been tried again for some time.

What remained, when friendly mediation based upon presumed Turkish interests, upon humane grounds, and commercial considerations, in turn proved useless? Missolonghi had fallen in April and this success naturally increased the determination of the Turks not to listen to terms of dismemberment. There was not an arrow left in the quiver of diplomacy to let fly at the Sultan. Canning had seen from the beginning that force was the only remedy, and he had striven hard to lead his cousin to something "more or less coercive" but "just short of war." So far however he had not been able to obtain sufficiently forcible instructions.

Whatever the Foreign Secretary might think about employing an English menace, there could be no doubt about the policy of harping on the old Russian string, and holding before the eyes of Turkish ministers the chances of a war with the Czar. But just at this moment a change came over the ostensible policy of Russia. Nicholas did not appear to have inherited his brother's Greek mantle: Alexander died with threats of war on his lips; but Nicholas delivered himself of pacific utterances, and a general impression prevailed that he would not lift a finger to help the Greeks, whatever he might do to settle the outstanding claims which still kept the Russian ambassador away from Constantinople. The Duke of Wellington, who had gone to St. Petersburg on a complimentary visit upon the Emperor's accession (and with some ulterior views), was completely deceived by these protestations,

and sent to Constantinople the following private letter, along with a "lecture" (as Canning called it), to be administered, if the ambassador thought fit, to the Reis Efendi: 1826 ÆT. 39

My dear Sir,—I inclose a letter which I think you had better at once communicate *in extenso* to the Reis Efendi. It is precisely the truth as it exists here; and the government of the Porte had better know it. St. Petersburg, 27 March 15

The Porte may rely upon it that the present Emperor will never interfere in the cause of the Greeks excepting as our own Government would in the form of a friend, that is as long as he remains at peace. If in a state of hostility of course H.I.M. will avail himself of every instrument which can be of service to his own cause, and injurious to his enemy. But if at peace with the Porte H.I.M. will not interfere excepting as a friend. I am likewise quite certain that the desire here is to finish all little questions with the Porte and to remain at peace.

It is impossible that the Ottoman Government should not see that all the advantage of a final settlement is on their side; and that they should not take the first step towards such settlement particularly on points in which justice is already on the side of the Emperor. I have therefore thought it best to write down clearly and distinctly what I saw and know to be going on here.

Of course I can give you no instructions, but I consider myself responsible for the advice I give you to shew the official letter which I send with this.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,
WELLINGTON.

Of course the news was *not* communicated *in extenso* to the Reis Efendi. To have let the Turks know that they had nothing to fear from Russia would have been cutting away the last plank that might carry him across the stream,- apart from certain doubts which Canning felt as to the correctness of the Duke's conclusions. He decided to communicate part of the "lecture," but was not very sorry when the Reis declined to hear it. The English Government, as afterwards appeared, shared its ambassador's doubts and approved his discretion. The decision of Russia, if true, was, he felt, the *coup de grâce* to mediation: and George Canning admitted that the communication to the Turks of such a decision, which he believed to be a blind, would be most "mischievous." From G. Canning, XI. 26 April

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I fear his grace will feel disappointment at the barbarous manner in which I have kept his lights under a bushel, and so do I, for I should have liked exceedingly to use them at once.

To G. Canning, 29 April

The assurances given by the Duke that the Emperor Nicholas thinks no more of Greece as a ground of quarrel with the Porte are very satisfactory to all lovers of peace; but how am I to persuade the Turks that we have not been the master movers in the Greek question? If these assurances be true, as I suppose they are, the Emperor having held the same language to the Archduke d'Este,—I take it for granted that there is an end of attempting to mediate for Greece. To friendly mediation there is no chance whatever of obtaining the Sultan's consent; and a compulsory one you will hardly be inclined to adopt while Russia is disposed to be quiet. Yet without assistance or friendly interference from without, the Greeks appear to have no chance of final success. They are already become very discreditable belligerents, and without any further reverses the mere lapse of time, if it brings them no succour, must lower them more and more, and render them, if it has not already rendered them, unfit objects of neutral respect.

I had really hoped that the time was come when, using a warlike language for the sake of avoiding war, but prepared for the worst, you would have enabled me to force the Sultan's hands. But if every prospect of this kind be removed, allow me to ask, with due respect, whether we shall not soon find ourselves in a very awkward position between Turkish ill-humour, and Greek piracy, and the clamour of the Allies against our neutrality?

v. 20 March

Throughout the spring he had warned the Porte not to trust to Russia's protestations of guileless innocence, though the Austrian Internuncio had been equally earnest in the contrary sense. The Duke of Wellington's letter seemed to upset his work; when, almost at the same moment, he regained confidence on hearing that an ultimatum had just been presented to the Porte by the Russian chargé d'affaires demanding three specified points relating to the Danubian provinces, Servia, and some other unsettled matters, on pain of war. This ultimatum had been despatched from St. Petersburg without Wellington's knowledge, and the circumstance did not tend to strengthen his Grace's opinion of Russian honesty. It is true Greece was not mentioned in the ultimatum; but the document was enough to raise up all the old Russian panic in Turkey, and to counteract any

5 April

soothing effects which the previous pacific declarations of the Czar might have produced. At all events it emphatically confirmed Canning's warnings, and his cousin was not slow to congratulate him as a true prophet. 1826 ÆT. 39

From G. Canning, 26 April

You have *beau jeu* now with your misbelievers.

They were convinced that the Emperor of Russia would not go to war. You told them that he would. Behold the verification of your warnings.

They believed that we and all Europe should oppose him if he did. You warned them not to trust to that expectation. Behold the war coming, and none stirs to avert it.

More recently all your colleagues told them that the Emperor cared not about the Greeks. Somebody else will have told *you* so too and will perhaps have restrained you from contradicting your colleagues. Behold, you are now authorized to say that Russia joins with us as to the question of the Morea, and to insinuate that we may join with Russia hereafter if the Turks will not come to some understanding with us about the Greeks.

The last sentence refers to a very important step in the Greek question. By a Protocol signed at St. Petersburg on April 4 by Wellington, Nesselrode and Lieven, Russia and England agreed to concert joint measures for the pacification of Greece. Stratford Canning's report of his interview off Hydra had done its work: his cousin told him

From G. Canning, 23 Sept.

It is not only that the Protocol *defines* and limits the considerations, which had been always hitherto left indefinite and unlimited: but it is that, *but for* your conference with the Greeks on your way to Constantinople (the unofficial prelude to the official demand of our mediation) *there would have been no Protocol.*

The Hydra interview was in fact the basis of that instrument alone; for the formal application of the States-General for English mediation was not made till after the signature of the Protocol.

The Turks meanwhile had agreed (4 May) to the three points of the Russian ultimatum, their plenipotentiaries had set off to meet their antagonists at Akkerman, and Canning was at leisure to consider the new aspect of affairs.

To G. Canning, 30 May

Now that the Russian squall is over, and that the scene of discussion, by a kind of diplomatic justice, is removed from Constanti-

1825 noble to the very spot where so many attempts have been made on
– the peace of Europe, the Greek question expands into the vacant
Æt. 39 space and occupies almost exclusively my thoughts and my time. It is painful, however, to find that the more one reflects upon the subject, the more desperate it seems to become.

With the Russians—I do not mean the Russians of February, but the Russians of March—you have had unexpected success. The other allies, however recalcitrant at first, will probably be led by a little management to follow in your train. The Greeks are now, and are likely to be for a month or two to come, in a better condition for reasonable negotiations than they have been at any time before. But here end our facilities. The Sultan and his Divan are what I have described them to be in my despatches. The worst of it is that in order to carry the fortress, one must overleap the outworks and attack the citadel first. But how are we to attack it?—By friendly suggestions for the welfare of the Turkish Empire? The Turks will say that they are themselves the best judges of their own interest. By urgent representations as to the state of commerce in the Levant? The Porte will reply that she is not to blame for outrages committed by rebels and privateers, who, if they had not been countenanced by foreign Powers, would have been put down long ago. By touching appeals to the humanity of the Sultan? His Highness will assure us that his wrath is only kindled against malefactors, and that the best humanity is to repress and punish them with the utmost energy. By way of *envelope* to these answers we shall have the general conclusive assertion that the Greek contest is a purely internal affair with which we foreigners have no business to meddle.

If England and Russia, or if England alone, were prepared upon this to carry matters to extremity,—if one or both could even appear for a season to be so determined, I have little doubt that the Porte would tremble, and that Austria, dreading a rupture, would plead in good earnest the cause of humanity identified with that of peace. A fresh effort under such circumstances would in all probability overcome the scruples of the Sultan, especially if it were made while the issue of Russian negotiations in Moldavia is uncertain. But surely you can never expect to have more than a semblance of support from P. Metternich as long as he conceives that no breach of the peace will result from the Sultan's refusal of your offers. Sir Henry Wellesley has apprised you of his ill-humour not only on first hearing of the protocol but in subsequent conversations: and I find that my French and Russian colleagues more than suspect the Internuncio of having played them false when the proposal of mediation was made last year.

With respect to the Russians, as far as I can judge from what I

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see here, they seem to be hot upon the settlement of their own squabbles with the Porte ; and the Turks, I think, are evidently of the same mind. The question of the Asiatic fortresses does indeed present a formidable difficulty, supposing that Russia means to keep them ; but a sincere desire of peace on both sides may easily suggest to the one and reconcile to the other the idea of an equivalent. M de Ribeaupierre, Russian envoy at Constantinople, after a settlement in full of all disputes exclusively Russian, would no doubt contribute his quota of cogent and affecting paragraphs for the reduction of the Sultan's obstinacy, but I do not feel any confidence that the result would be essentially altered by the friendly representations of Russia with her sword not only sheathed—but thus rammed down into the scabbard.

He supplemented this letter on 4 June by dwelling further upon the resistance of the Turks, and asked whether it might not be possible to work upon the Pasha of Egypt :—

To G. Canning, 4 June

These rascally Turks continue as impracticable as ever. They are so not only about Greece but in every matter of business that one has to transact with them. They are much worse than when I was here last ; and I feel that, with every advantage of station and political circumstance of a general nature, I have infinitely less influence than when I was a beardless minister here fourteen years ago. Liston spoiled them, and Strangford spoiled them, and Austria and Prussia spoil them now. One almost longs to bring the reckoning once for all to a good settlement with them. *Quousque tandem ?* . . .

Would it be impossible to enlist the Viceroy of Egypt—if you do not go to war with him—in the service of Greek mediation . . . by holding out to him the prospect of a pashalik in Syria, in place of the Morea, and some assistance, if he behaves well, in his ship-building schemes ? . . . I perfectly understand that the Petersburg protocol does not mean *coercion*, but neither does it express any rejection of that instrument. Surely it is best for the Turks to suppose that coercion is intended.

Again he wrote a little later :—

To G. Canning, 1 July

I cannot but consider our situation here as becoming daily more critical. The Turks are fortunately weak, and the sense of their weakness keeps them to a certain degree in order ; but depend upon it that, one and all, they are greatly out of humour with us, and I am convinced that the Sultan in particular cherishes the most angry feelings towards us. There is but one language among people in office and even among those private individuals of whose opinion I happen

1826 to know anything. Great Britain is in short the *bête noire* of the day. I see no indication of anything friendly to be expected from
æt. 39 my colleagues, and I am much mistaken if even the Russian chargé d'affaires has implicit confidence in the existence of any partiality towards us on the part of his Court.

During the period of single-handed mediation on the part of England which lasted from the arrival of the British ambassador in February to the communication of the Petersburg Protocol to him in May, the conduct of the other foreign ministers at the Porte contributed in no small degree to aggravate the difficulties and unpleasantness of the task. "My colleagues of the Holy Alliance are watching my steps with great eagerness" wrote Canning in March: and so long as their attitude was simply eager there was no reason to complain. They could hardly be expected to coöperate cordially with England in her attempt to accomplish singly what they had jointly failed to do. England had refused to support them in the previous year, and it was natural that they should look on with spiteful satisfaction while she vainly tried to do alone what she had been unwilling to perform at their side. But that they should intrigue to defeat an end which by whomsoever accomplished they had by their action admitted to be essential to the peace of Europe and the interests of civilization was dishonest. Probably no chapter of diplomacy if fully revealed would display so shameful a series of falsehoods and unworthy stratagems as that which included the early negotiations for the pacification of Greece. Canning had not been long in the Mediterranean when he discovered that "the French and Austrians appear to aim at a monopoly of intrigues" in Greece, but it was not till he had been some months at Constantinople that he began to sound the depths of treachery by which his movements were surrounded. With the Russian chargé d'affaires, indeed, he never had the smallest ground of complaint. M. Minziaki, who conducted the affairs of the Czar pending the full restoration of diplomatic relations with the Porte by the arrival of an ambassador, was "a sensible quiet well-conducted man, up to his business and void of pretension." Canning trusted him fully in such matters as they had in common, but Greece was

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not one of these. M. Minziaki had no instructions on that subject; or rather the new policy of his Court, which consisted in concluding its own disputes with Turkey before touching upon those of Greece, required him to keep his mind blank on the chief question of the hour. With some of the smaller envoys also, as Baron Zuylen van Nyeveldt of the Netherlands, and Marquis de Grovallo of Sardinia, Canning was on cordial terms, and found a sympathetic and sensible adviser in the Dutchman. The French ambassador, Count Guilleminot, was on leave of absence during the earlier months of his residence. When he arrived he proved to be "a soldier of fortune, who boasted that he had fired the first and the last cannon shot in the wars of the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration." The English Embassy was "on pleasant terms with him and his family," but his conduct did not always appear free from the disposition to intrigue which had admittedly characterized the French during the early years of the Greek war of independence. France, uncertain of the issue of the struggle, was seeking to ingratiate herself with both sides, and among her designs was the coronation of the Duc de Nemours as king of Greece, should there ever be such a potentate. It is only fair to add that this double action ceased when France joined England and Russia in adherence to the protocol of April and the subsequent treaty of July, and that Count Guilleminot then spared no endeavour to support his British colleague.

The arch-intriguers at Constantinople were the representatives of Austria and Prussia. Prince Metternich, whatever his public declarations may have been, never ceased to maintain in secret his determined opposition to every attempt to restore the Greeks to any form, however qualified, of independence. The Internuncio, Baron Ottenfels, willingly carried out his master's instructions, and seems to have felt no shame at the many underhand proceedings to which he was a party. He "had been educated for Eastern diplomacy in the college of Vienna, and from the bench of a student had passed through the successive stages of dragoman and secretary. His manners were those of the bureau under a slight envelope of literature and with a degree of nervous officious-

1826 ness which might have been mistaken for servility." But
Metternich's most valuable ally at Constantinople was the
Æt. 39 Prussian envoy, Baron Miltitz. This person was described by Canning as "a very clever, able, intriguing man, a skilled writer, and a dangerous intimate. His powerful intellect was masked by an impassive countenance. Its vigour was impaired by a susceptibility which is seldom the companion of such decided practical talent. He had been chamberlain to the Princess of Thurn und Taxis, and had attended on her service with more than a chamberlain's devotion when that lady honoured with her presence a ball given at my house at Bern some ten years before." There was no love lost between the ex-chamberlain and Canning. From the first Miltitz had gone about ridiculing the "presumption" of England's taking upon herself the task of single-handed mediation, and in the ordinary social civilities of diplomatic relations he shewed himself peculiarly touchy. He was known to contribute articles hostile to England to a scurrilous French print published at Smyrna, and on one occasion twisted the circumstance that an infant, who was born to Mrs. Canning in 1826 and died in a few hours, had been buried in a Greek cemetery, into a proof of Greek proclivities. The two embassies were soon on barely civil terms, and what followed did not draw them closer. The announcement which had greeted Canning on his arrival that there was a traitor in the embassy gathered fresh confirmation month by month. Miltitz used to frequent the house of one of the dragomans of the British Embassy, and there was a strong suspicion that there was more than a lady in the question. The following statement of a secretary of the British Embassy, written after the ambassador's return to England, gives the current view of these proceedings as known at Constantinople, though we trust for the honour of English statesmanship that the charge is not strictly accurate as against Lord Strangford, who was
See p. 395 note. undoubtedly indiscreet beyond credibility in corresponding secretly with Miltitz, and in suggesting various proposals in direct opposition to his instructions, but who could hardly have descended to a deliberate intrigue against his own Government's representative at the Porte.

On your preparing to come to this country the Prince of Vienna selected Stambol as the theatre where his great rival was to be overthrown. Mr. C.'s Eastern policy was to receive an éclatant discomfiture here and to react against him in England. His instruments were M. and C. and in England and Petersburg the *noble* diplomat A. *innocently* brought with him from England, from Str—d to M., Crabbe's *Synonyms*, which served as the cipher by which they corresponded. 1826 ÆT. 39 To S. C. Pera, 1829

From the first hour you set foot in this house, you were uniformly betrayed. All your words were taken down by the Baron at C.'s dictation. Your interviews with the R. E., in fact all the secrets confided by you, your opinions and views, were every evening registered, and the two villains saw each other and remained till late together in the morning constantly. They even carried the intrigue to the extent of patching together your different conversations with a view to making out that you were *aliéné d'esprit*. All your notes and transactions were written down and on their way to Vienna before your couriers.

I do not know whether you are exactly aware what produced the envoy's recall. When called upon to back by a joint representation your and R.'s joint démarche, he did so indeed by a public letter, whilst underhand he sent in to the Porte a most acrimonious invective against your namesake, and England and Russia ; and proposed to the Porte to throw herself upon the mediation of Austria, Prussia and *France* ! This was one great cause of his disgrace.

The preceding statement is not specifically endorsed by Canning, but there is abundant evidence in his despatches and letters that he suspected much if not all of what is there stated, though he decided rightly or wrongly that more injury would be done by disgracing the dragoman than by retaining and watching him. This did not prevent him from complaining in strong terms to his Government, and still more forcibly in private to his cousin, of the Prussian's conduct. In one of his letters he says that Miltitz "will have all my intimacy and confidence or be on no terms with me at all ; *Caesar aut nullus*. In truth Strangford spoilt him. He gave him the run of this house and the *archives*. Everyone speaks with disrespect of him ; yet he is clever enough and active enough and intriguing enough and agreeable enough to render his acquaintance generally acceptable." At the first hint George Canning told him to "snub Miltitz well and then leave him off To G. Canning, 30 May

1826 altogether; and let him complain" to his Government if he liked. The prime minister's reply to the later and graver charges of his cousin was never given, for the despatch containing them only arrived after his death. But Baron Miltitz was brought to justice eventually. The Nemesis attendant on his intrigues overtook him at a later period, but not till after the mischief they produced was complete. Suspicion dogged him till inquiry could not be avoided. M. de Canitz was the person commissioned to inquire, and the result of his investigations on the spot was a discovery which left no choice but the recall and dismissal of Baron Miltitz. Amongst other delinquencies it came out that he had sent to his Government official reports of conferences which had never taken place! Such was the man who had been Lord Strangford's confidant, and whose intimacy with the first interpreter was a constant thorn in Canning's side.

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It is not certain whether the Austrian Internuncio, while he was at one in policy with his Prussian colleague, was also a party to these peculiarly shameful intrigues. He may not perhaps have fallen quite so low as to bribe a dragoman's wife, but he did not scruple to manœuvre in a not less dishonest manner. Throughout the negotiations he secretly encouraged the Turks in their obstinate rejection of all offers of mediation, and it was only when he was found out, that he had to undergo the cruel humiliation of being disavowed by the Prince whose instructions he had but too faithfully obeyed. He expiated his offence by waiting on Canning under official compulsion to apologize for a mistake, which in truth was no mistake, and least of all on his part. His visit, watered with tears, moved the Englishman to pity, the more so as it was a *Circular*, in which the shame and the injustice struggled for priority. Even after this humiliation, there was ample reason to watch the conduct of Baron Ottenfels. Though Prince Metternich had thought fit to disavow his proceedings, yet from all that had passed it was impossible to doubt that there existed a complete understanding between Ottenfels and his Court as to the line he should pursue, and official information made it absolutely certain that Austria had

encouraged the Turks to resistance by the hope distinctly held out to them of an approaching division among the Allies. 1826 ÆT. 39

"If anyone exercised a decided influence over the Sultan as to the two great questions at issue it was Metternich the Austrian Chancellor. His counsels had the advantage of moving in cadence with Mahmud's determinations. He wished strongly for peace, but as little at the expense of Turkey as Russian ascendancy and Christian sympathy could by possibility allow. He was so much the dupe of his own illusions that the arguments he employed to keep the Porte in that groove of policy which best suited him carried with them all the weight of sincerity. He had chuckled in concert with Gentz over the Duke of Wellington's mission to Petersburg. He saw in that incident an opening for the increase of his influence with respect to Greek affairs, and an earnest of the pacific intentions embraced by the new Emperor of Russia. He reckoned upon being master of the situation. In his view Canning was the incendiary, and Wellington the fireman. MEMOIRS

"Great was his astonishment, and greater still his vexation, when the Protocol signed by the Duke and Count Nesselrode exploded at his feet. Austria could have no part in the construction of the combustible shell, and the vacancy caused by her was in due season filled up by France. Nor was this the only shock which Prince Metternich had to sustain. The Emperor of Russia did not remain long in that coil which had been construed at Vienna into an attitude of peace. He roused his dozing pretensions on Turkey and sent an ultimatum to Minziaki for immediate presentation to the Porte. This act of vigour intimating serious resolutions on the part of Nicholas had an effect such as my friendly, though monitory, exhortations failed to produce. It confirmed most emphatically the truth of what I had urged, but came with a force entirely its own. [The three points demanded were speedily conceded:] the release of the Servian deputies detained as hostages, the withdrawal of what remained of Turkish militia [under the cloak of police] in the Danubian Principalities, and 5 April 6 May

1826 the Porte's consent to arrange the remaining differences by a convention, were its almost immediate results.

ÆT. 39 "As Russia at the same time assumed the appearance of taking only a secondary interest in the affairs of Greece, I found myself exposed to additional odium, as sole intercessor for the Greeks, whose approaching exhaustion was testified
19 April by their internal dissensions, demonstrated by the conditions I was authorized to offer on their behalf, and crowned by the
24 April surrender of Missolonghi. Naturally enough in such a state of things the Sultan reckoned upon an early and unlimited triumph over the insurrection, and not the less so since the Egyptians under Ibraham Pasha had joined the Grand Vezir's army and brought a considerable squadron to support his operations as well by sea as by land.

"Much, as I have already shewn, had already occurred to contract my sphere of action, and in the narrow field which remained to me, I had to encounter intrigue and treachery. I watched, however, for opportunities of making some impression on the Turkish ministers, and I was careful not only to give them information bearing on our mutual position, but to put the true colouring on such proceedings of Austria and Prussia as were calculated to mislead them. All was to no purpose. They preferred cajolery to truth, and at a later period the same obstinate mistrust with which they had met my suggestions proved deaf to the broadsides of Navarino and blind to the departure of the three embassies."

The single-handed mediation of England had been tried and had failed. That anyone could have supposed that it would succeed is the surprizing thing about it. The English ambassador had no effective weapon to strike down the Sultan's rigid guard; and mere argument was so much wasted breath. "When I look back" wrote Lord Stratford, "after an interval of forty years, to the whole of the circumstances, it appears to me quite clear that the success I so ardently desired was a simple impossibility."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIBERATION OF GREECE.

III. NAVARINO.

1826-27.

"MUCH discontent and fermentation had prevailed among the Janissaries for some time. They had shewn a great reluctance to take the field, and the Sultan was in consequence unable to count upon their fidelity. They apprehended a revival of the new organization which they had successfully resisted in the days of Sultan Selim, and Mahmud had strengthened their fears by making away in secret, one after another, with many of their number who were suspected of entertaining rebellious designs. I remember that in crossing the Golden Horn from time to time I had observed loose mats floating here and there upon the water, and that in answer to my inquiries I had been told in a mysterious manner that they had served for covering to bodies thrown after private execution into the harbour, and had risen to the surface when detached from their contents by the process of decomposition. It was in June when the conspiracy, if such it was, assumed the character of an open revolt. I had sent off a messenger in the night, and had not been long in bed, when my sleep was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a dragoman, who announced that the Janissaries 'were up.' I asked whether the courier had actually set out, and being told that he was still within reach, I wrote a supplementary despatch to the Secretary of State, and proceeded to dress. Soon afterwards a message came in from some of the merchants requesting that I would obtain an extra guard for their protection. I lost no time in applying as they wished to the Janissary Agha, and

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I received for reply an assurance that he could not spare any of his soldiers until their safety was secured, but that he would then send as many as I liked, and that meanwhile there was nothing to fear. Later in the morning I walked out into the garden. I had not been long there, when I perceived that some one from behind was lifting the skirt of my coat. On turning I recognized the commander of our Turkish guard, himself a Janissary, almost on his knees in a posture of supplication. There was no need of language to tell me that the revolt had failed, and positive intelligence soon followed to confirm that impression. It became more and more manifest with every passing hour that the Government had secured its authority, and we could do nothing better than to wait patiently for the final result. The weather was hot, and we dined at an early hour. My seat at table fronted the windows which commanded a view of Stambol beyond the Golden Horn, and I had scarcely taken my place when I observed two slender columns of smoke rising above the opposite horizon. What could they mean? I asked, and the reply informed me that the Sultan's people had fired the barracks of the Janissaries, who had no resource but to fly. To fly, if they could—but in truth they were hard pressed, numbers perished on the spot and those who got away found it very difficult, if not impossible, to evade the subsequent pursuit of justice.

"The Sultan was determined to make the most of his victory. From the time of his cousin Selim's death, he had lived in dread of the Janissaries. A strong impression must have been made upon his mind by the personal danger which he had then encountered. It was said that he had escaped with his life by getting into an oven when the search for him was hottest. His duty as sovereign gave strength as well as dignity to his private resentment. That celebrated militia, which in earlier times had extended the bounds of the Empire, and given the title of conqueror to so many of the Sultans, which had opened the walls of Constantinople itself to their triumphant leader, the second Mohammed, was now to be swept away with an unsparing hand and to make room for a new order of things, for a disciplined army, and a charter of reform. From these high claims to honour and confidence they had

sadly declined. They had become the masters of the Government, the butchers of their sovereigns, and a source of terror to all but the enemies of their country. Whatever compassion might be felt for individual sufferers, including as they did the innocent with the guilty, it could hardly be said that their punishment as a body was untimely or undeserved. There is something so monstrous and unnatural in the assumption of despotic power by a soldiery, the very principle of whose existence is subordination to authority! the Praetorian Guard, the Streltzi, and the Janissaries, imperishable monuments on the roadside of history, each presenting a twofold moral in the causes of their creation and in those of their downfall. 1826 — ÆT. 39

"These reflections, I confess, did not occur to me at the time. I was shocked by the amount of bloodshed and suffering. Political considerations swayed me less powerfully than the sympathies of humanity. The complaints of those who were doomed to destruction found no echo in the bosoms of their conquerors. They were mostly citizens having their wives, their children, or their parents, to witness the calamity which they had brought in thunder on their necks. Many had fallen under the Sultan's artillery; many were fugitives and outlaws. The mere name of Janissary, compromised or not by an overt act, operated like a sentence of death. A special commission sat for the trial, or rather for the condemnation of crowds. Every victim passed at once from the tribunal into the hands of the executioner. The bowstring and the scimitar were constantly in play. People could not stir from their houses without the risk of falling in with some horrible sight. The Sea of Marmora was mottled with dead bodies. Nor was the tragedy confined to Constantinople and its neighbourhood. Messengers were sent in haste to every provincial city where any considerable number of Janissaries existed, and the slightest tendency to insurrection was so promptly and effectually repressed, that no disquieting reports were conveyed to us from any quarter of the Empire. Not a day passed without my receiving a requisition from the Porte calling upon me to send thither immediately the officer and soldiers comprising my official guard. I had no reason to

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suppose that any of them had been concerned in the revolt, and I was pretty sure that they could not repair to the Porte without imminent danger of being sacrificed. I ventured therefore to detain them day after day, first on one pretext then on another, until, at the end of a week, the fever at head-quarters had so far subsided as to open a door for reflection and mercy. Relying on this abatement of wrath I complied, and the interpreter whom I directed to accompany them, gave every assurance on their behalf which I was entitled to offer. The men were banished from the capital but their lives were spared, and many years later I was much pleased by a visit from their officer, who displayed his gratitude by coming from a distance on foot to regale me with a bunch of dried grapes and a pitcher of choice water. Let me add that this instance of good feeling on the part of a Turk towards a Christian is only one of many which have come to my knowledge."

The official papers of the Embassy supply a graphic picture of this reign of terror. Here, for example, is the ordinary daily report of one of the interpreters :—

From B. Pisani, Pera, Friday, 16 June

Things continue in a violent combustion, or rather a merciless inquisition; for every corner of the town is searched, and every Janissary and officer that is caught is conducted to the Grand Vezir and by him ordered to death, and executed *ipso facto*, when the corpse is thrown in the middle of the Hippodrome to remain three days.

The G. Vezir with every one of the ministers . . . have all taken up their quarters at the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, where Mahomet's standard is still displayed—and immense numbers of Turks rallying under it to support the Sultan's cause.

All the public offices are shut up ; the markets suspended; and no business of any sort attended to.

To-day have been strangled *forty-seven* individuals of whom four Chiorbajis and seven Ustas. No quarter is given to anyone.

The Gr. Signior's procession going to the Mosque to-day was composed of Topjis and Khumbaragis; not the shadow of a Janissary.—Five thousand men arrived this day from the different towns near Scutari; and more are expected to come in.

The name of Janissary is held in abhorrence by every rank; and it is credibly asserted, that Sultan Mahmud's resolution is to suppress the whole corps, and that name to be effaced for ever from the annals of the Empire.

On 17 June the formal abolition of the corps of Janissaries was solemnly proclaimed by the Imam in the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed in the presence of Mahmud himself. The Holy Standard was taken within the Seraglio Court, and thither all the official members of the Government flocked for safety and council. On the 20th :— 1826 ÆT. 39

To G. Canning. LXXI.

The Sultan's ministers are still encamped in the Outer Court of the Seraglio, and I grieve to add that frequent executions continue to take place under their very eyes. This afternoon, when the person to whom I have already alluded was standing near the Reis Efendi's tent, his attention was suddenly caught by the sound of drums and fifes, and on turning round he saw, to his utter astonishment, a body of Turks in various dresses, but armed with muskets and bayonets, arranged in European order, and going through the new form of exercise. He supposes the number to have been about two thousand, but never before having seen troops in line he may have been deceived in this particular. He says that the men acted by word of command, both in marching and in handling their arms. The Sultan, who was at first stationed at the window within sight, descended after a time, and passed the men in review. His Highness was dressed in the *Egyptian* fashion, armed with pistols and sabre, and on his head in place of the Imperial turban was a sort of Egyptian bonnet.

Among the arrests which took place yesterday one was of a singular and truly Oriental character. Some porters engaged in carrying a large box or trunk in the manner of this country had occasion to pass near one of the numerous stations where guards are now posted. They happened to stop there for a few moments, and as they were relieving themselves from their burthen, one of the guards was struck with the appearance of the chest and inquired what it contained. The porters answered that they knew nothing about it, and were preparing to proceed, when the chest seemed to move of itself in a strange and mysterious manner. The guard was inquisitive and insisted upon opening it. This was done, and a man was discovered in the inside. Chest and man, the envelope and the enclosure, were both incontinently conveyed to the Seraskier of Constantinople, who found on examination that his prize was one of the principal mutineers for whom he had been making search in every direction. The culprit was again packed up in his case and taken before the Vezir, who, in his turn, thought that the Sultan himself should take cognizance of so curious and interesting an affair. The Sultan, after inquiry into the circumstances, gave orders that the man should be kept in close confinement.

This prisoner and another were brought out immediately after the

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review by the Sultan's command and placed in his sight, opposite to the soldiers, who again went through a part of their exercise. When this was completed the prisoners were led off to execution, while some of the bystanders were overheard to applaud the ingenuity of their master, in thus exhibiting to the authors of the revolt, when on the point of death, a palpable proof of the triumph of his favourite scheme.

22 June

All is as quiet here as the bowstring and sabre can make it. Six thousand individuals have been executed; nearly five thousand sent away. Executions and transportations go on incessantly. The ministers are likely to stay some weeks at the Seraglio. The Sultan has been seen in an Egyptian dress reviewing some of the new troops. Great efforts are making to increase them. The reforms in contemplation are immensely extensive. Everything seems changed or changing. Troops of the usual Turkish character are expected from the country. We are anxious to hear from the provincial cities. It is impossible to look forward without much uneasiness.

LXXII.

Rank, poverty, age and numbers are alike impotent to shelter those who are known as culprits or marked as victims. It is confidently asserted that a register has been kept of all persons who since the accession of the Sultan have in any way shewn a disposition to favour the designs of the Janissaries, and that all such individuals are diligently sought out and cut off as soon as discovered. Respectable persons are seized in the streets and hurried before the Seraskier or Grand Vezir for immediate judgment. There are instances of elderly men having pleaded a total ignorance of the late conspiracy, and being reminded of some petty incident which happened twenty years ago, in proof of their deserving condign punishment as abettors of the Janissaries. Whole companies of labouring men are seized and either executed or forcibly obliged to quit Constantinople. . . .

The entrance to the Seraglio, the shore under the Sultan's windows, and the sea itself, are crowded with dead bodies—many of them torn and in part devoured by the dogs. . . . A tribunal, formed of the Grand Vezir, the Mufti, and the principal Ulema is constantly sitting to decide without appeal upon cases brought before it.

Before this tribunal a man was acquitted for complicity in the revolt upon the testimony of nine respectable inhabitants. By some means he was afterwards induced to confess his guilt, upon which the whole ten were executed. Another man turned "Sultan's evidence" on promise of safety, and was slaughtered as soon as his information was out of his mouth. Executions were carried out at various stated centres and also promiscuously in the streets. One of the embassy

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dragomans saw an old man of eighty stretched out at the gate of the Seraglio; another saw a man being strangled face upwards in the road. Eighteen thousand were exiled to Asia in the first fortnight. Canning might well call the reign of terror "an awful visitation." Europeans even were not exempt. A student of the French Embassy was put into irons for nothing, an Austrian apothecary was bastinadoed for not sweeping the road in front of his shop, and one of the Internuncio's dragomans actually died from the effects of a beating. No one was suffered to appear in the streets after dark. The murder of a Jewish banker excited universal alarm by the peculiar treachery of its execution. The unfortunate man was enjoying his *keyf* late one evening when he received a visit from a Turkish officer with whom he was on very friendly terms. Pipes and coffee were discussed with every appearance of good feeling, when the visitor gravely announced that he brought the Sultan's order for the banker's instant execution. The wretched victim protested in vain; his head was struck off on his own staircase in the presence of his weeping family, and his body was thrown out before the door. His property was seized by the Sultan, who was supposed to have put him out of the way simply, as Canning grimly expressed it, "as a financial measure."

XCII. 12 Aug.

The many atrocities of this terrible time might, one would think, have produced a counter-revolution: but the people were numbed by the suddenness and severity of the blow, and any attempts at conspiracies against the Sultan were easily and summarily subdued. Canning looked on in amazement as he saw matters quieting down, and the Sultan's authority growing daily more assured. The Janissaries were exterminated; the capital had been deluged with blood; yet no one raised a hand or uttered a protest.

XCII. 12 Aug.

The facility with which this important triumph has been achieved is really astonishing. Unless the world has completely misconceived the power of the Janissaries and the extent of their connexions, a large and important part of the population must be secretly dissatisfied with the new order of things, and be patient under it only through fear and a want of combination. Yet there is no denying that the opinions of respectable men, as far as they can be ascertained, are in favour of the change. The energy of the Government and the con-

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currence of the Ulema must have a powerful effect on the people at large. Whatever the Porte may have to apprehend is, therefore, less attributable to the friends of the abolished institution than to the severity of the Sultan's measures, and the inadequacy of his resources.

The loyalty and devotion of the people were roused by the peril to which their sovereign was exposed on 15 June. The sudden overthrow of the mutineers, and the sanguinary measures which ensued, have struck a panic throughout the nation. But to perpetuate the effect of these impressions more is wanting than the mere destruction of an institution, the nurse indeed of rebellion, but also a main source of the greatness and glory of the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan must shew that he can sheath his sword when justice is satisfied; and that in forming a new army he not only provides for the defence of his country, but knows how to secure the enjoyment of an independent authority.

MEMOIRS.

"The principal agent in banishing the privileged corps of Janissaries did not come under my notice till more than twenty years after their overthrow. He had been a member of that body himself, and was well versed in all their topics of complaint and mutinous plans. It was generally believed that the information on which the Sultan had acted came from him, and consequently that the most dangerous characters who had been gradually put out of the way, owed their fate to his clandestine denunciations. His name was Huseyn. He was a man of plain common sense, of determined resolution, and of great bodily strength. He had been recently made commander of the forts situated at the entrance of the Black Sea and along the course of the Bosphorus, which appointment was a signal mark of the Sultan's favour and also of his confidence. News of the revolt had no sooner reached him than he threw himself into a boat, and went with all speed to the Seraglio where Sultan Mahmud was then residing. He found his Majesty, as he told me himself long after, pacing his apartment with agitated steps. He prevailed on him to sit down, and made an offer of his services to quell the mutiny. The offer was graciously accepted, and leaving the Sultan somewhat tranquillized in the silent seclusion of his palace, he went forth on his Turkish pony, armed indeed with the Imperial authority, but escorted only by two followers. He had not gone far on his way to the At-Meydan, an open space

in the city where the leading mutineers were assembled, when he was recognized by two of the party, who cursed him for a traitor and levelled their muskets at his breast. Before they could fire he was up with them, and seizing the nearest, turned him round to the rear, where he was instantly despatched by the armed attendants. Clear of this danger Huseyn lost no time in pressing on to the critical spot, and having obtained the command of one or more pieces of artillery blazed away without preface or demur at the astonished Janissaries. The usage on such occasions had hitherto been to commence with a parley; but Huseyn knew his ground too well to admit of any such formality, and it is more than probable that an extreme measure had been concerted beforehand for eventual execution. Be that as it may, a sense of his own peril must have stimulated him to strike at once for the whole stake, and a complete dispersion of his enemies proved the correctness of his judgment. Undaunted and unhurt he returned to the seat of his command above the castles, and there is reason to believe that the judicial massacre which ensued received an ample contribution from that quarter. That numerous executions took place there as well as elsewhere can hardly be doubted. Late one night I looked out on the Bosphorus from my bed-room window at Therapia, and saw a human face glide slowly by on its surface. Had I watched frequently, it is but too probable that I should have seen many more. 1826 ÆT. 39

"Mahmud was now the master. Other successes which he had obtained over turbulent governors like Ali of Janina, or landowners too powerful to be always trusted, were only stepping stones to the last victory. He had little henceforward to apprehend from within. But there was no lack of danger from without, and the means of resistance were yet in embryo."

The suppression of the Janissaries to be permanently or extensively beneficial must be followed up by other and deeper reforms. To effect such changes, knowledge, money, and time are wanting, in addition to an unprejudiced as well as a most resolute and persevering mind in the Sovereign. But knowledge must flow into this country from Christendom, which it is now a marked feature of the Sultan's policy to keep aloof. Money, as the days of conquest CXXVI. 30 Sept.

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are over, must be raised by encouraging trade and production, whereas the system of the Turkish Government has long acted in the opposite direction. With respect to time, a declining and enfeebled empire is perilously dependent on the forbearance of its neighbours.

With these considerations in view it is impossible to look upon the present state of things as fixed, and it is most probable that at no very distant period the Ottoman Government will be constrained by the fear of worse to renounce a large portion of its fanatical prejudices, and to be content to receive the elements of political instruction from one or more of the Christian Powers.

MEMOIRS.

"The Janissaries had perished; a regular army was to be created. The task, moreover, was urgent, and the Sultan set about it in good earnest. He shook off the habits of an indolent, luxurious life. He took an active part in training the new battalions. European officers were employed for their instruction. He assisted in person at their exercises."

CXI. 8 Sept.

He is said to have succeeded lately in obtaining a translation of the manual used in the French army and with so much delight as to declare that he would not allow it to be used by his officers but would exercise the privilege of diffusing it amongst them himself as soon as he should have thoroughly imbibed its contents. Observing one day while he was at prayers that the officiating chaplain had not taken his position so as to look precisely towards Mecca, his Highness is said to have corrected him by calling out the word of command, "to the right about."

MEMOIRS.

"Camps were formed around Constantinople. The foundations of vast barracks were laid on both sides of the Bosphorus. In short, the old military genius of Turkey seemed to have sprung into fresh life. The forms were changed, the spirit was the same. The head of the nation was once more a Sultan not only in title but in act and power.

"This revival in the department of arms had very important consequences in that of politics. Russia began to fear that the prey on which her eyes had been so long fixed even to fascination would escape her. Greece palpitating under the pressure of superior forces hoped to obtain a breathing time, precious, though it might prove of short duration. England felt a certain reluctance to take advantage of the Sultan's precarious and unguarded position. In general throughout Europe a mixed emotion of surprize and admira-

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tion retarded for a time the flow of sentiments unfriendly to the Porte. The Greeks, however, in their extremity had awakened sympathies which were not slow to produce a counteracting effect. The fall of Missolonghi had been attended with such heroic actions and such affecting circumstances that their partisans in every country bestirred themselves to keep up their courage and to obtain assistance for them whether in money, or in arms, provisions and clothing. Their present necessities and their prospective hopes concurred to animate their zeal. They would not overlook the importance of turning the momentary lull to account. It might suit the interests of Russia, while going into conference with Turkey for the purpose of settling her own affairs, to pretend indifference to those of Greece, but the protocol signed at Petersburg apart from Austria would hardly fail to germinate into a convention between the two contracting parties and France, ever ready to move in a generous purpose. I knew that Charles X. had declared in private his willingness to place a French squadron under the command of a British admiral for the sake of peace and humanity. 'Take one instance,' wrote Mr. Canning, 'of the gallantry and generosity with which H.M.C. Majesty enters into this subject. He was supposing (a supposition which however I as usual discouraged) the necessity of coming to force with the Ottoman. Russia and Austria would be on the land frontiers, France and England on the coast. Eh bien! My naval force said his Majesty shall co-operate with yours. Send a senior admiral, if you will, to the station, and mine shall serve under him. What stronger proof of good will was it possible for him to give?' The famous loan negotiated in London by Orlando and Laviottis had estranged many hearts in England from the cause of Greece, but the Government was not prepared to let that country be sacrificed without an effort to save it. In a word delay and not abandonment was the policy of the hour.

Paris, 23 Sept.

"My duties naturally took their colour from this state of things. The single handed mediation with all its credit and all its responsibility fell into abeyance. I became for the time a mere spectator and reporter, except when the Greeks

1826 referred to me for advice through the channel of Captain Hamilton."
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The position of affairs was so completely changed that there was nothing to be done but wait. The Protocol of 4 April created a new departure in the Greek question; it was no longer a matter of single-handed mediation, but of joint intervention by two, perhaps even concerted intervention by five, Powers. Nothing could be attempted till the terms of the Protocol received more definite shape and practical application. No one could have predicted that more than a year would elapse before Canning could receive the necessary powers to act under the Treaty which grew out of the Protocol; but he was prepared for some delay, and two circumstances so fully occupied the Turkish horizon that he saw that the time for reviving the question of Greece was not yet. One was the absorption of the Sultan in his military reforms, already described; the other was the negotiation then going on at Akkerman. When a hitch occurred in these proceedings Canning did not hesitate to throw his influence on the side of Russia, anticipating the instructions to that effect which distance from home frequently delayed beyond the time of their application. He gives his reasons thus:—

CXXIII. 30 Sept. Concession is evidently her [Turkey's] only road to peace, and war with Russia in the present state of this Empire could only end in its total ruin or in the acceptance of conditions far more humiliating and oppressive. If the opinions which I expressed were unpleasant to the Porte, there was nothing to be lost on that side by the avowal of them, and the support thus given to Russia at a critical juncture by his Majesty's ambassador might be made to act as an additional claim on that Power for concurrence and a zealous coöperation in the approaching discussion about Greece. A few words will suffice to exhibit the substance of my argument. It was evident, I said, that matters were again brought to a question of peace or war. The circumstances of this Empire forbade the Porte to embrace the latter alternative, if the terms were in any fair degree tolerable. A careful examination of those terms shewed that Russia had not travelled out of the question presented by the Treaty of Bucharest. There were however three known points of difficulty—the Servians—the Hospodars—the Asiatic fortresses. The two former, it must be granted, though not new in principle, developed and extended the articles to

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which they referred, but the result in both cases would be a greater degree of *precision*, an advantage to the weaker party and of *fixedness*, an advantage for all parties. With respect to the fortresses, Russia could plead possession and a legitimate motive not affecting the Porte, for attaching importance to that possession. She professed also a thorough conviction of her right, and was known to entertain a firm determination to assert it at every risk. The forms indeed were dictatorial, and might be termed offensive if not in a great measure justified by preceding circumstances. At all events they were but forms, and if there were nothing that called for war in the stipulations themselves it would be little short of madness to incur so great a peril for what was a mere trifle in comparison with them.

The Reis Efendi, though he expressed some surprise at these remarks, and even affected some doubt of their sincerity, shewed by his answer that they had essentially produced the effect which I intended, namely a persuasion in his mind that a cordial good understanding prevailed between Russia and England.

The Reis Efendi may have felt some surprize at seeing England espousing the cause of Russia; but on reflection he must have perceived that she could do nothing else. To allow a Russo-Turkish war would have been to admit a new and incalculable danger into the Greek question, which she had most at heart; and by her representatives both at St. Petersburg and at the Porte she had more or less admitted that the Russian demands were justly founded upon previous engagements on the Turkish side. Canning could not but deplore the needlessly offensive tone taken by the Russian plenipotentiaries at Akkerman, and regret their design of raising new difficulties out of the Treaty of Bucharest. But the majority of the issues had already been decided, and the balance was not considerable enough to risk a war and overturn the Greek negotiations. The massing of Russian troops on the Turkish frontier in September settled the question. The Treaty of Akkerman was accordingly concluded on 7 Oct., and the road was clear for the Greek operations.

Four months however passed before the Russian ambassador appeared at Constantinople, and till he came, although M. Minziaki, acting under orders, fully supported the English representations, it was useless to attempt much. Canning grew impatient at the delay. As soon as the Protocol was

Nesselrode to Minziaki, 12 Dec.

1826 signed he had been counting the days till he might put it into execution ; and that event seemed as far off as ever. It was
ÆT. 39 not formally communicated to the Reis Efendi till April 1827. He had from the first entertained some suspicions of Russia's sincerity, and he expected every possible hindrance from Austria. He wrote to his cousin 23 Aug. : " I may be wrong, but his [Sir H. Wellesley's] statement confirmed in my mind the impression which I had previously entertained that no sincere and efficient support is to be expected in the business from Austria. I am assured that the Emperor Nicholas told Count Lebzeltern that the Protocol was mere paper, and that he had lent himself to it only to get rid of the Duke of Wellington's importunities. Such at least is the story which Count Lebzeltern has transmitted to his colleague here." Metternich openly spoke of the Protocol as *un enfant né mort*. The continued delay of course confirmed these doubts, and the determined attitude of the Reis Efendi when Canning communicated the Protocol in September shewed that the Porte was relying upon similar suspicions. The Turkish secretary announced that whenever Russia and England made their proposals for the execution of the Protocol, the Sultan would unhesitatingly reject them.

It was indeed to be expected that George Canning would find plenty of obstacles in carrying out his plans. Such a scheme of mediation could not be put into effect by even two such Powers as England and Russia without some steps being taken to guard against jealousies and difficulties from the other Powers ; and the British expedition to Lisbon in December roused the latent suspicions of the Czar. But no one anticipated the tedious delays of Lieven, the protracted discussions at Paris, and the masked opposition of Austria and Prussia. In September, before the Russians had finished their affairs at Akkerman, the way seemed clear—in London—and the following jubilant letter reached the ambassador at the Porte, in which the ostensible assent of Austria is related with satirical glee.

From G. Canning, 5 Sept. Every engine short of war (which no minister of England in his senses would dream of incurring in these times out of reverence either to Aristides or St. Paul) is to be applied to beat down Turkish

obstinacy and to effect for the Greeks a reasonable settlement and a tolerable existence. Most sincerely shall I rejoice if it shall fall to your lot to be the bringer-about of such a consummation. I am sure you will do for it all that can be done. 1826 — - ÆT. 39

You will see that you have no reason to dread being shackled in your march by the Holy Alliance. They no longer march *en corps*. I have resolved them into individuality, and having done so I employ the *disjecta membra* each in its respective place and for its respective use, without scruple or hesitation. There were two problems to be solved in this matter—one, to give to you the assistance of all the Allies without constraining your freedom of action:—the other to obtain all the advantage of a *corporate* movement upon the Porte without admitting in principle to the Allies a corporate authority, or risking any disparagement in the eyes of the Porte from a possible partial defection. I flatter myself that both these problems are solved in the course of proceeding marked out for you in your instructions. You act in the first instance alone, for you alone act as mediator and by commission. There is therefore no countenance given to the principle of an unasked authoritative interference by the Alliance. You have Russia bound to you by written obligation, not to outbid you with the Greeks, and not, on the other hand, to countenance the Porte in bating you down below a certain specified point of concessions in their favour. You have the other representatives of the Alliance at your call (if their Courts fulfil the expectations which we have a right to form of their concurrence) when you want their aid; but their refusal, their lukewarmness, or their defection can do you no harm, because it is with Russia only that you will profess to have positive engagements to concert your language and to combine if need be your ulterior operations.

As to Austria in particular, how I envy you the pleasure of reading to the worthy Internuncio (when the proper time comes) the respectful and laudatory citation of the sentiments of his Court touching the recognition of revolted provinces! *Vivent les conférences*, which produce such doctrines—at which the real feelings of Austrian diplomacy are elicited by discussion among friends! If a British plenipotentiary had been present at Petersburg never should we have gotten to the bottom of P. Metternich's ultra-liberal creed. You see I am obliged to prune his Highness's extravagances and to remind him that we cannot recognize so briskly and unconditionally as he is disposed to recommend. No, no, we go soberly and gradually and discreetly to work—no German alacrity, no Austrian precipitancy, for us!

It was of course exceedingly delightful to have apparently won a victory over the "disjecta membra" of the Holy Alliance but the battle was not really half over. There was nothing in

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the September despatches which enabled the younger Canning to shake the firm resolve of Sultan Mahmud. The Foreign Secretary nevertheless continued hopeful and cheerful. He knew what trouble Baron Miltitz was giving at the Porte, and he also knew the intrigues and pretensions of the Prussian Court; but they all only made him chuckle. "Prussia amuses me" he wrote; "she does not care a straw about the Greeks, ... but she cares very much about figuring as one of the Great Powers. A conference, no matter what about,—only a conference, for God's sake, about something. I verily believe she would rather that Greece was lost by a regular conference, than saved by a single intervention." On 22 November he wrote again, saying that his instructions were "ample in substance though not voluminous in bulk. I have had some trouble in bringing matters to the state in which I lay them before you. Russia is for going too fast—others too slow: and I have had to accommodate my pace to both, like a man walking between two companions lame of opposite legs." The simile itself halted, but the expectant representative at Pera must have felt that the whole negotiation halted worst of all. He had long comprehended that nothing short of menace would induce the Sultan to go lame of one leg by cutting off Greece, and nothing that the Foreign Office furnished him in 1826 went anywhere near threats.

23 Sept.

Under these discouraging circumstances, rejected in every overture by the Porte, undermined by his plotting colleagues, seeing clearly the hopelessness of his position unless England would do what she had repeatedly announced that she would not do; living in a city which had been turned into a veritable shambles, it is no wonder that Canning was sick unto death of his work and position. He had come out with extreme reluctance and the one thing that tempted him had been the hope of freeing the Greeks. That hope had now left him, and he found the constant worries and fatigues of the embassy beyond mortal endurance. He poured out his groan to Planta as early as April, when things were already looking black:—

To Planta, 29 April

I am nearly dead of fatigue and anxiety. This palace (as it is called) is nearly as bad a grinding mill as your Foreign Office. The

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whole four and twenty hours hardly suffice for getting through the business, and you will all of you swear at me for sending you such a load of papers. But it is always the case when one does not succeed; and never certainly had man so complete a failure in all his undertakings as I have had since my arrival here.

As the summer wore on, it need hardly be said that his spirits did not improve. The heat always tried his health severely, and the reign of terror through which Constantinople was passing was enough to shock and disgust the sturdiest Englishman.

To Planta, 1 July

The horrors that have taken place during the last fortnight are enough to petrify a person of moderate sensibility. Think of my doctor seeing yesterday three corpses washed into a boat-house on the shore of the Bosphorus. Independent of these transactions I am dead sick of the whole concern, as I protested to you that I should be. I slave like a horse, and can do no one satisfactory thing of any sort or kind. The tide is too strong against me.

There is plague here and plague at Therapia, whither we go in two or three days—not much but more than enough. And here is this house literally tumbling down, so that although I would give the world in the present uncertain state of things to put off the repairs, it must not be. . . .

In short my dear Planta there is a fatality attached to this place, and I have fallen upon evil times. Remember my telling you when you first suggested the idea of my coming here that I should only come out to lose the one little bit of credit which I had gained in the course of my life!

Autumn drew on, but the state of the country and the capital did not greatly improve. Such scenes as had been enacted could not immediately give place to quiet and peaceful order: but the Sultan was pushing on vigorously with his military projects.

Canning kept at least three men at work observing and recording events, negotiations, and intrigues, and we may be sure that very little passed without his obtaining some inkling of it. The following notes are extracted from the weekly reports of one of the dragomans, Mr. Wood, during August and September, 1826.

Enrolment of new troops goes on very slowly.—16 and 17 August: Several Turks strangled at the Bustanji Bashi.—18th: Turks in

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general look sullen and melancholy. 19th : The Greek Patriarch summoned to his palace all the Greek cloth merchants and proclaimed an anathema against all those who charge more than 3 p.c. profit upon their sales of cloth to Government for the new troops. 21st : A grand field day at the large burying ground at Pera ; the Sultan present. Distress among the lower classes of Turks becomes every day more visible.—They continue, but rather privately, to strangle people at the Bustanji Bashi ; four deserters of the new troops were executed.—During the last two or three days the corps of Jebejis (answering to our commissary departments) were sent into exile. Little plague among the Christians but increasing with the Turks. 23rd : Military and engineer schools to be built.—The whole establishment of the Sultan's kitchen, officers, cooks, &c., amounting to about 1,500 men, were sent to their homes in the interior ; the new kitchen establishment is reduced to what is only necessary.—Several Bimbashes and Nazirs are gone to different parts of Asia to exercise the troops. Increased tax upon wine, and a piastre on baskets of fruit coming into the capital. Despatches from Reshid Pasha announce, 24th, that he has carried the town of Athens.—Strangling is going on privately. 28th : The artisans employed in making the uniforms &c. for the new troops not having been paid are petitioning the Sultan for relief, since they and their families are starving ; they are about 2,000. 29th : An Usta of note was taken and strangled. About 500 Asiatics almost naked came into the capital and were enrolled. French engineer officers and German military musicians said to be applied for by the Turks.—Fire.—31st : The fire is still raging : at about 4 o'clock the Porte gave way to the flames—the consternation among all classes is beyond all description and general ruin and misery must be the result. Many of the ministers' houses have already been devoured by the flames. 3 Sept. : Since the fire the Sultan has been and still is in a state of despondency—Mufti waited on him with consolation, Sultan wept much. 4th : Building of barracks suspended, bazars to be repaired first : total loss about 3 million £ sterling. 5 Sept. : Yesterday two Turks were beheaded for speaking against the Government. Two soldiers formerly Janissaries deserted, were taken in the environs and strangled. 10th : A Turkish highwayman was taken and hanged. Tartars from Reshid Pasha with a bag of ears from Athens. 11th : A Turk had his tongue cut out and was afterwards decapitated for blasphemous language against the Sanjak Sherif. 20th : Turks continue to come from Asia to be enrolled. People in general apprehensive of Russian war. Sultan is for war, ministers for peace. 24th : Shop tax imposed. Christians not to be allowed to wear pattens in baths, but to walk barefoot, nor to repose on mattresses or to use towels with which the Turks cover themselves. Rayas mortified. Extensive conspiracy to put down present system dis-

covered by torture : hence about sixty men strangled, and hundreds sent into exile, weeping bitterly, probably innocent. Much strangling. General discontent. Reaction hoped for even by quiet Turks. 1826 ÆT. 39

Amidst such scenes as these and disheartened by his ill success in the cause of Greece, Canning needed all the happiness of a home to keep his spirits above zero. Had he been still a bachelor, the troubles of his post would have almost overwhelmed him ; but fortunately in his wife he had a sure ark of refuge. Young and diffident as she was, she possessed, in her bright even spirits, her never-failing sympathy, and the tact which made her comprehend instinctively when and how to use it, the very qualities that are best calculated to soothe an impatient nature. With a charm of face and manner captivating even to strangers, she won an easy entrance into most hearts ; while to her husband, the brave unselfish nature which was able to cheer and encourage him even in the darkest times was a constant source of strength and consolation.

It was no wonder that her influence was soon felt not only by her husband but throughout the Embassy. The "Old Barrack," as it had been called, was transformed by her ingenuity into a comfortable English home, where the attachés found themselves always welcomed by one who was ready to listen to their difficulties and if possible smooth them away. There was not one of the staff who did not long retain a grateful memory of the young Ambassadress. She joined her husband heartily in his hospitable system, and, despite the novelty of the position, presided with equal grace and dignity at the Embassy dinners and receptions. Never was there a more open house or a freer hand than at the British palace under her sway, or at the picturesque house which Canning hired by the water's edge at Therapia, from which the following letter was written :—

Our commonest mode of taking exercise is either a walk on the garden terrace, where the air at this time of year is delightful, and where we enjoy one of the most charming views in the world, or a row to the opposite coast in one of the prettiest boats that eye ever beheld. We can make in this manner a round of several miles, To his Mother, Therapia, 21 Oct.

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sometimes rowing, and sometimes getting out to walk, without losing sight of home, and yet enjoying a continual change of scenery. The boat I speak of is not our state barge, which is reserved for particular occasions ; but a smaller one in the bottom of which E. and myself have just room to sit, or rather to recline on our red morocco cushions, while our Armenian servant in his national dress squats on a raised platform immediately behind us. Our rowers are a Turk and two Greeks, each pulling two short oars, and dressed alike in white shirts and trousers with small red caps on the top of their respective heads. There's a picture for you ! but to make it as it ought to be, you must not imagine a Thames wherry broad and stunted, but a large canoe of the most tapering, elegant, and accomplished kind. The Bosphorus is in fact our high-road and the boat our curricle. As to a dry-land carriage, we have none; that is, none in use. The Austrian minister's wife, Madame l'Internonce, glories in the unshared enjoyment of a Vienna calèche drawn by a set of prancing Wallachian horses. But E. and I agree that a weekly drive on one dusty and uneven road is not compensation enough for the expense and trouble of procuring coach-horses from a distance. . . .

Imagine a squarish wooden house, three stories high, the two upper ones jutting out beyond the lowest, and the centre windows advanced beyond the side: the whole edifice, except its tile roof, painted a dingy black, and placed on a narrow stone quay, close on the margin of the Bosphorus. The rooms are pretty and very cheerful. The ground rises so abruptly behind the house that from a window on the highest story we go out immediately on a terrace, which in company with several of the same kind forms our garden. The opposite coast of Asia is about a mile or a mile and a half from us in a straight line, presenting a beautiful variety of hills and mountains, and woods and vineyards, and from the hills above as we look directly up the last reach of the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. The constant passage of ships and boats is a never-failing source of interest and amusement.—But what a people to inhabit such a country ! Within the last few days fresh horrors have taken place in the city. It is said that a conspiracy has been discovered, and that armed parties of insurgents are in several parts of Asia Minor. Executions and banishments are again therefore resorted to by the Government. What are units and tens in other countries on such occasions are here hundreds and thousands. Yet we are really no more inconvenienced by what is going on than if we were looking out of your little window in St. Albans Street. The repairs of our house, or as it is called our palace, in town, are nearly completed. It promises to prove a very good job, and we hope to renounce our old quarters in the course of next month.—This house is ill adapted for cold weather, being *open* on the staircase side, and only protected from wind and

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rain by the wall which supports one of the upper terraces. We are not likely, however, to have more than a few bad days before the end of November, and these we must bear with the assistance of our *mangals* or braziers of charcoal, the common fireplace of the country. At all events we shall be in clover compared with our miseries last winter. . . .

Of our society I have little to tell you. Our immediate neighbours are the French Embassy. They are numerous, and Count Guilleminot, the ambassador, with his wife and two daughters, all in their different ways what the French call *aimables*. The young ladies have formed quite an attachment to E. But we see each other less frequently than might be expected under such circumstances. In good truth I am persuaded that the best way of keeping well with French people is not to see them too often. The rest of the diplomatic body live at another village, within sight, but separated from us by a deep bay. Our own party consists of six, since the departure of our much-valued Colonel. And such is the punctuality with which we meet to perform the daily duties of breakfasting at 9 and dining at 6, that E. and I have only once enjoyed the luxury of a *tête-à-tête* dinner since we came into the country. My bachelor habit was to breakfast alone; but she thinks it a duty to give the young gentlemen a reason for not being sluggards by appearing in person every morning at the breakfast-table. I do not like to thwart what she deems a pleasure, because a duty founded on kindness; and thus it happens that our official family is more united than most official families are. I trust however that when we return to town, we shall be able to make a more frequent exception in favour of our predilections. . . . We have less time for reading than I could wish. Not that my whole day is taken up with notes and despatches; but a great part of what is not positive occupation is anxiety or at least meditation on public matters. The difficulties of transacting business with the Turks were never trifling, and a number of circumstances concur to make the difficulties far greater than when I was here before. At the same time I do not like to give in, though my toils and anxieties are not often rewarded with success. A noble and arduous undertaking is now before me, and you must join your prayers to mine for a blessing upon the labour; but when I look to the obstacles, my heart almost sinks, and if I sustain myself at all, it is less with the hope of success than in the belief that failure can be no matter of surprize either to my employers or to the public at large. For my own personal wishes and feelings the most agreeable moment will be that which releases me from the bondage of diplomacy. But the release to have all its sweetness must come after the performance of duty. This sentiment my ambassadress most fully partakes with me.

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At the beginning of December Mrs. Canning returned to Pera, to get the repaired palace ready for the reception of the Embassy. Her husband meanwhile went boar-hunting in the forest of Belgrade, in which delightful scenery they also spent a fortnight in the spring.

To his Mother, Pera, 27 Feb.

In point of society we are not overpowered with dissipation. The carnival, as you know, is in Catholic countries the season of gaiety; but this carnival has been saddened by what conveys to our minds an idea of merriment, I mean the Jubilee, during which, notwithstanding its jovial name, the spiritual authorities reprobate dancing and other boisterous amusements. The consequence of this restraint is that people meet in society without interest or entertainment. Few play at cards; good music it is impossible to have; and the elements of conversation are somewhat deficient in a city where society is far from being numerous, and where so little is going on that persons of education care to talk about. We have not imitated our diplomatic neighbours in having regular parties, thinking it better for the present to see our friends occasionally at dinner, and to have as few routs as possible. Three of my fellow-ambassadors open their houses once a week; and those of their acquaintance, who like it, resort to them without any particular invitation. These meetings are dull as you may conceive, except at the French ambassador's, where plays have been acted several times with brilliant success.

You are aware that the Turks have nothing whatever to say to us as social beings. One meets them in the streets, and I am in constant communication with the ministers. But here the intercourse ceases, and Pekin cannot be more completely separate from us than Constantinople.

Conceive our good fortune in never having been alarmed and in never having been called upon to witness a disagreeable sight in the midst of so many bloody executions as those which have occurred at our doors during the last eight months. The town is decidedly more peaceable than it used to be in the time of the Janissaries, and though there is no question that much public discontent prevails, yet the Government appears to have strength and energy enough for keeping down the turbulent and disaffected. . . .

Our diplomatic circle has been increased within the last few days by the arrival of a new Russian minister, Monsieur de Ribeaupierre, whose acquaintance I first made at Petersburg two years ago. He is a great acquisition to us, and I trust that Madame de Ribeaupierre, who is waiting at Odessa for fine weather and a fair wind, will prove an agreeable ally to E., who is rather too young to find any great

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resources in the society of her fellow-ambassadresses. Madame de Ribeaupierre has children, and enjoys the reputation of being an admirable and accomplished woman.

We are all in mourning for the Duke of York, the official intelligence of whose demise reached us just after a large dinner and evening party which we gave last Thursday in honour of the Russian. In truth the post arrived before our company; but having a presentiment of the affliction which awaited us I prudently determined not to open the letters till after the destruction of our ragoûts and lemonade.

The Duke was a most useful member of the administration, and as such, as well as in his capacity of brother to the King, it is impossible not to lament his death; but in one main point the event may be productive of good. The prospect of the Duke of Clarence's succession will sustain the hopes of the Catholics and encourage many a doubtful voter to support their claims in Parliament. It is greatly calculated to strengthen the hands of our eloquent namesake.

To his Mother, 5 April

You would not have three weeks of E.'s society without doting upon her. Remember that I have passed that period of life to which the Sage of Diplomacy confines exclusively the passion whose property it is to exaggerate and to embellish whatever it adores. "No man is fit for love after forty" says Sir William Temple; and no one knows better than yourself, dearest mother, that I have a right of six months' standing to be believed on my word when I assert that the daughter has only to be known in order to rival and even to surpass the son in his parent's affections. I will not be such a traitor to myself as to present you with a comparison of our respective claims. Suffice it to say that my ambassadress would listen to all your old stories, and read to you, or pray with you, or work for you, with as much unaffected pleasure as she feels in playing on the harp or shining at a party . . .

The winter has been remarkably mild; but my continual occupations have prevented my taking as much advantage of it as I would have wished. E. has hitherto seen very little of Constantinople; but I hope, as we hear nothing of the Plague, to shew her the principal *lions* in the course of this month. They are more easy of access, with one exception, than at any former period, the Turks being so beat down by the Sultan's severity as not to have spirit enough for insulting the Christians as in times past. The exception to which I allude is the Mosques. Since the Greek revolution his Highness has given peremptory orders for excluding all Christians from a glimpse of them; and we were fairly turned out of the court-yard of one, which passes for the most holy, some weeks ago . . .

Our society has not been very brisk at any time this winter. During the carnival there were two or three slow *conversaziones* every week, and the French ambassador treated us now and then with a

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comedy at his house. . Eliza has brought music into fashion; but the music of Pera would be more agreeable if, like that of the spheres, it were never heard. . . .

Our Russian is a great addition, . . . and there is now so excellent an understanding between his Court and mine that we have every reason for drawing together and cultivating each other's friendship. He is three or four years older than I am, and with less diplomatic experience has greatly the advantage over me in cheerfulness of temper and the art of pleasing. Upon the whole we lead the most regular of lives, and the time flies with a rapidity that would be quite distressing if it did not bring us every instant nearer to the period of our return. There are two other circumstances however which do not quite fall in with my taste, and which are ever and anon the cause of disquietude to me. First, I cannot persuade the Turks to make peace with the Greeks; secondly, I have at times too much to think of; thirdly, I don't get exercise enough. The occasional result of these annoyances is languor of body, and depression of spirits to a painful degree. But the spring is coming on and I hope to get out more frequently; my Greek negotiations must end before long in one way or another, and I look forward to the moment when I shall at length be able to leave my cares—at least those of Constantinople—behind me, and realize, *perhaps*, my long cherished hope of settlement in England. By dint of banishments and decapitations the Sultan has managed to keep his capital quiet. You might almost hear a pin drop in the streets. But depend upon it, the whole empire is going to destruction as fast as it can gallop. Though all is quiet, the Government appears to be in constant apprehension of plots and disturbances. We are at present in the famous month of Ramazan—the Turkish Lent, or rather Lent and Carnival all in one—for the faithful fast all day and feast all night. In former times the shops and coffee-houses were open through the night, and all was carousal and jollification throughout the city. In the new order of things no Musulman is allowed to be out of his house after half-past eight, and the Sultan, like the renowned Caliph Harun Al-Rashid, turns eavesdropper, and goes about disguised in search of adventure. . . .

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The newspapers will tell you that Lord Cochrane is in the Archipelago. Be not frightened thereat. His arrival is well calculated to put the Turks in ill-humour, and a year ago our situation here might have been rendered rather perilous by it. But I have no fear of the *mob*, subdued as it is by the Sultan's rigour, and the Government is much too wise to confound Lord Cochrane's acts with the policy of the country so far as to resort to anything like retaliation.

In the dearth of final and peremptory instructions from England, and in the distracted state of Turkey during the

period of sanguinary reform, Canning found occupation enough in the routine duties of the Embassy. There were Ionians to be rescued from the Bagnio, and there was a long negotiation with the Porte about the guards for the palace. The Janissaries having been abolished, the Sultan considered common policemen good enough for Ghiaours. It is needless to say that Canning insisted on a dignified body of Kavasses, and that he had his way. 1827 ÆT. 40

"The stream of current business seldom runs dry at Constantinople. Whether consular, local, or judicial, there is always a supply of occupation, and at the time of which I am writing, the ambassador held a court of his own, a court without pleadings and also without appeal. To say the truth, it was not without frequent misgivings that I performed this part of my functions. Having never studied the law, my only guides were common sense and diligence in perusing documents, unless I could lay my hands on a sensible merchant or a travelling lawyer, with whom I could talk over the cause in question. On such occasions my rule was a simple one. If the oracle thus consulted made no objection to my view, well: if he thought my opinion defective, I went over the papers again by myself with the advantage of his lights, and in that manner settled down on a final decision. Right or wrong, I had no reason to repent of my method. At least no complaints came to my knowledge, and I retired *from the Bench* with a profound respect for the sound good sense which lies at the root of our Saxon law." MEMOIRS.

There were also frequent communications to be kept up with the Greeks through Captain Hamilton, of whose sterling qualities Canning entertained a just admiration. Since their formal application for England's mediation the Greeks had waited impatiently for some sign of the coming help. The Protocol of 4 April was a great relief to their anxieties, but the delay in its execution went perilously near to leaving them to their fate. The ambassador was eager to help them, and saw with deep concern their increasing weakness. "I am in a dreadful state of anxiety about the unfortunate Greeks," he

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wrote: "assistance will come too late and in too feeble a shape, I fear." In 1826 indeed the end seemed approaching. The Greeks were divided into factions and fought without system or concerted action, and their exploits when successful were too often tarnished by dishonour. The Egyptians had gone through a terrible campaign, and their exhaustion towards winter was due as much to disease as to the ill-directed resistance of the Moreotes.

MEMOIRS.

"Ibrahim Pasha, soon after the fall of Missolonghi, passed from Western Greece into the Morea, striving by sword and torch to subdue its inhabitants and to destroy all kinds of property. The Greeks opposed him generally with courage and sometimes with marked success. Colocotrones was their tower of defence. Later in Eastern Greece the war resumed a short-lived activity under Reshid Pasha on the one side and Caraiscaci on the other. Athens was the immediate object of contention. At sea also the Greeks were thrown upon their last resources; but with small means they made a good stand, and finally the Turkish chiefs from motives of their own suspended the activity with which they had commenced their operations. Greece on the whole was saved from imminent peril. Their rescue was due not only to their own prowess, which shone out with spotted lustre, like the sun's, in their extremity, but in great measure to the auxiliary sympathies of Europe, and particularly of France. Their business was to keep their heads above water until the Protocol signed at Petersburg should attain its full growth in the shape of an active interference on the part of England, France, and Russia. Their difficulty in accomplishing this object may be inferred from a single fact. They were at one time so completely divided, as to have two legislative assemblies sitting in different towns and claiming, each for itself, the representation of the insurgent country.

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"It was during the interval between the fall of Missolonghi and the signature of the triple convention that the Greeks looked abroad for leaders capable of giving effect to the last remnant of their nearly exhausted means. Lieutenant-Colonel Fabvier, a French officer of distinguished merit, had

already the command of a portion of their reduced and disheartened troops. They now turned in their distress to the British Isles, and finally succeeded in obtaining the services of Lord Cochrane for their navy, and of Colonel Church for their army. The former of these enterprizing commanders, owing probably to the want of opportunities, added but little while in their service to his brilliant reputation. The latter served them long and usefully with the success rather of a Fabius than of a Caesar, and is still a resident at Athens, the one surviving general of their war of independence, a more than octogenarian in age and as much as ever devoted in heart to their cause. It remained for them to make a more important but also a more doubtful acquisition in the person of Count John Capodistrias. Before they came to any decision, reference was made to my opinion, and I confess that I encountered no small difficulty in making up my mind. The choice of a president in the very crisis of their affairs would probably determine the fortunes of the insurrection. Count Capodistrias had much to recommend him to their confidence. He possessed ability above the common standard. Though self-taught, his knowledge was of the European form; he had learnt state business and the art of diplomatic writing in a ready school, he had large intercourse with the statesmen of several countries, he had the credit of having promoted the Greek insurrection in its beginning, and of having sacrificed his position in Russia to that cause. Above all he was a Greek, a Greek of the Ionian Islands, but still a Greek. With a full recognition of the advantages thus attached to his person, my former acquaintance with him induced me to consider them closely before I admitted them as titles to the entire confidence of Greece. I knew that to plausible manners and an habitual air of candour, he joined a natural finesse which bordered on deception. I knew that he could hate free England and serve despotic Russia at one and the same time. I thought it by no means impossible that he might also be a Greek in sentiment, and not the less a Russian by position. If prepared to act with independence he would not only risk the loss of his claim on Russian support, but he would be open to the temptations of personal ambition for

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which the character of the Greeks and the condition of the country would be sure to offer him abundant pretexts. Thus were the two scales of the balance brought to an equipoise. But a necessity, which could not be thrust aside, compelled the former of them to preponderate. The Greeks had need of a foreigner to direct their counsels, first for the purpose of overruling their internal factions, and secondly for linking their course of operations with the established practice of Europe. Count Capodistrias was to all appearances the only foreign statesman whose qualities and circumstances at all corresponded with these conditions. After much reflection, therefore, I came to the conclusion that the Greeks would act wisely in offering him the presidency, and such was the opinion conveyed to them from me. What they would have done had I thought otherwise, it is impossible to say; but as it happened, the offer was made and accepted. In what manner the acceptance operated on the interests of Greece may be seen hereafter."

Such was the position of the Greeks in the spring of 1827. Three-quarters of the year passed in anxious waiting for the effective interposition of the Allies. The record of Canning's official life during this harassing period may be summed up in the word *remonstrance*. His despatches are one long series of appeals to the Government to do something. He brought the Greek question before the Porte again in January and February, with the concurrence of the Russian chargé d'affaires, but with no hope of producing any useful impression. The Turks regarded England, and the two Cannings in particular, as the main cause of the Greek agitation. The ambassador's "poor despatches announcing failure upon failure" seemed to have no effect upon the Government. Planta indeed assured him that the Office was extremely pleased with them, that his memoir on Greece was a "most masterly performance," and George Canning publicly and privately wrote handsomely about his cousin's proceedings. But no effectual step was taken, and the menace of force, which the ambassador knew to be the only valid argument with Turks, was still withheld. Such instructions as he had received had so far proved inade-

quate to their purpose. The joint representations of England and Russia in pursuance of the Protocol had been as fruitless as the single-handed mediation. The Russian ambassador at last arrived, but M. de Ribeaupierre's apparently loyal coöperation did not answer the expectations of the two Courts, and the Sultan remained inexorable. Meanwhile the Austrian and Prussian missions continued their intrigues. 1827 — ÆT. 40 Feb.

To G. Canning, 30 May

The conduct of my colleagues is a constant object of marvel and suspicion. I have secret and respectable informants who affirm that the *three* are in a conspiracy against me, to which the fourth is not altogether a stranger. The fourth asserts honesty and still talks of continuing alone the Greek bombardment, if others fall off; but he is smooth in his language to the Porte, slow to act, and drawing perhaps more than at first towards his brother of the *once* Holy Alliance. On the whole I see nothing yet in his conduct that may not be tolerably explained by the character of the man and the awkward position into which we are all thrown for the present. Our Frenchman has a heart still bleeding for Greece and a hand ever open to the Pasha of Egypt.

I also happen to know that he has been systematically humbugged at the Porte for some time past, by a confidant, who, himself taken in, sold him false news dear, and was turned out of office for his pains when the truth began to come out. The Internuncio is radiant with trophies won for him by Turkish obstinacy. I half forgive him for having been the first to tell me of your new appointment. I hear that I have the honour of being especially abused by his chief. *Sic itur ad astra.* If I am again to act in concert with any of my colleagues here, I sincerely hope that their relations to me and mine to them will be distinctly marked out. They are at best a slippery race.

Austria had done her best to confuse the Greeks by sending her fleet to the Archipelago. In Greece itself matters were in a suspended state. Church and Cochrane had done less to paralyse the energies of the Egyptians than the policy of their sovereign. Mohammed Ali was cautiously feeling his way, and was inclined to risk the wrath of his suzerain the Sultan rather than lose the chance of a good understanding with the Western Courts. But for this, the struggle might soon have been ended. The Greeks were at the last gasp, and nothing but the interference of the Powers could save them.

That interference however seemed as far off as ever.

1827 Canning was urgent in season and out of season, and his letters and despatches grow more and more despairing.

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To G. C. 27 Feb.

Ribeaupierre asked me the other day what I thought of the likelihood of your agreeing to the last proposals of his Court. I told him that I could not answer for what you were likely to do, but that if I were in your place I would assent to them without hesitation. I answered in this manner because I am persuaded that good efficient measures threatened by Russia, France, and England, or by Russia and England only, would not only be more successful with the Porte than weaker ones used by the whole Alliance, but would engage Austria through fear of worse to urge the acceptance of our overture with a degree of earnestness of which I am far from suspecting the honest Internuncio at this moment. Another motive for my answer was the conviction with which Ribeaupierre's language and conduct have inspired me,—probably in too great a degree,—of the sincerity and disinterestedness,—for once, disinterestedness, of his Court. But you who see the whole of what I can only see a part will best be able to decide upon the correctness of my impressions.

To G. C. 30 May

There are moments when I say that matters cannot be left where they are ; three great Powers will never allow themselves to be laughed at, as alas ! they now are, by these impracticable Turks. At others my heart fails ; I think of your fears of embroiling Europe, and the impossibility of carrying the Seraglio by anything but measures just short of war and looking as if they might at any day terminate in that expedient. . . .

The situation of the Embassy is really distressing, not to say critical. If the Turks persist in their obstinacy, I wish that you would think seriously of changing the ambassador, not into a minister plenipo., but into the lowest kind of chargé d'affaires, with orders, known also to the Porte, to communicate constantly with the admiral of the squadron cruising in the Archipelago.

To G. C. 12 June

The continuance of an undecided line of conduct must surely compromise us in every way. Our attempts at mediation have hitherto only served to excite the hopes of the Greeks, to quicken the preparations of the Porte for the campaign, and to inflame the animosity of the Turks against us. I submit with all humility whether it would not be better for the Greeks as well as for ourselves that we should either at once proceed to measures as coercive as possible short of war, in support of our proffered mediation, or frankly relinquish the proposal, stating our motives for the change and taking if possible more effectual measures for the suppression of Cochrane and Company. Our present line unites every kind of inconvenience, and it really seems to me (I say it with deference) that if you have paramount reasons for adhering to it, you should at least have a chargé d'affaires

and not an ambassador on whom the Porte may wreak its petty vengeance with the least practicable prejudice to H.M's. dignity. As matters now stand our influence is completely gone and the language of people about the Reis Efendi is little short of menacing. In truth I am sadly puzzled and vexed. 1827 — ÆT. 40

I am not thinking of personal views ; I refer exclusively to my situation here, which is attended with more anxiety and humiliation than I have ever before experienced in diplomacy. Depend upon it that we cannot remain as we are without disgrace, even if we could with safety. I conceive that we must either proceed at once to measures and give them a fair trial ; or relinquish our mediation, stating the grounds, and adopting stronger regulations for preventing assistance being given to the Greeks ; or recall the ambassador, and put the Embassy on the lowest scale consistent with a tolerable maintenance of bare friendly relations with the Porte. It will not do for us to *sneak* out of the business. That were too good a triumph for our numerous enemies and still more numerous false friends. The weakness of the Turks is at this moment our only safeguard against some act of violence ; and it still remains to be seen whether that safeguard will hold against the irritation which will be raised to its highest pitch by any successful *coup de main* of Lord Cochrane's. To Jos. Planta, 11 June

On Mr. Canning's accession to the premiership, Lord Dudley took the Foreign Office, which he retained after the former's death in August, and to him the Elchi wrote in urgent terms :— 30 April

Put your shoulder to the Greek treaty and enable us to carry it through with acclamation. If not—good my Lord, pray let me go. I have been leading a dog's life here for some time, but I do not wish to be treated like a dog. . . . 16 Sept.

You will not go to war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer dares not ; the Archbishop of Canterbury might, but Lord Stowell will not let him. War, then, will perhaps go to you. I thought so three weeks ago : but the Sultan appears to become cautious, and a cautious Turk is not easily caught warring. But he is very likely to let you go on excluding, intercepting, and pacifying.

This was written after he had received the news of the Treaty of London of 6 July, by which England, France, and Russia agreed to carry out the terms of the Protocol of St. Petersburg. His comment was "the treaty is good, but it should have come sooner." He did not see how it could be used to bring the Sultan to terms, any more than the Protocol

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which preceded it. George Canning looked upon the "recognition of the independence" of Greece as the *ultima ratio*. He had never spoken of positive independence before. But his cousin doubted the efficacy of such a step, even when announced by ships of war. How was a naval demonstration to avail, without troops on land to support it? He suggested the withdrawal of the embassies and a blockade of the Dardanelles, and recommended Lord Dudley to "change your present neutrality with folded arms into a French neutrality with both hands out." The "neutrality with both hands out" soon became a fact in the harbour of Navarino.

16 Sept.

MEMOIRS. Rec. Aug.

"The summer was far advanced when a letter from Mr. Canning announced the conclusion of the long expected Treaty. The spirit of that agreement was peaceful interference recommended by a friendly demonstration of force. *Pacem bello miscuit.* Three squadrons, sent by the Allies, were to shelter Greece from invasion by sea. The three ambassadors at Constantinople were to press their offers of mediation on the Porte. The instructions were of course identical, and the squadrons, amounting each to four sail of the line, were to receive their ulterior directions from the respective embassies. Frequent communications were of course to be kept up between the two parties, naval and civil. I agreed with my two colleagues that we should meet in conference every day. Joint negotiations with the Porte were opened by us with the least practical delay. Conceive if you can, the stir that all these forerunners of some overpowering event created throughout the Levant, and more especially at Constantinople, including its Austrian and Prussian sympathizers.

"Sir Edward Codrington, who had sailed from England with the famous motto of '*Go it, Ned*,' in his thoughts, if not on his flag, no sooner reached his station off the Morea than he wrote privately to me professing an uncomfortable uncertainty as to what he was to do, and requesting some information which might help him to see his way more clearly. It so happened that I had always entertained a strong opinion as to the unfairness of giving any equivocal instructions to an officer charged with the necessary responsibilities of his

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calling, and therefore my reply to the admiral was couched in terms as explicit as my own instructions allowed. I answered :—

To Sir E. Codrington, 1 Sept.

I have considered and talked over with my colleagues, Ct. Guilleminot and M. de Ribeaupierre, the several questions mentioned in your letters, marked secret, as having been subjects of conversation between you and Admiral de Rigny in anticipation of your being called upon to execute the instructions contingent upon the Porte's rejection of our proposals. Though I hope to be able in a few days to communicate to you in a more distinct shape the result of our discussions thereupon, I am unwilling to lose the present opportunity of stating to you briefly my own impressions, which seem to be nearly the same as those of my colleagues. On the subject of *collision*, for instance, we agree that, although the measures to be executed by you are not adopted in a hostile spirit, and although it is clearly the intention of the allied Governments to avoid, if possible, anything that may bring on war, yet the prevention of supplies, as stated in your instructions, is ultimately to be enforced, if necessary, and when all other means are exhausted, by cannon-shot.

MEMOIRS.

"In truth I should have avoided the expression of 'cannon-shot,' and used, though writing privately, the more diplomatic phrase of coercion or forcible measures, had I received the slightest intimation of Sir Edward's fiery and enterprizing spirit. The joint official instructions addressed subsequently to the three admirals by me and my colleagues were in strict conformity with those under which we were ourselves to act, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the manner in which they were carried out when Ibrahim Pasha was intercepted by the combined squadrons in the vicinity of Patras, and turned away from the Gulf of Corinth by their judicious manœuvres. The object of the Alliance was attained without an act of hostility."

To Jos. Planta, 1 Oct.

The situation at Constantinople was very critical. There was every probability of a collision between the fleets in the execution of their orders to prevent supplies being brought from Turkey or Egypt to the seat of war. "We are waiting in hourly expectation of some decisive intelligence, probably of a gunpowder description, from the Archipelago." There was no knowing, in such a crisis, what the Porte might do.

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The ambassadors might find themselves, in accordance with ancient precedent, in the Seven Towers. They were anxious about their families, and had secretly prepared measures for sending off the women and children. At the same time they lost no time in pressing upon Pertev, the Reis Efendi, the joint demands of the three Powers. That functionary stolidly refused to accept the Treaty of July. It was "left in his room," he admitted, but he declared he had not even taken the trouble to have it translated. The Turks, he said, would resist the mediation to the last man and the last drop of their blood.

Aug.

Oct.

MEMOIRS.

"Our conferences with Pertev Efendi proved to be a mere loss of time. On one occasion he used his scissors for our discomfiture. He cut off a piece of thick Turkish paper from his official supply of that article, and drawing a long horizontal line upon it, divided the line into two parts, and then subdivided each half in the same manner. On one side of the centre, possible concessions were described in two degrees; on the other was a positive and active *non possumus*. These several distinctions were thrown away upon us. We could only reject the open side as wholly inadequate, and make our stand against that which was declared to be irrevocably closed.

"Such was the position of our affairs at Constantinople. They were also at a deadlock on the theatre of war. The Turkish and Egyptian fleets were at anchor in the capacious harbour of Navarino. The squadrons of the Allied Powers were cruising off the southern capes of the Morea. The approach of a stormy season was looked forward to with much anxiety, as likely to expose the ships to fatal casualties if they maintained their ground, and the Morea to destruction if they sought shelter at a distance. The situation was, no doubt, brimful of embarrassment, and Sir Edward Codrington may be excused for taking a step, which, however unforeseen and unauthorized, was well calculated to meet both causes of anxiety.

"Towards the end of October he consulted with his colleagues, and a resolution was taken by common agreement

to steer with the whole combined force into the harbour of Navarino. 1827 — ÆT. 40 29 Oct.

"One Sunday afternoon some days later I was on the point of going to our daily meeting at the French Embassy, when a shabby bit of paper, like a note picked up in the street, was put into my hands. I opened it hastily and found that it contained intelligence of the deepest interest. Captain Cotton, in command of a cutter or small sloop, reported that he had been becalmed at a distance of several miles from the island of Cerigo, and in that position had heard a violent and protracted cannonade attended from time to time with loud explosions. He had subsequently reached Smyrna, and the intelligence was forwarded to me forthwith. It could not be doubted that a general action had taken place, and that several ships on one side or the other had been blown up. I thrust it into my pocket, and went on to the conference. Despatches from the squadrons were read over, and some ordinary business was transacted. The reports were quite satisfactory and M. de Ribeaupierre was about to retire with me, in compliment to General Guilleminot's dinner hour, when I begged a moment's pause in order to communicate a few lines which might prove of interest to all of us. So saying I drew the explosive note from my pocket and placed it quietly in the General's hand's. As he read, the colour forsook his face, and presently turning to me, he said, 'Trois têtes dans un bonnet—n'est-ce pas?' I could have added, 'et dans un panin, peut-être—qui sait?' but I confined myself to a word of assent, and as we could only wait for further information, it was useless for the Russian and myself to keep our French colleague longer from his soup.

"These incidents of stirring importance had been preceded by an event, which was calculated to have a powerful effect on the pending negotiations, and which was personally to me a source of deep affliction as well as a bar to my most cherished prospects. On 8 August this year Mr. Canning died. He had been unwell some time before, and I had noticed in his latest, and indeed what proved to be his last, letter to me a tone of depression quite unlike the usual elasticity of his mind. But still I had no intimation of

1827 danger, and the news of his death took me altogether by surprize, and at a moment of careless relaxation when I was
ÆT. 40 wholly unprepared for so great a shock. That it was felt as a heavy loss in England, and generally throughout Europe, with the exception probably of Vienna and Petersburg, history bears witness. It could not fail to encourage the hopes of those who had no sympathy for the Greek insurrection, and equally of those who sought to turn that cause to the account of their own aggrandizement.

"But few days elapsed before the destruction of the Musulman fleet was blazed abroad in all its terrible proportions. The Porte took time to declare its anger and disgust. Those sentiments were naturally roused to the highest pitch, and the three representatives of the Allies must have been regarded as the instruments of an insidious and unprincipled hostility. Half a century sooner and a residence in the Seven Towers, or something worse, would have been their inevitable lot. Escape, had we thought of it, would have been impossible. We could not have gone ourselves and left our countrymen at the mercy of a resentful Sultan. Besides I had sent to the admiral a few days before the only armed vessel at my disposal, knowing that he was in want of such craft; and, moreover, it was fortunate that I had not reckoned upon the momentary ignorance of the Turks, for I learnt soon afterwards that they had received my news from the Pasha of Smyrna at the same time that I received it myself.

"Despatches from the fleet appeared in due time, and it
20 Oct. was some relief to find that the first shot at Navarino had been fired from a Turkish ship. The Ambassadors could allege in defence of the admirals that they had not entered the harbour with any hostile intentions, that they had transgressed no law or treaty by taking that step for the convenience and eventual safety of their ships, that they had not opened fire till after they had been fired upon, and that if the Turkish fleet had suffered a heavy loss, the responsibility rested with those who had ordered the attack. There was much plausibility, not to say reason and truth, in this explanation. But it might fairly be said that to take so large a force without previous agreement into a port, which, though be-

longing to a friendly Government, was already occupied by a numerous fleet bearing that Government's flag, was in the first place a flagrant breach of courtesy, and in the second a provocation to that very natural impression which brought on the battle with all its disastrous consequences. It was shrewdly remarked by one of our officers that Sir Edward might as well have kept the tompion in each of his guns, which would have looked like a denial of any hostile intention without causing the slightest impediment to their discharge in case of attack. One thing is certain that, whatever justification the admirals might derive from local circumstances, neither the letter nor the spirit of their instructions could be cited to warrant their hazardous but effective decision. [The recommendation of cannon-shot applied only to the stoppage of warlike supplies.]

"There was much in all this to check the first sallies of resentment. But the Sultan, nevertheless, was furious, and his first impulse, as we were afterwards informed, was to hold the ambassadors responsible for what had occurred. Our persons were respected, but at night our houses were surrounded by military patrols. Our dragomen were summoned to attend at the Porte. I sent for mine immediately. He was the same individual of whose intrigues I had been warned, and whom, notwithstanding a strong suspicion justified by appearances, I could neither set aside nor rely upon without putting the public interests to imminent hazard. He came with evident symptoms of fear, pale and trembling, like a conscience-stricken culprit. There was no mistaking his state of mind. I looked at him, probably with some corresponding expression of countenance, and said, 'I perceive, sir, that you are unequal to this occasion; sit down, and I will send another interpreter to the Porte.' I did so before he left me, preferring downright honesty to suspected cleverness. The substitute received my orders and was not long absent. He returned with a stiff message, to wit, that the ambassadors had violated the law of nations. Not knowing what was to follow, I burnt that same night a number of papers, which, although there was not a syllable in them at variance with what we had declared in previous communications, might

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have been misinterpreted by angry examiners, and perverted to our prejudice. Fortunately the Sultan was brought into milder counsels by an old statesman, who, as Pasha of Egypt, before the usurpation of Mohammed Ali, had acquired a degree of experience which added to his natural prudence gave him favour and influence with his Imperial master. It was also fortunate that the Musulman population viewed with indifference an event which in earlier times might have roused them to acts of sanguinary vengeance. This, I conceived, was owing to the recent destruction of the Janissaries, who were part of the people and formidable only to the Government. One who had been a Janissary, while walking with me, pointed to the arsenal, and evidently alluded with satisfaction to its state of bereavement.

"As time passed away without the adoption of any violent measure it was not unreasonable to hope that the losses sustained by the Turks at Navarino would incline them from a sense of weakness to listen more favourably to our proposals. No such improvement, however, took place. *Manet alta in mente repostum.* Negotiation had no longer a chance of success. In that respect the embassies were at a dead-lock."

Dragoman's Report, 18 Nov.

Numerous conferences indeed took place, and messages passed to and fro between the Porte and the embassies; but nothing came of them. The Reis Efendi at first adopted an apologetic air and tried to separate England from her allies by offering a new and close alliance if she would drop the terms

Id. 19, 20 Nov.

of the treaty; but finding this overture rejected, he presented the old stolid front of resistance to dismemberment, and declared that nothing but the absolute submission of the Greeks would meet the difficulty: the ambassadors might plead what positive instructions they pleased; his were "from the Almighty" and could not be disobeyed. As a matter of fact, it was known that Canning's arguments had convinced everyone but the Sultan; but Mahmud was adamant, and his ministers were forced to hold out. The Greeks should have a mild governor, and their grievances should be remedied; but they must first submit, and the Powers must abandon the Treaty. The arguments on both sides are

clearly expressed in the reports of the conferences of 15 and 24 November. The ambassadors were bound to abide by the Treaty, and the Porte's proposed substitute was too shadowy to promise the slightest advantage. 1827 ÆT. 41

"What else could they do? was the question which remained. To stay with their arms crossed and to suppose that such a thunderstroke as that of Navarino could end in mere reverberation, would be simply ridiculous. To place the battle to the account of the Turks as having in fact originated with them, and to make that event, incidental as it was, a subject of complaint, would be hardly fair, and certainly not friendly. We felt all this, and remembered at the same time that our Governments professed the most pacific intentions. We came to the conclusion that the only course which offered a chance of our gaining the object of the Treaty without going to war, was a rupture of diplomatic relations and consequently the retirement of the three embassies. In all likelihood the threat of such a measure would be sufficient to bring the Porte to terms, but of course, if menace failed, we should have to give it a real effect by our departure. Fail, it did; and we had no alternative but to ask for our passports. The Porte refused to grant them [1] and we were consequently obliged to run the risk of being stopped at the Dardanelles. I agreed with the French ambassador that we should embark on the same day. Monsieur de Ribeaupierre promised to follow without delay, but he was detained, I know not exactly why, and did not sail till ten or twelve days after our departure. We were all to meet at Corfu. MEMOIRS

"The position, it must be allowed, was sufficiently delicate and hazardous. It was also attended with much inconvenience and embarrassment. We were acting under a heavy responsibility towards our respective Governments. We had to provide for the protection of the merchants, for the conveyance of the official correspondence, and for the safety of the crown property which must be left behind. We could not foresee into what

[1] The ground of refusal was that the ambassadors were acting without express orders from their Courts, and without adequate reasons for the rupture, which the Porte regarded as "an unequivocal sign of approaching war." 8 Dec. Report of Dragoman

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fanatical agitation the Musulman populace might be thrown by our departure. We had much reason to expect that the Porte would give way in the last extremity, but it was nevertheless necessary that we should make our preparations as if no such result was on the cards.

"On 8 December I embarked on board a small merchant vessel previously hired for the purpose. My wife went with me. Our companions were numerous—secretaries, attachés, consuls, interpreters, followed by our respective servants. We had to walk a considerable way through the town. It was already dark when we started. It blew hard from the north, and rained plentifully. We had the streets in consequence to ourselves; there was no hindrance to our exodus, and the wind, though strong, was favourable. The French ambassador had weighed anchor an hour or two before us, but we passed him in the night and were the first to reach the Dardanelles. On our way down the Straits our vessel grounded, although it was then broad daylight, but she was soon floated again, and we passed on gently towards the inner castles, one of which may be supposed to have replaced the tower whence Hero was wont to welcome her youthful swimmer. Here we had to encounter the officers of the Custom House, and here, if mischief was intended, we should have to undergo an awkward detention. It was desirable to keep the inspecting officer on deck, and with that view, chairs were placed, and coffee prepared. While he was thus amused, I got into a boat, and waited on the Pasha, who treated me as a mere English traveller with becoming hospitality. The windows of his Excellency's apartment looked out upon the water, and when I saw that our vessel had cleared the line of his guns, I told him who I was, and explained the circumstances under which I had left Constantinople. He took my communication with Turkish gravity, and personal good humour. It looked as if he had received orders to let us pass; but perhaps he had been left in ignorance and only gave us the benefit of his Government's silence. We had scarcely cleared the Dardanelles when we were told to be on our guard as pirates were supposed to be in the neighbourhood. The warning was thrown away upon us, for our vessel was not armed, and I

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doubt whether there was a single gun, pistol, or cutlass on board. Our business evidently was to push on, and we were fortunate enough to reach the Gulf of Smyrna without accident or alarm. A royal frigate was waiting for us there."

The flags of the consuls were ordered to be struck, and England, France, and Russia disappeared officially from the Levant. On arriving at Corfu, Canning found that his conduct "during an eventful period," so far as known, had received "his Majesty's entire approbation." Every step he had taken was fully endorsed by his Government. The only point to be ascertained was what view they took of the final rupture with the Porte, and to satisfy himself in this respect he journeyed home from Ancona, leaving his wife to follow by easy stages.

Fr. Lord Dudley, 6 Dec.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LIBERATION OF GREECE.

IV. THE CONFERENCE AT POROS.

1828–29.

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"ON reaching London my first care was to know how I stood with the Government. The Duke of Wellington had recently succeeded Lord Goderich at the Treasury. Lord Dudley was Minister for Foreign Affairs. Huskisson had a seat in the Cabinet. The ministry, in short, was a composite of Tories and the friends of Canning. Lord Dudley's reception of me shewed at once that I had nothing to apprehend. The King was then residing at the Cottage, as it was called, in Windsor Park. He appointed an early day for receiving me."

To his Mother, 28 Feb.

You will be glad to know that I have met with a courteous and cordial reception not only from Lord Dudley, but from the Duke of Wellington and the King. His Majesty was particularly gracious, and expressed himself in the kindest and most gratifying terms with reference to the great man whom we have all so much reason to lament.

MEMOIRS.

"Assured by facts rather than by words that the Government had no intention of blaming me either for leaving Constantinople or for returning to England without orders, I felt nevertheless a natural curiosity to know what impression had been made at the Admiralty by Sir Edward Codrington's reports. Sir George Cockburn was then high in office at that department and to him I addressed my inquiry. On the first intimation of my object he exclaimed, 'You need not give yourself any trouble about the matter. We understand perfectly well how it all happened: referring to the battle of Navarino, and implying that the responsibility of that

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event and its consequences lay in no degree either on me or my colleagues. This was sufficient for my satisfaction, and having no wish to raise any question respecting the late communications between Sir Edward and myself I said no more.

"The Government had plenty on their hands, and the suspension of our relations with Turkey was not the least embarrassing of those questions which lay open to public criticism and to Parliamentary discussion. The state of affairs in the Levant was further complicated by the conduct of Russia. That Power had taken advantage of a very injudicious manifesto proceeding from the Sultan Mahmud to declare war against the Porte. The right of Russia to resort to so extreme a measure under her existing engagements with France and England might well be questioned. The Turkish declaration was occasioned by the occurrences which had followed successively upon the signature of the triple convention respecting Greece. Though it told more pointedly and with a stronger practical effect upon Russian interests than upon those of England or France, that difference was a mere natural result of the peculiar relations, whether territorial or political, in which Russia stood towards Turkey, and the Treaty under which the three sovereigns were acting together contained a special clause to preclude every one of them from turning it to the account of his own particular interests. It was said at the time that the Emperor Nicholas had offered to act on behalf of the Alliance even in giving effect to his hostile intentions against Turkey, and had the offer been accepted, the Allies would have been clearly entitled to exercise a joint control over the terms of any pacific settlement. But England and probably France were not prepared either on grounds of policy or in point of fairness to push their differences with Turkey to the extremity of war; nor were they disposed to put the peace of Europe to hazard for the sake of diverting Russia from its purpose at the eventual expense both of Turkey and of Greece. With these considerations in view the Czar was left to take his own course untrammelled by the Greek convention, and it remained to be decided at a later period, whether the three Powers could usefully continue to act for the pacification of

Hatti-Sherif: 20 Dec. 1827. Firman, 18 Dec.

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Greece, and whether, if France and England were to carry out the Treaty independently of Russia, by what means they could best hope to overcome the Porte's resistance. There was no apparent backwardness on the part of France. I had scarcely left Corfu when General Guilleminot, my French colleague at Constantinople, arrived there. What could this mean if not that his Government looked to a renewal of the negotiations, and expected to bring the three representatives together as before without much delay? In London the Cabinet was slow in taking its decision. Week after week passed away in doubt and silence. At length it became my duty to submit to the Secretary of State what appeared to me to be the urgency of the case. Lord Dudley, in the conversation which I held with him on this subject, received my suggestions with friendly attention, but, judging from his language, I could not boast of having made any serious impression. He seemed to shun the responsibility of a decision, and to prefer waiting for some indication of the Duke of Wellington's views. Finding after a time that further discussion was useless I took the liberty of telling him that in his default I should think it right to wait upon the Duke myself, and so I did, though not without a certain misgiving as to the prudence of the step. If a member of the Cabinet shrank from the hazard of being snubbed, what amount of presumption might not be imputed to me, in form a representative of the sovereign, but in reality a mere agent of the Foreign Office? Something, however, in my heart superior to other considerations prevailed, and with all humility I faced the lion in his den. As far as a courteous reception went, I had no reason to regret my boldness. I repeated to the Prime Minister such arguments and suggestions as I had previously urged upon the Secretary of State. They may be condensed into three or four sentences, and more than their substance would be superfluous here. The battle of Navarino, the interruption to our usual relations with the Porte, and the Russian declaration of war, had given a new character to the interference of the Allies on behalf of Greece. High reasons of policy and commerce required the adoption of measures the best calculated to obtain the original objects

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of the Alliance. Delay could hardly be prolonged without an aggravation of the existing evils. Negotiation had failed; all means of persuasion were exhausted; the Porte had braved the dangers of a war with Russia rather than accept our proposals. Could we leave Turkey to the tender mercies of an enemy whose constant thought was to destroy its independence? Could we give up the cause which we had so strenuously and solemnly undertaken to defend, and present the shameful spectacle of the three greatest empires in Christendom foiled in a most noble enterprize of peace and humanity by the obstinate fanaticism of one Musulman State? Nothing then remained but a recourse to measures more or less coercive, and it was evident that if measures of that kind were adopted, they must be such as would command a successful issue. It would seem that we had reached a point where the employment of a military force could be no longer avoided, and that the two Allies, who were not yet at war with Turkey, had no choice left open to them in reason and honour but to send an expedition, either singly or jointly into the Morea. If England was not prepared to take an active part in the measure, might not the French Government be trusted with its execution, limited as it would be of course by mutual agreement, and supported by the presence of a British squadron?

"The Duke of Wellington did not assent to this view of the case, and stated his reasons to the contrary with that degree of honesty and clearness which was part of his character. My own convictions, however, were so decided that they kept their ground not only against his arguments but even in the teeth of my deep respect for his person and just renown. Such indeed was their force, that I ventured to press them again upon his consideration. My earnestness produced no apparent effect, and I had nothing for it but to abstain from further repetition, and to retire with such reward as the consciousness of having performed a duty may supply."

English interests and credit, as well as the cause of Greece, had suffered a disastrous loss in the death of George Canning. The firm hand and clear eye had deserted the Foreign

1828 Office, and "the measures adopted to coerce the Sultan were timid, desultory, and dilatory. A bold and prompt declaration
ÆT. 41 of the concessions which the Allies were determined to exact in favour of the Greeks would have been the most effectual mediation. When Russia declared war with Turkey, England ought instantly to have recognized the independence of Greece, and proceeded to carry the Treaty of 6 July into execution by force. As France would in all probability have acted in the same manner, the consent of the Sultan would have been gained, and a check might have been placed on the ambition
Finlay, vii. 25 of Russia by occupying the Black Sea with an English and French fleet."

Such is the authoritative judgment of the historian of modern Greece, and there is little doubt that the counsels which Canning urged upon the Duke of Wellington in the interview just described coincided in effect with Finlay's views. He had before advised the blockade of the Dardanelles, and had persistently maintained that nothing less than the visible appearance of armed force would bring the Sultan to the end desired by the Allies. Some allowance must be made for the inevitable confusion of a period of transition, and there is no question that the Duke had a difficult task on his accession to office; but the real obstacle to an energetic policy in the East lay in the character of Wellington himself, and that of Lord Aberdeen, who succeeded Dudley at the Foreign Office when the "friends of Mr Canning" went out in 1828. There is no need here to enlarge upon the defects of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman. The caution or timidity of his foreign policy was seen at its worst in connexion with the Greek question, and unfortunately in Lord Aberdeen he found a colleague at the Foreign Office only too ready to follow his hesitating steps. One of the first acts of the new Government was to recall Admiral Codrington, not on account of his mismanagement at Navarino, but because he had allowed certain Egyptian ships to return to Alexandria with, it was alleged, a number of Greek slaves on board. Into the merits of the controversy it is not necessary to enter, but the effect upon the world in general and the Turks in particular was to declare that England would countenance no

more exhibitions of force. Canning saw the mischief which the step must produce and wrote as follows to Huskisson at the Admiralty :— 1828 ÆT. 41

To Mr. Huskisson, 22 May

Having just learnt that it is in agitation to recall Sir Edward Codrington, I cannot refrain from submitting my impressions on the subject to one whose opinion is the most likely to turn the scale, and who I trust will, at all events, excuse the very great liberty which I thus presume to take.

It strikes me that you cannot under present circumstances take such a step as the recall of the admiral who commanded at Navarino without essentially affecting your prospects at Constantinople. The Turks are *materialists*; they look entirely to facts; they will know that Government is not pleased with Sir Edward, and his recall will encourage their hopes of finding this country disinclined to push with energy the execution of the Greek treaty.

Now I conceive that our best chance of averting the dangers with which the present state of affairs in the East is fraught, consists in our satisfying the Porte of the uselessness of her opposition as to Greece, before the Russians obtain a decided ascendancy in Turkey. If you determine on driving the Turk at once by force of arms out of what is to be called Greece under the treaty, it matters little as to the Divan what admiral you have in the Archipelago. But if the accomplishment of the treaty is to be sought in a combination of less decisive measures, the recall of Sir Edward Codrington becomes I think an act of great and sinister importance. I confess my fear that the most complete combination of this kind will not now answer; I feel convinced that if anything like inconsistency or contradiction be perceptible in your proceedings, success will be impossible, except as a result of Russian victories; and with every disposition to do justice to the intentions of the Emperor Nicholas, it would be alarming to see the whole issue of the business left to turn exclusively on his moderation and self-denial.

Allow me to add that, having no personal acquaintance with Sir Edward Codrington, I judge of his character only from what I read and hear, and am led thereby to infer that, although he may have been somewhat puzzled by the extraordinary circumstances into which he has been thrown, he is too honourable and too high-minded an officer not to execute with zeal and fidelity the express and positive orders of his Government.

The change of policy which followed the death of George Canning is well marked in the words which occur in a letter from Lord Aberdeen to Stratford dated 20 Dec., 1828:—"We may

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differ with respect to the Treaty of 6 July itself; . . . but as the Government have honestly resolved to carry it into execution, *so far at least as they think the country is bound, and as may be consistent with its interest*" &c. In the words which I have italicized we see the difference between the policy of Canning and that of Aberdeen. Canning went into the Greek question with enthusiastic zeal, and wished to carry out the July treaty, in its entirety and to the fullest extent, for the benefit of the Greeks: Aberdeen only thought of executing the treaty so far as he was absolutely bound, and sought to give it the smallest scope compatible with written engagements. The one took up the business with his whole heart, the other merely as an awkward inheritance from a previous government; the one resolved to make a working settlement of the question, the other only tried to get out of it as creditably as he could. How this change affected the pacification of Greece will be seen in the sequel. At present it is only necessary to remark that when the Government abandoned George Canning's vigorous policy, they shewed a singular want of foresight in retaining the services of his cousin. It was not to be expected that the ambassador would at a word throw overboard all the convictions which he had learned by long experience in the East and close intercourse with his distinguished cousin; and the result of employing a bold plenipotentiary to carry out a timid policy soon brought embarrassment upon the Government. Had it rested with Lord Aberdeen alone, the Greek question might have long waited its solution. Fortunately for the Greeks France decided to take action. Canning would greatly have preferred a joint descent upon Greece, but a French army in the Morea was better than nothing.

To Lord Aberdeen, 18 Aug.

MEMOIRS.

"The struggle of parties in France was evidently coming to a crisis. The ministers were brought to a deadlock in the Chambers by an Opposition strong enough to defeat their measures, but not capable of taking their places. No one could doubt that the King was drifting fast towards the necessity of risking a *coup d'état*, which his personal character would make even more than usually perilous. His Majesty was nevertheless inclined, if not from policy, at least by senti-

ment, to send an army into the Morea with the view of compelling Ibrahim Pasha to withdraw his Egyptians from that peninsula. Finally he made up his mind either to take the whole charge upon himself, or to operate by means of a combined expedition—French and English together. The former alternative appears to have met with the Duke of Wellington's approval, and Marshal Maison was appointed to command the force,—popularly rated at 20,000 men,—which his Government selected for the service in question. 1828 — — ÆT. 41

"While France, in the name of the three Allies, thus flung her aegis over the Greek insurrection, mangled but not crushed, the representatives of those Powers were directed to meet on the same theatre, and there, after consulting with the local authorities, to draw up a plan for the settlement of Greece, which, if adopted by the Conference in London, might become the subject of a friendly and conclusive negotiation with the Porte.

"Identical instructions were framed to authorize our joint deliberations. Beyond that we were left at liberty, in the hope, no doubt, that our personal opinions would so far agree as to furnish terms for the desired pacification." *Papers rel. to the affairs of Greece*, 1831, pp. 88, 105

These instructions were of the vaguest possible description. The plenipotentiaries were in fact left perfectly untrammelled by precise directions, which the Government, or rather the Conference of Allies sitting in London, practically admitted its incompetence to provide, in its state of ignorance concerning the condition of Greece. The plenipotentiaries were to investigate and determine the various questions on the spot. The principal points to be settled were the tribute to be paid by the new Greek State to the Sultan, the compensation to be made to the ousted Turkish landholders, the amount of control to be exercised by the Porte over the appointment of the Greek government, and most important of all the delimitation of the frontier. On this last head the Government gave no opinion; four widely different frontiers were mentioned as having been put forward, one of which was drawn as far north as from the Gulf of Volo to the mouth of the Aspropotamos, while another limited the new Greece to the Morea, yet the Conference Protocol, 2 July, Annex A.

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declared, with singular impartiality, that they all "in a considerable degree possess the requisite qualities," which they took to be that "the frontier should be clearly defined and easily defensible." A hint however of a boundary running through northern or continental Greece was to be traced in a reference to the facilities of delimitation afforded by "deep ravines" and "abrupt ridges of mountains." A "large proportion of the Greek islands" were also probably to be included in the new State, but while fixing an arbitrary line of latitude and longitude within which the insular boundary (including chiefly the Cyclades) might be traced, it was allowed that "some deviation" might be necessary. The main point was to "include a fair proportion of the Greek population who have been in actual insurrection against the Porte." Instructions such as these left the plenipotentiaries perfectly free to draw their own frontier, and the later instructions added nothing of consequence, except a more definite admission of the ignorance of the Conference as to the organization of the new State. It will be seen presently that a good deal turned upon the interpretation of these instructions. Vague as they were they were quite sufficient for the purpose that they were intended to effect—to obtain accurate information on the spot; but if the British Government had meant them to include strict limitations capable of controlling the decisions of the plenipotentiaries, they should have worded them very differently.

Protocol, 24 Sept. Annex A

On 8 July Canning started alone for the scene of negotiation. He journeyed rapidly by Paris, the Simplon, and Ancona, to Corfu, where he spent a fortnight in collecting information and waiting for his French and Russian colleagues. Some letters written to his wife on the way are worth quoting.

9-25 Aug.

To his Wife, H.M.S. *Talbot*, off Zante, 27 Aug.

Do you remember a Sunday which we spent on board the *Revenge* in beating up from Ithaca to Zante with the coast of the Morea and the Captain Pasha's fleet in sight? In that very bay with the Island of Ulysses and Cephalonia on one side, the Morea on the other, and Zante in front, am I sailing now, an ardent sun looking down upon us from a bright sky, a swift north-western breeze pouring from the heights, and our corvette (for it is no more) scudding through the foam, with reefed sails, at the rate of eight knots an hour. But where is our Captain Pasha? where is our admiral? and above all where is the loved companion of my former voyage? We left Corfu

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the night before last after appearing at Lady Adam's party and listening to the best strains which Madame Polila's fingers could elicit from the harp. By the time I had finished my despatches, including two letters to you, it was between one and two in the morning. But such a moon, that Gilbert's shadow looked like a substance as he walked with his hat and feather to the boat, when I insisted on his leaving us. And then a cool row in the general's barge, and then the anchor up in silence, and off with our sails gently filled. This is all vastly well to read in an armchair at Somerhill, but a sea-sick stomach finds little consolation in the beauties of this classic scenery. Observe that I am writing with a new pen ; since the change of that implement, I was forced by the motion of the ship to lie down, and only got up as we drove rapidly into the harbour of Zante, where we are now at anchor, with a swell sufficient to keep us all uncomfortable. Sir Edward Codrington is close by in the *Wellesley*, and Sir Frederick Adam near the lazaretto in his steamboat. The *Dryad* is also here. I saw Captain Crofton before dinner. His ship is at my service; he was delighted (and he really looked so) to see me again; he inquired *tenderly* after you, and was full of eloquent gratitude about his old lieutenant's promotion. The new admiral was obliged to sail suddenly for Navarino yesterday. There I am to see him, and I shall probably shift my quarters to his flag, previous to sailing into the Archipelago.—Spite of sea-sickness I am rather in good spirits at having done a good action this morning.

After entering this bay I went round to a corner on the left hand, near an island called Calamos which you may see in the map, and paid a visit to my old friend General Church, the Greek commander-in-chief. I found him occupied with his army of whiskered ragamuffins in a plain at the foot of a semicircle of lofty steep barren hills rising most commodiously between his troops and the enemy, while a flotilla of gunboats headed by a Greek steamer maintains his communications by sea. We called him out of his hut between five and six in the morning, and had as rapturous a meeting as the formalities of the quarantine office would allow. I had great difficulty in persuading him not to salute the ambassador with the two wretched pieces of ordnance of which his one battery is composed. He seemed to have forgotten that the discharge of so much powder might have influenced the future of the whole campaign.—Blow, blow, blow! It is blowing half a gale of wind with the finest moonlight possible, and I can hardly continue to get on with my letter.—This is Wednesday, and I shall probably stay here till Friday or Saturday. Before I go I hope to send off this with my despatches by *express*. I left my two colleagues at Corfu, intending to follow in two or three days.

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General Church was deeply touched by his friend's visit, and his letter, written the next day, is worthy of his warm and generous nature :—

From General Church.

I cannot help writing you a line to tell you how very sensible I am of the great proof which you gave me of the constancy of your friendship, in coming to ask your old friend how he did in the midst of all the suffering he has undergone for some time past. I think but few events in my life have given me greater pleasure than your visit. It was really the kindest thing in the world; from my heart I thank you for it, and believe me, although I never for a moment doubted of your friendship, that your appearing here as you did, has created in my mind the most powerful feeling of gratitude: for surely if mutual friendship confirmed by long standing is an agreeable sentiment, one ought to be highly grateful to that friend who gives one an opportunity of binding the bond of union still stronger by acts such as yours of unequivocal proof of regard for your friend.

Candila, 28 Aug.

I saw you sail off with *great great* regret, but the hope of seeing you soon again, the conviction that you labour, and in heart, for the welfare of Greece, consoled me in a certain degree, and I returned to my camp with the fervent hope in Providence, that He will crown your labours and my humble exertions with success, and that we may one day or other witness the solemn declaration of the independence of Greece, and enjoy *together* somewhere or other some days at least of friendly intercourse. God send that that happy event may be as soon as possible.

Had you remained longer I should have had an opportunity of giving you perhaps some useful information on the subject of these countries, and I think it is important that I may be able to communicate *verbally with you*, whenever an *armistice* or other circumstance allows me to leave the army—for I can give you information *which nobody else can give* you—important for the interests of Greece and of *our own country*, which no foreign connexion will ever make me lose sight of; keep this in your mind, and act upon it when the time comes. . . .

Your devoted friend,

R. C.

MEMOIRS.

"My next pause was made in the harbour of Navarino. Our admiral was there, and there also I fell in with Ibrahim Pasha. A deep quiet had replaced the thunder of battle, and to a classical fancy it might have seemed that the mild spirit of old Nestor had breathed from the neighbouring site of Pylos over that water-field of terrific strife. It is a magnificent place of refuge for whole fleets from the perils

of the open sea. The island of Sphacteria, so famous in the annals of Greece, forms part of its shores. I passed some days within their oblong circuit. Admiral Malcolm was in command of the squadron. His presence and friendly intercourse with Ibrahim Pasha were forerunners of that peace which the approach of the French expedition promised to secure. The ground was in a fair way to be cleared for the ambassadors and their work. Ibrahim, though coarse in manner, and little scrupulous in war, was not of an obstructive temper. He called upon the admiral one day when I was present. A courteous and hospitable reception brought out his good humour, and the conversation had no savour of belligerent recollections. When he took leave, I followed him to the cabin door, and on passing a swing table, which held what remained of the refreshments, he winked at me and helped himself to a parting supplement." 1828 — ÆT. 41

To his Wife, 5 Sept.

I have just been making acquaintance with Ibrahim Pasha. Figure to yourself a fat short man, sitting like a Christian with his legs down, a large clear blue eye, a high forehead, a brownish reddish beard straggling from beneath a face much marked with small-pox, and the whole appearance, in spite of shortness and corpulency, that of an active intelligent man, full of enterprize, subject to humours good and bad, and eager for instruction. Considering that he is on the point of being turned out of his province, bag and baggage, he was in excellent spirits. He shook me heartily by the hand, and *hobanobbed* with a glass of the admiral's Constantine. I left the admiral to settle all disagreeable business with him, before I made my appearance.

MEMOIRS.

"The French expedition commanded by Marshal Maison was understood to be in camp on the seacoast on one of those extensive bays which lie between the western and eastern capes of the peninsula. It required but little deviation from my direct course to visit the encampment, and thinking it desirable to make a personal acquaintance with its commander I requested the captain of the *Dryad* to go round by that point. Though necessarily brief, my communications with the Marshal were genial and quite satisfactory, nor did I find any reason to regret the delay when our anchor was finally fixed in the waters which separate Poros from the continent.

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To his Wife, The *Dryad*, off Hydra, 15 Sept.

The ship is going round at this moment, and the rocks of Hydra are passing, as in a magic lantern, before the stern windows near which I am writing. Heavens! what a love must be that of liberty when it can be content to breathe on such a spot. Rock and houses, there is nothing else; not a blade of grass, not a spring of water; the wild Aegean at their doors, and a scorching sun, or the keen northern blast tyrannizing by turns. Yet there is a worse tyranny, and that the freeman of Hydra avoids and defies.—This reflection brings me to the sense of an anxiety far greater than any which attends on sultry weather or greasy cutlets. Here is this poor country of Greece mangled and panting, like a frog just torn from the jaws of a serpent, with scarce enough of life in its veins to make it capable of sustaining the preservation so miraculously offered to it. And there is Europe thrown out of its peaceful attitude by the effort of saving the poor victim, and exposed to chances which may prove fatal to its peace for years to come. And, further, there is the serpent, scotch'd but not slain, resigning its prey with sullen reluctance, while it grapples with one assailant and seeks to gain time from the others for scenting fresh means of resistance and oppression. Three ambassadors and the Greek President arrive to complete the picture! Four sapient noodles, duly instructed to cure the wounded, and to pacify the fighting parties.—Now would your Strat. give all that he possesses, save conscience and his E., to effect his share,—which you see is a fourth,—of this mighty work. But alas! it is to no purpose that he beats his brains below in the cabin, and wears out the quarter-deck with arguments and theories; a dark cloud rests on the horizon, and he can neither remove it nor see through it. It would be a comfort to him, to find other people more penetrating than himself; but no—everyone sees the necessity of going on, but no one can discover the end of the business. If he does not utterly despair, it is only that the case is every way so well worthy of a miracle that he may reasonably hope to see one wrought in its favour. Small comfort that the letter of his instructions may be speedily fulfilled, and he be at liberty to leave the scene of disaster. The mischief will in that case be too deep and too wide to admit of being counterbalanced by any selfish gratification.—It is something to be sure that I have lived to see the starved Egyptians crowding down to the beach for embarkation and their haughty chief endeavouring to drown the sense of humiliation in wine and laughter. There is something also in seeing, what I see at this instant, the rock of Hydra, stern and barren as it be, with its opulent houses and busy population, surviving to bless the influence which has saved them from the destruction of Ipsera. I thank God, dear E., for these events, and will endeavour to trust in Him for the issue!

Some hours have slipped away since I wrote the above. It is now past mid-day; we have left Hydra, we are near Poros, having Aegina, and far beyond it Cape Colonna, in sight;—but the breeze fails, it is insufferably hot; our French and Russian comrades are toiling up at a great distance in the rear, and though the port be in sight I know not when we shall get into it. 1828 ÆT. 41

"The war between Russia and Turkey had not yet come to a close, and its effect as to Greece was to relieve that part of the Sultan's empire from any Turkish force capable of acting in the field. The Egyptian troops retired from the presence of the French, and an unconventional armistice prevailed over the whole extent of the insurgent territory. Attica and Negropont were still in the possession of Turkish authorities; but this circumstance, however undesirable, detracted but little from the breathing-time so full of relief to the well-nigh exhausted Greeks and of hope to their sympathizing protectors. Such was the state of our political atmosphere when in concert with my colleagues I had to lay the foundations of a new Greece and to suppress an old cause of disturbance in the Eastern world. The task, in itself not an easy one, was rendered more difficult by the character and position, perhaps by the views also, of the man to whom we were bound to look for information and assistance. Such as they were, the powers of Greece were at that time centred in the person of Count Capodistrias. A Corfiote by birth, a Russian by adoption, a liberal in politics, arbitrary by temperament, with much to conciliate good will and much also to inspire mistrust, he stood like a party wall between the country he governed and those who were commissioned to mature its independence. It was evident that dislike to our interference overpowered his sense of its necessity and usefulness. The failure of our endeavours would have been no disappointment to him. He let out occasional doubts of our competency, and shewed a constant unwillingness to supply those local statistics which he was best qualified to obtain, and which we required for the adoption of a sound and equitable opinion. It became necessary to control the tendency of his mind by some display of determination on our side. We gave a peremptory tone to our requisitions, and for MEMOIRS. Sept.

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my part I did not hesitate to declare that as Venice had been raised upon piles, so would we have papers whereon to build the new state of Greece. Week after week passed away before we could obtain the desired particulars, and during the tedious interval we had no resource but to talk over our respective impressions and to familiarize ourselves with the more prominent features of our appointed work. From time to time a stray officer of note or leading member of council would drop in and open some new source of information as to passing occurrences or the condition and sentiments of their countrymen. Meanwhile the symptoms of returning peace grew stronger with every day, and it soon became evident that a large portion of the French army could be recalled without a shadow of imprudence. The remnant which stayed in Greece after the retirement of Marshal Maison was quite sufficient for any supposable contingency, and the confidence given to France by her allies was fully justified.

To Lord Aberdeen. LV. 14 Oct. Fr. Aberdeen. XXXVII. 18 Nov.

"Count Capodistrias thought it a pity that even this reduced force should remain idle, and proposed to the French commander that it should be employed, together, I presume, with a Greek detachment, in an attempt to drive the Turks out of Athens. The proposal appears to have been accepted, and the language held to me by Admiral Malcolm warranted a belief that he also was favourable to the plan. It would seem that the Count had reserved me for his last dupe, and when I told him frankly in reply to his overtures that I could be no party to so objectionable an enterprize, he threw himself back in his chair and had not a word to say. How indeed he could suppose me capable of giving British sanction to what would have been at the very best an unfair and inconsistent surprize I am at a loss to conceive. Natural enough it was for him, whether in the interest of belligerent Russia or in the spirit of a Greek partisan, to court the possession of Athens, nor would the success of the scheme have been at variance with my personal feelings, but neither France nor England was at war with the Porte. Our first negotiations were directed to a peaceful settlement, and the armistice which prevailed *de facto* spread an ægis of honour

over the existing position of the Turks. I felt no doubt that my refusal would be approved at home, and it soon came out that the French Government had put its own immediate veto on their officer's too ready compliance." 1828 — ÆT. 41

Capodistrias was not the only thorn in Canning's side: the wily President's intrigues found a dangerous echo in the devices of M. de Ribeaupierre, the Russian plenipotentiary. Overtly, the three colleagues were of course of one mind, but in the details of their conferences there were ample opportunities for manœuvre, and the attempts of Russia to assume a predominant position in the Greek question had to be vigilantly watched and defeated. Canning was perhaps disposed to be over-suspicious, but the conduct of his colleagues, despite personal harmony, gave him just grounds for uneasiness.

"I was far from well; the sameness, the confinement, the noises of a life on board ship unhinged my nervous system, and the anxious responsibilities of the position, though shared with others, increased my depression. We had succeeded in obtaining as large an amount of information as we could hope to derive from the country in its distracted condition, and a natural want of confidence in the efficiency of such loose materials restrained us insensibly from bringing our impression to a decisive issue. Weariness at length brought on the desired conclusion. One morning after a night of broken sleep I came to the resolution of calling upon my colleagues to give a formal character to our repeated discussions and preparatory deliberations. Under the pressure of this intention I rose from my cot, and sat down without dressing to give it effect. I drew up a sketch in the form of articles declaring our joint opinion on the several points which had to be settled for the pacification of Greece. They were not many altogether, and those of most importance could be counted on the fingers of the hand. It was clear that the relative situation of the contending parties could only be one of total separation. The limits of independent Greece and its form of government were the questions of most difficulty. MEMOIRS.

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With respect to the latter, would it be best to advise a monarchy, a republic, or a union of Federal States? In regard to the former, what extent of territory ought we to propose for the Greeks withdrawn from Turkish rule and endowed with the rights of a separate power? Was the Porte to be mulcted to the degree of abandoning all that part of her dominions where the insurgent banner had been raised? Or would it be enough to establish Greek independence within the more classical circumscription of Hellas, the Peloponnesus, and the central islands of the Archipelago? Considerations of the gravest character affected each and all of these propositions. The Greeks were comparatively few and poor: how could they support a royal court with all its attendant circumstances? Yet they had need of an imposing authority, of a Government adapted to their wants, their weaknesses, their passions, and their obligations, capable at once of fostering their good and restraining their evil tendencies, of forming them into a community progressive by means of industry and inoffensive on principle. In their existing condition democratic or republican forms were little calculated to secure their internal peace, to conciliate the good will of their neighbours, or to win for them the confidence of Europe. I did not therefore hesitate to recommend a kingly form of government, subject of course to constitutional limitations, not to be drawn too closely at first, but capable of a generous though gradual enlargement, foreseeing, as no one could fail to foresee, that the crown would have to descend on the brows of a foreign prince to the extinction of all envenomed rivalries at home.

"The question of territorial extent was of necessity subject in a greater degree to the will of that Power from whom the sacrifice would have to be exacted. Every state is naturally averse to any curtailment of its dominions, and the Sultan was urged by a religious motive to maintain, if possible, the integrity of his. A cession of territory would, moreover, be doubly repugnant to his feelings when made in favour of subjects to be set up at his very door in all the pride of triumphant rebellion and under the protection of Christian Powers allied with his normal and ever-encroaching enemy.

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If peace and a suspension of the Eastern danger were the chief objects to be attained, we were bound in reason to put some measure to our demands. We were not at liberty to take for our only guides the admiration of Greek genius and a sympathy compounded of religion and benevolence. Such, I felt sure, were the sentiments prevailing in Downing Street, and therefore both duty and prudence appeared to circumscribe my sphere of action.

"In this way I came to the conclusion that if the future territory of Greece included to the north the sites of Thermopylae on one side, of Actium on the other,[1] and to the south and east the Morea together with those islands where a Greek population abounded, as much would be obtained as the London Conference was likely to approve, or the Ottoman authorities could be persuaded to accept.

"The meeting I had proposed took place on an early day. My initial sketch was taken as the groundwork of a more elaborate arrangement. I agreed with my colleagues that we should each endeavour to shape a portion of the articles, and meet again without unnecessary delay in order to compare our respective labours and mould them into one consistent form. This was not to be done in a moment, but still it was done, with such variations as further discussion eventually suggested. The idea of a kingdom maintained its ground. And so did that of a total separation between the Greek and the Turkish populations. The territorial allotment on the contrary underwent a considerable change. The French ambassador gave it as his opinion that the northern line of frontier should be extended to the mountain range which divides Thessaly from the district or province of Zeitouni. His main argument in support of this proposition was geographical, and he was well entitled to attention by his scientific and practical knowledge in that department. He had published a map of Greece, and urged moreover that on the grounds of resources and separation the further line of boundary was desirable. His reasons, I thought, deserved to prevail, and therefore I consented to the amendment for which they pleaded.

[1] He had already suggested this frontier to his Government in 1827.

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"Such was the conciliatory spirit which reigned in our counsels and finally brought them to a harmonious and efficient close.

"It remained for us to submit the result of so much inquiry and discussion to our respective Governments. In performing my share of this duty I took care to make no secret of the materials out of which we had spun our web. I forwarded the whole mass of documents and statistics to Lord Aberdeen with a separate compendium calculated to spare him the trouble of winding through such a labyrinth of details. The articles declaring our joint opinion were, of course, sent in to the several Cabinets."

To his Wife, The *Dryad*, off Poros, 15 Dec.

It is very very late, and I have only just finished my despatches. Such mountains of paper were never seen! But, Heaven be praised! I have at length worked through it all, though it has taken a far longer time than I, or anyone else, I fancy, had a notion of. I hope they will be satisfied at home, though I hardly expect it. They want settlement and peace by short cuts, but it cannot be, and they also want us to stay in the Archipelago. But that cannot be either. We have literally nothing to do here, and not the slightest prospect of good for months to come. I was obliged some days ago to *pretend* an opinion in favour of staying. But my colleagues, though ready of course for the worst, were not inclined to adopt my notions. The poor Russian nearly burst into tears at the idea of a further separation from his family. So, dearest, you see I am not the only good husband in the world. . . .

I have passed but a wretched time of it during the last four or five weeks. Constant and laborious occupation, frequent discussions of no very gentle kind, almost constant confinement to the ship. . . . But thank Heaven! the discussions are over, and the writing is almost over, . . . and if I thought I was going to my E. I should have a light heart—in spite of my heavy eyes after writing all night long.—My general health is such as to surprize me.

MEMOIRS.

"The *Dryad* conveyed me to Malta. We were kept the whole of Christmas Day within sight of that station by a contrary wind accompanied with frequent alarms of thunder and lightning. In the harbour of Malta we were obliged to hoist the yellow flag. Hookham Frere, an old schoolfellow of Mr. Canning's, well known for his scholarship and wit, his poetry and brief diplomatic career in Spain, came alongside

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the frigate and afforded me the pleasure of hearing his eulogium on my departed relative. I was particularly struck with what he stated as to the real character of his friend's intellectual powers. Love of truth and soundness of judgment were, he said, the main features of that mind, and not the remarkable brilliancy which had the effect of throwing its more substantial qualities into the shade. He remembered well that in school days at Eton, if some question was raised at any time among the boys, a reference to Canning was proposed as the readiest way of settling the dispute. Such also was the authority he exercised, as I know myself, amongst his nearest relatives, and I can never forget the impression he made upon me when he would sometimes take me out for a walk, and run over the arguments to be used in some question which stood for discussion in the next session of Parliament.

"From Malta I went by the Straits of Messina to Naples, where [presently joined by Mrs. Canning] I passed the winter in much enjoyment of climate and scenery. I had nothing to do with the politics of the country. The affairs of Italy were in a quiescent state, but the temporary freedom from disturbance was, no doubt, due to the controlling influence of Austria. The reigning king, a son of Ferdinand and Queen Caroline, was not a man of active policy, nor did he put his confidence in any minister eager to obtain distinction by the sacrifice of peace and security. The French ambassador was Count Blacas, famous in the annals of the Bourbon restoration, and also for his collection of vases and other relics of ancient art. Our own minister was Mr. Hill, afterwards Lord Berwick, an agreeable, intelligent man, lively in conversation, and somewhat eccentric in his ways. Count Stackelberg, whose wife was the daughter of my old Sicilian friend, Count Ludolf, represented Russia, and Austrian affairs were conducted by another count named Leptovich, who had held similar functions at Petersburg and married a Russian wife. Prince Leopold, destined soon to mount the throne of Belgium, but at that time half inclined to accept the crown of Greece, was also residing at Naples. Upon this subject he did me the honour of asking my opinion, and I told him frankly what I thought. No man, sir, I said can undertake the government

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of Greece without exposing himself to many hazards, and incurring a certainty of much personal privation. The rewards are tempting, but eventual, and they belong to a future more or less distant. Your own heart must decide between these considerations. By accepting you may render a great service to Europe as well as to Greece itself; by declining, you may avoid a sea of troubles, but also miss an opportunity hereafter to be regretted. It would not become me to say either more or less. The whole world knows what kind of decision was ultimately taken by the prince, and it also knows how much reason the Greeks have had to look with envy upon the Belgians. It was thought by many at the time that Count Capodistrias turned the scale in Prince Leopold's mind by holding up to him a dark picture of the proffered kingdom. There may be some truth in this conjecture, but the naked facts were sufficient of themselves to discourage a man who was more remarkable for prudence than for enterprize, and better fitted by his anterior habits for a life of comfortable dignity than for one of rough endurance and anxious adventure."

To H. G. Knight, March

We are amusing ourselves as well as we can with excursions in the mornings and with a fair proportion of amusements in the evenings. The Carnival which expired a few days ago is reckoned to have been a dull one, but I thank Heaven for one that it was not more animated. The Court has done nothing in the way of entertainments since its return from a hunting party, or rather a shooting party, to Pesaro, where his Majesty, I am bound in gratitude to mention, sent me a *cinghiale* (I avoid the word boar) of the Queen's or his own despatching.—Prince Leopold gave an extempore ball in honour of the King of Bavaria yesterday week. The princely host and the royal guest have both taken their departure since.—Another ball, which if given in London would have made the paragraphs in the *Morning Post* ring again, was a compliment paid by the English residents to the Admiral and his officers. Yesterday we dined with one of the most amiable and intelligent young princesses in Europe, to wit the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia. The interest which she excites is not of that kind which belongs to mere imperial personages. She dares to be natural and animated in spite of etiquette.

The various questions connected with the new state of Greece had been settled by the Poros Conference, on the

whole, to the satisfaction of the Greeks, and the settlement would doubtless be adopted by the superior Conference in London. It remained to give effect to this decision by obtaining the assent of the Porte. Overtures had already been made by the Reis Efendi and the Seraskier of Rumelia, and letters had passed between them and the plenipotentiaries of Poros, and also the Duke of Wellington. The Duke and Lord Aberdeen were anxious to get the ambassadors back to Constantinople at almost any cost, in order to counteract the effects of the Russian war. It was to the last degree important to prevent the Czar from obtaining the advantages of a predominant position in the mediation on behalf of Greece, and nothing could be done till the English and French ambassadors had returned to their palaces at Pera. Canning was waiting at Naples to learn the result of the communications then passing between the Porte and the Allied Courts. Should the Sultan admit the mediation under the Treaty of London, and proclaim an armistice—the necessary preliminary to pacification—a return to Constantinople would be the consequence. 1829 ÆT. 42

It was not however his fate to return immediately to the Porte. A serious misunderstanding had arisen between the ambassador and his chief, the Foreign Secretary. On two important points Canning was at variance with the Government, and there was also a personal disagreement with Lord Aberdeen. The island of Candia had been blockaded by the allied squadrons to prevent the Egyptians using it as a depôt. Lord Aberdeen and the London Conference considered that in the then state of affairs, the Egyptian army having returned to Alexandria, we had no right to continue the blockade, and gave instructions accordingly. Candia was to be definitely excluded from the negotiations. The plenipotentiaries at Poros, better acquainted with the true state of the island, where a deadly struggle was going on between the Turks in the fortresses and the Greeks in the plains, considered that the immediate raising of the blockade would lead to the destruction of the Greek population. Believing that the home authorities would never have issued their instructions if they had been in possession of the facts, they post- 15 Oct. XXXVI. 28 Oct. 1828

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poned their execution, and merely converted the blockade into a naval observation of the ports. Lord Aberdeen might be justified, after due consideration of the whole case, in censuring this departure from the strict letter of his instructions; but his censure unfortunately was expressed in very disagreeable language. It is remarkable that so mild a man should have adopted so unpleasant a tone in his despatches. His private letters, which generally accompanied his despatches, are friendly and almost cordial; but his official language was such as to irritate to the utmost a notoriously sensitive correspondent.

The question of raising the blockade of the ports of Candia was precisely one of those points which are best left to the decision of competent authorities on the spot. All the ambassadors and admirals were agreed on the subject. Lord Aberdeen, however, was a pedant in statecraft, and could not brook what he held to be insubordination on the part of his representatives. Forgetting the wide latitude allowed to the plenipotentiaries in far more important matters, he was not disposed to overlook their exercise of independent authority in the affair of Candia.

XI. 20 Dec. 1828

On 20 December he wrote in strong displeasure that "his Majesty can never approve of such a departure from positive instructions, upon grounds inadequate at best, but which in your Excellency's case could have no real existence at all." The despatch goes on to censure every proceeding of the plenipotentiaries in regard to Candia, and included some sarcastic expressions which Canning regarded as a deliberate taunt. His reply was a dignified submission to the decision of the Cabinet and a proper vindication of an ambassador's discretionary powers. "I acted," he wrote,

II. 17 Jan. 1829

"on that conscientious principle which I trust has always directed my public conduct during more than twenty years that I have served his Majesty in various diplomatic situations, always, I am bold to say, without reproach, and not unfrequently with the high honour of H.M.'s most gracious commendation. That principle is the furtherance of the public service to the best of my judgment and humble capacity. Nothing can be more foreign to the notions which I

entertain of my duty as his Majesty's representative than to give effect to any impressions of my own when opposed to the decisions of H.M.'s Government conveyed to me in the regular official shape of instructions from your Lordship. But I should really think myself unworthy, I will not say of my present station alone, high as it is in confidence and dignity, but of any place whatever in the trust of my sovereign, if I were to shrink from the responsibility of modifying or suspending any part of my instructions, when happening to be in possession of information unknown at the time to H.M.'s Government and calculated in my opinion to affect materially their views of the question involved in those instructions. It is manifest that every such departure from the strict rule of office must necessarily carry with it a risk of censure and its consequences in their full extent; and I must be content in the present instance to receive with every sentiment of deference and dutiful submission the judgment, however painful, which your Lordship has conveyed to me in his Majesty's name." 1829 ÆT. 42

Unfortunately he was not content with this dignified justification of his conduct at Poros. His temper, which was generally under perfect control in official relations, for once got the better of him. There was some excuse, for Lord Aberdeen's remarks (unintentionally, as it afterwards appeared) cast a very unpleasant suspicion upon Canning's feelings of humanity; and it must be remembered that in all the years during which he had served the country he had never received a single word of censure from Foreign Secretaries of much greater experience than Lord Aberdeen. The latter had not so far acquired a reputation for profound statesmanship, and when for instance he wrote that Austria had from first to last frankly supported the Treaty of 6 July at the Porte, Canning, who had an intimate acquaintance with Prince Metternich's intrigues through Barons Ottenfels and Miltitz, must have found some difficulty in repressing a smile at his chief's simplicity. But though Aberdeen's censure was written in a discourteous tone, Canning had no right to retort in an official paper. The matter was, however, arranged by the mediation of the

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peaceable Planta. There was the less difficulty since the quarrel had been throughout kept on purely official ground. Lord Aberdeen continued to write in a friendly spirit to the ambassador. "It will never do," he said, "for us to go on skirmishing in public while we embrace in private." He steadily refused to commit the objectionable part of Canning's despatch to the archives of the Foreign Office, and eventually the disputed passages on both sides were struck out.

One difficulty had been overcome, but a more serious one remained. The Poros Conference had recommended a boundary for Greece which should be traced from the Gulf of Volo to that of Arta, and this frontier was approved by the French and Russian Governments. The British Cabinet however had made up its mind to limit the new state to the Morea and the Cyclades. How or when they came to this decision it is not easy to determine. The joint instructions to the plenipotentiaries of Poros, as we have seen, while offering no explicit opinion as to the best frontier, admit several lines in Northern Greece, and by a reference to ranges of mountains seem to encourage the adoption of a boundary not very different from that recommended by the plenipotentiaries. From July to November, the public despatches contain no modification of this instruction. The London Conference very properly admitted that it was not in a position to form definite opinions on the matter until it received the report of the Poros plenipotentiaries, and several points of ignorance in the British memorandum attached to the Protocol of 16 Nov. confirmed this admission. Lord Aberdeen, however, very soon began to cultivate doubts as to the extension of Greece beyond the Morea. On 26 July he wrote privately to Canning: "If after all we are compelled to give up Athens, it will be a cruel sacrifice, but I foresee the possibility of such being the case." What grounds he had for this anticipation he does not say, and on 11 Sept. he still admitted that he had no means of forming an opinion:—"I agree with you that the sooner the question is settled respecting Attica the better; because the question of limits is the most important for us to decide under any circumstances. But it is impossible for us to decide that question here until we have your report of your negotia-

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tions with the Greek Government." The Protocol of the Poros Conference was not forwarded to England till December, yet in spite of the "impossibility" of deciding without that information, Lord Aberdeen had made up his mind in November. On the 16th he announced his opinion to the London Conference, and on the 18th he communicated to Canning the positive decision of the British Cabinet that Greece should comprize nothing north of the Isthmus of Corinth, and the improbability that anything (i.e. the Poros results) would induce the Government to reconsider it. It may well be asked what right the English Cabinet had to formulate positive instructions of this kind pending the sitting of conferences with allies on the subject; and even if they had the right, what grounds had reached them to modify the statement often repeated (even as late as 20 Dec.) that they could not decide till they had the report from Poros? Whatever they had received in the way of information from Canning tended in the opposite direction from their verdict. What then was their reason? The answer is clear enough. Fear of Russia dominated their actions, and they were convinced that the new Greece would be, if not wholly under the influence of Russia, at least sufficiently so to be irrevocably hostile to England. They had no intention of making a working state out of the new Greece; they wished barely to carry out the letter of the Treaty of London, and were not inspired by the spirit which had created it. To pacify Greece and put an end to the troubles of the Levant in the cheapest and most perfunctory manner, so as to curry favour with the Sultan and recover some of that influence which the action of Russia threatened to destroy, was all they would attempt. Lord Aberdeen considered the separation of the Morea "a sufficient execution of the Treaty"—he did not say a satisfactory execution, but merely a sufficient one, just enough to save appearances.

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xii.

Fr. Lord Aberdeen, 2 Oct. & 18 Nov. 1828

When such were the intentions of the British Government, the decisions of the Poros plenipotentiaries could only be regarded as highly inconvenient. In a private letter Lord Aberdeen candidly admitted his disappointment:—

I think that a perfectly frank explanation is most likely to remove any unpleasant feelings which may exist at this moment. I will

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confess then that the result of your proceedings at Poros has been very embarrassing to us ; and that it appears to be scarcely consistent with our instructions, and certainly not with our known opinions. At the same time, I am aware that your situation under the Conference was peculiar, and perhaps made it difficult for you to know how to act. However inconvenient the result may have been, you will do me a great injustice if you entertain any doubt of my firm persuasion that you have acted from a sense of duty. I have written publicly what appeared to be necessary ; but it has been with no diminution of personal regard, or respect for your high talents and acquirements. This being the case you will not doubt my sincerity when I at once reject the notion put forward in your last letter to me, of any other person being employed to complete the affair in which you are engaged. I know no person whom I should see with so much pleasure engaged in bringing the whole of this Greek question to a termination. But it is indispensable that we should clearly understand each other before we engage in what may be considered as almost a new work. I may then at once explain to you that it is the intention of your Government to use every exertion to limit the Greek State to the Morea and the islands which have been placed under guarantee of the three Powers. We may possibly be beaten in this attempt ; but whatever may be the private opinions of the minister acting for us, it is clear that we must be able to rely upon his utmost endeavours to carry our intentions into effect. If the desire of hastening the conclusions of peace, or any other motive, should induce you to undertake this commission I shall have full confidence in your determination to lay aside your own views and opinions, and that it will be executed by you with honour and good faith.

Protocol, 16 Nov. 1828 Annex D.

I am happy to say that the prospect of the renewal of our diplomatic relations with the Porte is on the point of being realized. Independently of the overture recently made by the Seraskier, we have received intelligence that the Reis Efendi has consented to respect the guarantee of the Morea, and to declare an armistice, although for a limited time. It is quite clear that the Turkish Government is now prepared to make some sacrifice, in order to secure the return of the French and English ambassadors. We have a Russian plenipotentiary, just arrived here, with full instructions to overcome all difficulties in the way of the settlement of the Greek question among ourselves. You shall know the result of our first conference ; at present, it is not easy to determine whether he really may intend to get rid of all difficulties, or rather to create new ones in the way of your return to Constantinople. In the latter case, he will certainly fail, should the French Government act honestly and consistently. I hope and trust they may do so, but their weakness is most deplorable ; and it is impossible to feel certain of the conduct of a Govern-

ment, the most important resolutions of which are influenced by a paragraph in a newspaper. 1829 — ÆT. 42

I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as convenient; and I beg you will receive this letter as the full expression of my genuine feelings respecting yourself. It must be more satisfactory to receive a direct and explicit statement of this sort, than to be left to gather what is intended from imperfect hints and intimations. You now know the whole extent of what I have felt upon this subject; and I am sure after this understanding that matters ought to go on all the better in future.

The public despatch which accompanied this friendly explanation was infinitely less pleasant. Wholly forgetting that the three ambassadors had been furnished with joint instructions of the vaguest character authorizing them to make inquiries and come to decisions based upon facts ascertained and ascertainable only on the spot, the Government went so far as to cast blame on Canning for coming to conclusions "essentially different from the views of the Government," though, so far as the joint instructions went, upon which alone he was authorized to act, the Government had practically no views at all. His recommendations "augmented the difficulties of the Government," and would "heap fresh disgrace upon the alliance." They even informed him that "the public conduct of every servant of his Majesty must be strictly conformable to his Majesty's pleasure conveyed to him through the responsible advisers of the Crown." It does not appear to have occurred to them that Canning was not acting under the Crown alone, but under a Conference of the Allies, from whose instructions he had not the power to depart. Under these circumstances he had to decide a serious question. Could he continue to represent a Government with whose views he was at variance? Could he consent to undo at Constantinople the work which he had done at Poros? It was obvious that he could not use his personal influence to this end without loss of character. The only possible terms on which he could proceed to Constantinople to recommend the decisions of his Government would be these: That the Allies should agree on a fixed settlement of the Greek question, with no latitude for separate influences, and that he should be called upon merely to act with his colleagues of France and Russia in placing

II. 30 Jan.

1829 ÆT. 42 before the Porte a decision on which he had to express no opinion and for which he had to employ no personal and separate pressure. He placed the position clearly before Lord Aberdeen in a private letter:—

21 Feb. I cannot indeed conceal that I think myself hardly treated in the official despatches, considering the embarrassments under which I was laid, the laborious nature of my proceedings at Poros, and the opening which after all I left for Government to follow up its own views with little additional inconvenience in case it should so determine. I am the more alive to this treatment as I learn from General Guilleminot that his conduct on these points, in which we concurred, has not been disapproved by the Court of France, identified as that Court is with his Majesty's Government in similar views on the Greek question. But I am content to have justice done to my motives, and some allowance made for the peculiar situation into which I had been thrown and the joint instructions under which I was called upon to act.

The point now to be considered is whether my services can be really useful in promoting the success of the British plan of arrangement for Greece, such as your Lordship has announced it to me. My own impression is this. If the three Powers can agree upon the limits of Greece, and issue instructions accordingly,—the three Courts to their respective ambassadors, or France and England to theirs on behalf of Russia also,—I do not foresee any insuperable difficulty. If otherwise, it is clear that there would be a difference between the ostensible and the reserved views of the several parties, and as England would in that case be for the most contracted limits, not only should I have to hold a language at variance with my known sentiments, but the struggle would rest in a great measure personally with me under circumstances disadvantageous to my character and to the success of your Lordship's views. . . . I should not despair of being able to discharge my duty towards Government, provided there were a thorough declared understanding as to limits and positive instructions, provided the armistice be duly declared, and that it be also the determination of the Allies to maintain the complete exclusion of the Turks as residents from what is to be called Greece, with liberty for the Greek inhabitants of the other disturbed districts to pass over into it after disposing of their property within a certain time, and that the whole arrangement be finally placed under the safeguard of a convention guaranteed according to the treaty.

His chief reason for wishing if possible to come to terms with the Government was a desire to see the business to the

end, to do the best for the Greeks even under the disadvantageous conditions announced by Lord Aberdeen; he did not like "to leave the ship while she was labouring." Personally, he had no desire to return to Constantinople. As he wrote to Planta:— 1829 — ÆT. 42

You may remember how often I have wished to break this Turkish chain, which seems to wind about me in proportion as I struggle to escape from it. There are moments, and those not unfrequent, when I reproach myself with the weakness of having surrendered my own judgment to the advice of friends last year. I have worked harder than I ever did before; I have endeavoured in every instance to judge with soundness and honesty; I have suffered many privations —and what are the rewards?—blame and suspicion. 17 Jan.

The unmerited severity of the censure he had received rankled in his mind:—

The difficulty was not diminished by the care taken to admonish me that removal would be the consequence of pertinacity. The world knows little of my peculiar sentiments about diplomatic employment; and the grace of the most benevolent and friendly assurances may be marred by a certain self-complacent tone of superiority, which I most certainly never experienced from any of Lord A.'s predecessors. I do not remember a single sarcastic expression addressed to myself in George Canning's despatches. In those of the present day there is more than one of the same kind which has occasioned this correspondence, and in many of the private communications, with much of good will and fair thinking, there is that tone which of all things it is least easy to brook. Tell me that I ought to smile at this, and I will reply that so I might, if I had not twenty diplomatic thorns running at the same time into the fleshy part of my person. To Planta, 27 March

Lord Aberdeen's reply to the letter of 21 February left Canning no alternative:—

Looking then at that protocol [of 22 March, 1829] which is to serve as an instruction to the English and French plenipotentiaries at Constantinople; and comparing it with your letter, in which you describe the nature of the arrangement, in the execution of which you might, in your own opinion, be usefully employed, I unfortunately find no conformity whatever. The two ambassadors are charged to make certain propositions to the Porte, founded upon the terms agreed to at Poros; but with an injunction to weigh and examine the objections which may be urged by the Turkish Government. No agree- From Lord Aberdeen, 28 March.

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ment whatever exists between the three Powers respecting the limits which they think desirable for Greece, even if such limits could be obtained; while the opinion of the British Government is strongly expressed, and is annexed to the same protocol, that the terms proposed as the basis of the negotiation are in the highest degree improper and unjust. It is obvious, therefore, that any objections made by the Porte will be admitted as valid by the British Government; but it would undoubtedly be too much to expect from you, that you should labour with zeal to destroy at Constantinople, what you had constructed with so much pains at Poros. Yet this will be the main object of the British minister, so far as the question of limits is concerned. But this subject is still more delicate when we consider the situation of France. We have good reason to believe that the French Government still entertain the same feelings which they have formerly professed, and that their apparent agreement with Russia is only temporary. It is obvious, however, that if they return to their former opinion, it must be in consequence of the decision of the British Government; and that the British minister at Constantinople must take the lead in every question connected with the restriction of the limits of Greece.

Looking at the terms of your letter, I collect from them that if the three Powers should agree upon *any limits*, and should issue instructions accordingly, your own opinions would not stand in the way of executing such instructions, but that if otherwise, the views of England, from your known sentiments, would be pressed under circumstances disadvantageous to your character. You will find from the Protocol, with the papers annexed, that the real state of the case would be still more embarrassing to you than you have imagined; even without taking into view the very peculiar situation of the French Government. I therefore can entertain no doubt that, according to the conditions specified in your letter, you would not feel yourself disposed to attempt the performance of such a duty as would be imposed upon you at Constantinople. I have thus, in consequence, considered your letter as a conditional resignation of your present situation. It would have been much more agreeable to me to have placed under your view the actual state of the affair, and to have obtained, specifically and finally, your decision. But adverting to the clear statement in your letter, and feeling the urgency of the moment, especially with reference to the French Government, I have thought it best to decide at once, instead of incurring the delay of six weeks, by waiting for answers from Naples before anyone could be despatched from this country. My brother will therefore leave London immediately and will proceed from Naples to Constantinople. I could certainly have wished that the whole of this question should have been

Sir R. Gordon

concluded by yourself, and that you might have found it consistent with your own views to have assisted in the execution of the wishes of the Government, but I am perfectly willing to do justice to the motives by which you have been influenced. Although we have unfortunately differed in opinion upon some parts of this question, no man is more sensible of the great ability and indefatigable zeal which you have displayed. 1829 — ÆT. 42

Canning's reception of this curious epistle was characteristic. "When I had read half of it," he told a friend, "I threw it on the ground and stamped upon it. But I picked it up again and read the rest; and then I thanked my God that the Government did not *dare* to ask me to do such work as they had given that fellow Gordon." His reply, however, was calm and courteous :—

To Lord Aberdeen, 11 April

With equal cheerfulness and unabated zeal I should have been ready to return to Constantinople in execution of the Protocol of the 22nd, if it had been the intention of the Government to press the substance of its stipulations firmly and fully on the acceptance of the Porte. But your Lordship has touched the true point of my objection, by stating that, notwithstanding the apparent agreement in the Protocol, the efforts of the British plenipotentiary will be directed to the accomplishment of the separate views indicated in the British memorandum annexed to it. Nothing can be more clear than that the embarrassment of such a position would be peculiarly distressing to me, who am a party to the opinions drawn up at Poros and since not only approved by two out of the three allied cabinets, but adopted by all three as the basis of their proposals to the Porte. I am besides convinced that under present circumstances the negotiation, to be conducted in the sense of Government, is more likely to succeed in other hands than in mine. In any hands its issue will be sufficiently doubtful; but your Lordship's brother on his arrival here shall at least command whatever information my poor experience in Turkish affairs can supply.

It afterwards appeared that Lord Aberdeen had overstated the case to Canning. The whole point of his conditional resignation was the *bonâ fidè* recommendation of the Poros conclusions to the Porte. Lord Aberdeen gave him to understand that these conclusions were not to be seriously pressed : the British ambassador would be instructed to favour any Turkish objections. That is clearly the drift of his letter. The Duke of Wellington, however, writing to Canning on 14

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July, 1829, positively contradicted this view. "It appeared to me," he said, "when I saw you, that you were impressed with the idea that the proposals to be made by Mr. Gordon, jointly with his colleagues, were not to be pressed *bonâ fide* in the first instance upon the Porte. Such however is distinctly the fact." It was only in the case, "not now probable," of the Porte's rejecting those proposals, that the special views of the Government would be urged. If the Prime Minister was right, the condition named by Canning had not occurred, and his resignation depending thereon ought not to have been summarily accepted, in favour of Lord Aberdeen's brother. The course of events, however, seems to support the Foreign Secretary's view, though Canning always held that he had been deceived in the matter.

The double policy of the Government caused him unbounded astonishment. Writing to Planta on 12 April, he said:—

Naples, 12 April

I am wholly at a loss to comprehend the line which has been adopted in the last Conference. One thing is clear, that the settlement of the Greek question is made to depend entirely upon the turn of the approaching campaign between Russia and Turkey. I had hoped, on the contrary, that it would have been so settled or at least so much advanced as to have facilitated the restoration of peace between those Powers. It really seems to me that the three parties to the existing Conference are now so placed as to have the strongest possible motives as well as fair room for acting in direct opposition to the views of Government, which is sure of nothing but getting back the ambassadors to Constantinople. Upon my honour the absurdity strikes me so forcibly, that I cannot give credit to my own judgment upon it. Yet it is remarkable that the French here take the same view of it, to say nothing of the Russians. Even Dawkins, writing to me the other day in ignorance of all this, said, You may depend upon it, that Greece will be extended, in spite of what you say, to the limits which you recommended. The circumstances in favour of this are so strong, that I am only prevented from writing again officially to Lord Aberdeen upon the whole question by the conviction that no representations of mine can prevail against the opinions so unfortunately taken up at the Treasury.

To Jos. Planta, Naples, 27 April

The true object of regret is not that I escape returning to Constantinople to play a double part, to eat up my words, and afterwards either to take part in a wretched result, or to be suspected of

not having been zealous enough in trying to bring it about, but that Government takes such a line in the business as to make it impossible for me to continue the negotiation with tolerable consistency or a fair prospect of conducting it to any issue satisfactory at once to them and to the public at large. I have already told you what I think of the course which they are adopting, but which they will find it difficult to adhere to—and I can only say that I see no reason to alter my opinions. . . . 1829 ÆT. 42

I would at this moment most willingly go to Constantinople, if Government were to find sufficient motives (as I cannot but think they will before long) for acting in a resolute straightforward manner.

The prophecy came true, but not of that Government. It was not until Palmerston took over the command of the Foreign Office in Lord Grey's Cabinet that Canning was sent to Constantinople to carry into effect the proposals which he had recommended all along. In the meanwhile, for nearly three years the Greek question knew him no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KINGDOM OF GREECE.

1831–32.

1831 — ÆT. 44

We must make a leap of nearly three years in Canning's life in order to complete the account of his share in the liberation of Greece. On his return to England he was given the Grand Cross of the Bath, and disappeared for a while from the diplomatic world. Whatever the Government thought of his work at Poros, his friends did him justice. Sir Robert Adair wrote him a very strong letter upon the weak position taken up by the Government, and defended his former secretary with much vigour. The Duke of Wellington was indeed letting his laurels wither very rapidly. People were saying commonly what Fazakerley expresses in the following extract:—

From J. N. Fazakerley, 11 Dec.

I have been reading with great interest and surprize an article in the *Foreign Quarterly* on Greece. My surprize indeed is great at the publication of some of the documents, I will not say greater at the exploits of some of our diplomatists, as I never thought highly of their capacity. But though I am not a great admirer of the Duke's politics, I confess I was not prepared for such an exhibition of weakness and inconsistency as these papers exhibit. It is vain to lament the want of generous feeling, or rather the excess of an opposite feeling, aggravated as I believe it to be by miserable personal antipathies and mean jealousy. But at least we were told that this was to be a man of vigour and decision. I see none of these qualities in the transactions respecting the French expedition, the Russian blockades, and the still more contemptible proceedings respecting the affair of Prevesa and the recall of the Greek troops to the Morea, and, to add to our mortification, the French remonstrate and get the better of us, and even Capodistrias sets us at defiance!

Under these circumstances Canning could afford to wait for the triumph which must come in time.

His long desired opportunity for Parliamentary work had come at last, and he exchanged the dignity and emoluments of an ambassador for the hazardous enjoyment of a seat in the House of Commons. What concerns this phase in his career must be reserved for the next chapter, and the Greek boundary question must be brought to an end—an end, by the way, which was really so far final, that it lasted unchanged for half a century—by Canning's special mission to Constantinople in 1831–2. 1831 ÆT. 44

A very few words will explain what had happened in the interval. Sir Robert Gordon and General Guilleminot had presented to the Porte the proposals of the Protocol of the London Conference of 22 March 1829 with the result that Canning had anticipated. As it was known that England had her own views about the frontier, differing from those stated in the Protocol, the Porte of course insisted on a narrower boundary, and the Morea was agreed upon, as forming with the Cyclades a sufficient territory for Greece. Then followed exactly what any foreseeing statesman might have predicted. Russia having brought Turkey to her knees at Adrianople insisted on the literal execution of the Protocol of March, or in other words of the Poros proposals, and thus acquired what she wanted, the leading position in behalf of Greek freedom. To this move the English and French Governments replied by a counter-effort at popularity—by proclaiming Greece independent and offering the crown to Prince Leopold, who accepted and afterwards declined it. A compromise of a very unsatisfactory nature was arrived at as to the boundary, and Greece meanwhile was torn to pieces by factions. Sept. 1829

"In the autumn of 1831 Lord Palmerston proposed that I should go on a special mission to Constantinople. His object was to obtain an additional extent of territory for the new and independent state of Greece. The line of frontier, which in concert with my French and Russian colleagues at Poros, I had recommended to the London Conference, had not been fully established. Much narrower limits were assigned to the ceded territory by a convention, which had been MEMOIRS. 26 Sept.

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concluded between the three Allied Powers and the Porte. Who would have expected the curtailment to be attributed to English influence secretly employed? Whatever may have been the cause of so faulty an arrangement, it was now deemed advisable to correct it, and the task of doing so was one which not only fell in with my personal opinions, but owing to antecedent circumstances seemed naturally to devolve upon me. Being, however, in Parliament at the time, and taking a lively interest in home politics, I was not inclined to embark in a distant and probably a lingering enterprize. I thought moreover that the chances of ultimate success were by no means promising. I objected, I hesitated, I begged to be excused; but friends were urgent that I should accept, and my own conscience suggested that the cause of Greece had further claims on my exertions.

"While the question was still in suspense, Sir Robert Gordon, who had succeeded me as ambassador to the Porte, came home on leave of absence. We met, and he made no

9 Nov.

secret of his dislike to my appointment. I wrote immediately to Lord Palmerston, apprizing him of Sir Robert's annoyance, and intreating that the intended mission might be withdrawn from me and entrusted to one who was so much more eager than I was to undertake it. The appeal had no effect, and it only remained for me to comply. I made my preparations accordingly, and, as soon as the instructions were handed to me, took leave and started for the scene of negotiation. At my last interview with the Secretary of State, I expressed a decided apprehension that the terms I was instructed to offer would prove insufficient, and that I should have to bear the vexation of going on a fool's errand. Sir James Graham was present; but neither he nor his colleague could suggest any additional means of surmounting the difficulties I foresaw.

"The cloud thus hanging over my prospect was not lightened by the private circumstances under which I had to set out. My wife's health was a subject of anxiety. On my way to embark in the Channel I went round by her father's country house in Kent, and even now it costs me a sigh to remember the agony of our separation. On reaching Sandgate 16 November, I found the wind so boisterous that, being a very

indifferent sailor, I was not over-willing to encounter its violence. A naval officer happened to be on the spot, and to him I turned for advice. You may cross, he said, but the passage will be a rough one. This decided me, and I went on board at once. The sea was indeed roaring and raging like a maniac. I lay down on the cabin floor, and, wretched as I was, could not but applaud the spirit with which my little packet dashed through the waves, and shewed how iron can vie with wood in buoyancy and speed. It took, nevertheless, the whole space between Boulogne and Paris to convince me that I was not still at sea. The days were now shortening rapidly, though my journey lay towards the south. No cause of delay occurred on the road except the road itself. A heavy fall of snow on the northern plains of Italy only served to make the descent upon Genoa more agreeable. Even there, however, the season was colder than usual, and I have a keen recollection of the bright frosty sky under which I posted on at night from that romantic city, where every house is a palace, and every month productive of green peas.

"I had not left England without taking leave of the King, who was then residing in the Pavilion at Brighton. His Majesty honoured me with an invitation to dinner. In the evening he retired into his library, and I was summoned to attend him there. He evinced a warm interest in the affairs of Greece, and urged me to lose no time on the road; but sleep overtook him while talking, and I could of course only wait in silence till he awoke.

"At Brindisi a small frigate commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Frederick Grey, waited to receive me on board. I lost no time in embarking, and soon reached Corfu, whence I proceeded in the High Commissioner's bark to Corinth, and thence on horseback to Nauplia or Napoli di Romania, the temporary seat of the Greek Government. Mr. Dawkins was our minister there, and I took up my abode with him."

Canning approached the shores of Greece in no very hopeful mood. He wrote to his wife from on board H.M.S. *Actaeon* at sea:—

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To his Wife, 17 Dec.

It grieves me to the heart to say that I hear nothing good of the Greeks, as we approach their shores. No fresh crimes, and that is all. But disunion, and party hatred, and political intrigue carried to the worst extremes. The Scripture expression—"to the Greeks foolishness"—is for ever running in my head, and I am at times half persuaded that they labour under a curse. Most certain it is that in spite of their heroic resistance to the Turks, their hairbreadth escape, and marvellous good fortune in establishing their independence, they do seem to want what is requisite to make a people and a government of them. And there are plenty of enemies of theirs and ours to note and to take advantage of their weakness. What, then, can I hope to do for them? Alas! I dare not trust myself with answering the question, and my only hope is that Providence may possibly choose to glorify itself by employing the weakest of its instruments in effecting the general good.

He was received with enthusiasm. The patriots one and all hailed him as the saviour of their country. Letters from Mavrocordatos, Tricoupis, Zographos, and others attest the delight which they felt at his arrival. He had not come a moment too soon. The dissensions among the leaders and the foreign residents threatened to overturn the new State which had been created after so much labour and so many expedients. It was doubtful whether the country would hold together till the King arrived to take possession of his thorny crown.

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"That part of the Morea which I crossed on my way thither was the very type of desolation. A few scattered flocks of sheep, here and there a ruined cottage or a herdsman's hovel, a stray horse or donkey, some little verdure in the valleys, and a watercourse marked by aquatic shrubs, were the only visible signs of a country either inhabited or capable of habitation. The plain of Argos, as I descended in the evening from the hills, presented a field of greater promise, but the light was too faint for observation, and it had settled into a gloom before the arch of the town-gate of Nauplia echoed to my horse's feet."

To Lord Palmerston, 26 Dec.

Greeks one and all lie, but there is no denying that Capodistrias has pursued a bad system of government. The present Government, which is only provisionally provisional, may possibly strengthen itself

and survive, but if so, I am satisfied that it will owe its existence to Russian aid. Depend upon it, there is far too much of Russian influence here. . . . The face of the country is in a melancholy state. There are some new buildings, and a few of the old proprietors have returned to scratch the soil here and there. But there is a sad want of people and of capital. Yet both would assuredly follow the settlement of the Government; and the climate is everywhere a fine one, and the soil in many places rich, and the inhabitants are clever and enterprizing; and then what noble positions for trade! Let me only entreat you to send the Prince as fast as you can. If he has spirit enough to bear the shock of a first view, and some privations for a year or two, he would soon discover that there may be worse principalities in the world. 1831 ÆT. 45

"The war of independence which left such melancholy traces of its fury had ceased. Turk and Greek were at peace with each other, but Greek was at war with Greek. The Morea freed from its turbaned oppressor was the scene of civil conflict. Two hostile parties were in presence, one composed of the local natives headed by Colettes, whose main strength lay in his mountain followers, of more than doubtful character; the other having the prestige of Government, but also more of the foreign and doctrinal element than suited the wild habits and lawless notions of the Palechairi and their chief. Colettes had served in the court of Ali Pasha of Janina, no very strict school of morality; he was in high credit with the French, and a reputation by no means undeserved for bravery and intelligence gave him a plausible title to their support. The ruling President of Greece was Count Agostino Capodistrias, a younger brother of Count John, who had fallen not long before by the hand of an enthusiastic assassin. His abilities were not of a superior cast, and his leaning towards Russia, though it procured him the favour of that power, diminished what little claim he possessed to the confidence of his country. The influence of England was exerted to prevent a collision between the adverse forces, but it made no impression on the Government, and right or wrong, the insurgents held out for the redress of their grievances. Some skirmishing took place near Argos, and there was bloodshed, but not enough to produce any positive result. Walking one MEMOIRS.

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day for exercise on the road to Argos I met a horseman with blood streaming down his leg. 'What has happened to you, my friend?' said I, and his answer was 'There is war, sir!' —and war indeed there was, of that kind which checks all wholesome progress, without creating any remedial energy. Very sad; but what could be done? I added my efforts to those of our minister, Mr. Dawkins. All was unavailing. The Government, if it deserved that name, had no ears for any suggestion coming from beyond its own restricted circle. Finally, an appeal to the Conference in London was my only resource. I drew up a statement of what I had urged in vain upon the President's consideration, and, after sending it to Lord Palmerston, resumed my journey to Constantinople."

Parl. Papers, 28 Dec.

It appears from the following letter from Lord Palmerston that more had been accomplished by his mediation than he thought :—

From Palmerston, 7 March 1832

The Conference are delighted with what you did in the Morea, and all agree how lucky it was that you should have dropped down there at the moment you did. You seem at all events to have re-established union among the Residents, and I hope that the refractory Ricord will have followed the example set him by Rückmann.

The papers you sent me about Greek finance are curious and interesting, and in these days of deficiencies it is some consolation to see that ours is not the greatest in Europe. But the worst of it is that I fear this Greek deficiency will end by increasing the English one, though I can assure you we shall find it a mighty hard matter, until you come back to help us, to persuade the House of Commons to guarantee a loan of twenty millions of francs for a State whose Rothschilds and Barings have hitherto been only Bowrings and Humes. However we must see what is necessary and try to accomplish it; and at all events whatever you may stipulate for as the price of territory must necessarily be guaranteed. Your calculation of the value of the territory between the two lines, worked out by means of the suzerainté and tribute, is not only plausible but well founded, and shews that the amount to be provided for the Turk is not so great as might have been imagined. Volo and Arta is the line, and should be striven for by all possible means; nothing else will be really satisfactory, though the second line might certainly be considered as a great improvement upon that of Feby. 1830. But you must be so much better a judge of these details from the information which you will have received that it is useless for us here to give you our opinion on them.

"Nothing can be more delightful than the climate of Southern Greece during the months of winter and spring. I allude in particular to its lower grounds,—the plains, the valleys and its gentler undulations. Diplomacy is seldom without intervals of leisure, and I took advantage of those which occurred during my stay at Napoli to visit some neighbouring spots of more than ordinary interest. Argos, Mycenae, and Tiryns belong, as we all know, to periods of great antiquity. The first is now only a name,—at best a 'local habitation;' the second is still distinguished by a few detached remains; and strange to say, the third and oldest has most to shew in explanation of its original purpose and character. It was old even in the Homeric age. The still existing ruin was evidently a citadel, or at least a strong place of defence. It is remarkable not only for its duration, but for retaining a specimen of the arch in its primitive conception, and for the principle of its defensive construction. The elaborate fortification of Vido, the island opposite to Corfu, prematurely taken out of the hands of time by a policy worthy of the day of dupes, was to all appearance only a more finished application of the same idea; namely, a system of covered ways, leading from one standing place to another, each commanding the lower one, and commanded in turn by the highest. With respect to the arch, it seems to have been formed by a gradual protrusion of the upper stones of each parallel wall, till they met inside at the top. In that very curious building at Mycenae, which is called the Treasure-house by some antiquaries, the curvature of the walls all round is brought in the shape of a perfect dome, although the entrance is formed by the ruder contrivance of an enormous stone slab, supported, I think, by uprights of the same material. Napoli itself, as far as I know, is wholly destitute of any pretensions to antiquity. Whether the rock on which Fort Palamidi is built was originally fortified by Greek, or Turk, or Venetian, its appearance is imposing and its strength is considerable. It rises almost abruptly from the shore at the northern extremity of a large bay extending to Argos. On market or fête days people from neighbouring villages flock into the town, and sometimes I found amusement in taking a seat near the gate

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soon after it was opened, and speculating on the persons and costumes of the strangers, who came in successively on horseback or on foot. I was struck with the difference of expression so often perceivable in the Greek as compared with the Italian, or rather the Roman, physiognomy. Both these diversities of the 'human face divine' are generally alike in prominence of feature, in beauty of outline, and also in expansion and lustre of the eyes. But a gentler sort of intelligence and livelier sensibility hang about the lineaments of Grecian cast. In them one may trace, or fancy that one traces, to their fountain-head, those streams of art, of oratory, or of song, which still enchant us in those airy creations which live for us in the ideal forms of a Grace, a Naiad, or a Muse; one may even conceive how the mind which spoke in those of old became in its perfection the cradle of a refining poetry, of an exalting philosophy, of all that Plato breathed into the noblest of languages, or Athens caught from the echoes of her inspired and inspiring theatre. In countenances of Roman type, the dominant expression is more frequently stern, resolute, and commanding. It tells with traditional effect of empire obtained by arms, of civilization extended by conquest, of force rather than persuasion, of Mars and Vulcan more than of Venus and Minerva.

"Enough of these dreams. I must resume my narrative of facts, itinerary indeed for a while, but leading to that serious and not very hopeful negotiation which was the final purpose of my travels. Strong contrary winds were the first difficulties to be dealt with. The powers of steam had fortunately reached the Archipelago, and Admiral Hotham, with all the kindness of his profession, placed a small steamer, his only one, at my disposal. It served to convey me across the Gulf of Aegina, from near Epidaurus to the Piraeus, and again from Negropont by the coast of Thermopylae and between the cluster of small islands, lying off Trikari, to the Dardanelles. The intermediate journeys were performed on horseback. Whether by sea or by land, in the Gulfs of Patras and Lepanto or elsewhere, I visited and saw from a distance many of the most memorable spots in Greece,—Athens the crowning point. My enjoyment of course was great. Past,

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present, and future, stood before me in glowing colours; the memories of ancient glory, the living beauties of nature, the hopes of a bright revival, united to form a picture of matchless interest. It was a moment of social and political transition. Pashas of Musulman faith were still the occupants of Attica and Euboea: their rule however was gone, and the cross would soon be seen on their abandoned mosques. Even at this distance of time I cannot quite suppress my recollection of such a period and its corresponding emotions, but I resist the temptation to dwell upon circumstances which have long passed away, and on scenes which others have described with pens far abler than mine.

To his Wife, Athens, 16 Jan.

This is the sixth time during twenty years that I have been within sight of Attica, but never till now have I been able to set my foot on Athenian ground. Judge of my transports in being at length permitted to gratify this long cherished and often disappointed wish of my heart. Without steam-engines and steam-vessels this could never have been accomplished, and therefore eternal honour to the Wattses and Fultons, who invented these wonderful engines; nor less so to the Sir James Grahams and Sir Henry Hothams, who have sent up one of the worst of them just at this moment to the Archipelago. The remains of the great Athenian citadel, and the surrounding scenery, are quite equal to all that one has heard of them. The spot would have been strikingly beautiful even if Pericles and Solon had never existed, and the objects are so set off by the climate even in this wintry season that nothing is left to desire but the restoration of the illustrious nation which once flourished here, and the revival of the arts and glories of civilization in which that nation was so perfect. The temple of Theseus is the only marvel that has disappointed me. I have been a second time in order to reconcile myself with it, and I am sensible of an improved effect; but there is a narrowness about it, and a lowness of the pediment, which I should not have expected. It is wonderfully preserved. The great temple of Minerva, on the summit of the citadel, is indeed a wonder; not so much for the ingenuity of its construction, as for the combination of massiveness and elegance, the beauty of the marble, and the exquisite finish of the reliefs. You are aware that the most beautiful of these are in London, and do not tell L. B. *on any account* how nobly indignant I felt against her noble uncle for having spoiled the temple of its finest ornaments. I had taken his part a few years before, on the ground of his having intended to forestall the French, then masters of Egypt, and threatening Greece; but when I learnt that one whole

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side of the reliefs was, and still is, buried under the ruins, occasioned by an explosion of gunpowder many years ago, I could not help thinking that the Scottish Earl might have better employed his time and money in fishing these up, than in pulling down those reliefs which were still in their places. A curious discovery has just been made, and I was fortunate enough to meet a French artist who shewed it to me. The temple of Minerva is, as you know, of the Doric order, which we are in the habit of praising for its beautiful simplicity. Think of the ornaments peculiar to it, and simple as they are in themselves (you will forgive my not using the learned names), having been painted over in the most brilliant colours—red, blue, and green. I saw distinct traces of the colours on parts which had fallen down, even to perceiving the tinge of the red, though faded, and it is still more remarkable that the colouring is sometimes placed on the flat parts to give the effect of relief.

To his Wife, Calamos, 17 Jan.

The scene has changed, dearest, since I began this letter. Instead of the Acropolis of Athens to gaze upon from a comfortable room in Mr. François' inn, Barnett and I are looking at each other from opposite sides of a fire placed on a hearth without a chimney, and composed of odds and ends of wood. We have been travelling since the morning on our way to Negropont, and are just arrived in a half-ruined Greek village, looking from the elevated slope of a mountain down upon the channel and opposite heights of Euboea. A north wind is whistling through the thousand crevices of the walls and roof, which present every possible aperture except those of windows and chimneys. The floor is of earth, the seats with the exception of two crazy chairs are of the same material, and serve for beds as well as for sofas; an ass or two are munching their chopped straw in the furthest corner of the room, which is just the space under an old Roman arch, the rafters resting on the top of the said arch, and finding their way obliquely to two low mud-walls, which have two others at right angles by way of complement to the building. There is no ceiling, but a few tiles laid, as may be, on leaves, and Heaven have mercy upon us if it should rain in the night! M. Bernay is busy in grilling some slices of beef for us, and, not being able to make a pancake, as the Colonel suggested, he is calling all the elements to his aid for the composition of an omelet. A report is just come in that the Captain of our Turkish guard is making an indiscriminate slaughter of the garrison of chickens in the place, though our Suliote servant, Nicolaki, says that it is too bad, for there is not a chicken in the village. We have about twenty horses with us, and there is scarcely a peck of barley to be had. "Conceive, sir," says the aforesaid Nicolaki, "there are eighty families in the place, and only fifteen oxen to till the ground!" This circumstance has not prevented the place from being better tilled than any village I

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have seen in Greece, nor does it prevent the men from drinking, or the children from singing. Our eyes and ears give evidence that those amusements are both in high vogue at Calamos, notwithstanding the ravages of the late war, and the still-endured presence of the Turks. Never was anything more desolate than the country between Athens and Calamos. The hills, for the most part bare of woods, do not even give food to sheep and goats, as in the Morea. We saw a few spots near the road, where the ground had been rather scratched than ploughed; we saw one village surrounded by a few olive-yards and vineyards much neglected near the road, we passed through one other half in ruins, and at a distance we discerned two others on the skirts of the mountains. This being the whole result of a day's journey, you may guess what the state of this country must be. I suspect that the population has long been scanty, and the territory of Attica was always in bad repute for its sterility; but the war for independence has no doubt greatly diminished the population, and painful it is to observe that two years of independence have done so little in the way of recovery. The Greeks are now armed one against the other, and we have been advised not to travel without an escort, though I am of opinion that the one or two robbers, lately convicted in this neighbourhood, are not enough to shew that any regular banditti are on foot. We have now achieved our supper, and the Colonel is enjoying his pipe, while our third companion, an officer of the steamer, on whom I have taken compassion because he was the only one left on board when the others went to see Athens, is sleeping on the other side of the hearth.

Canning arrived at Constantinople, on his third mission to the Porte, on 28 January, 1832. He found Stambol little changed, but Pera had been desolated by a fire.

To his Wife, Pera, 24 Feb.

This morning I have had a real walk. I sallied forth soon after breakfast with no other attendant but Mustafa, the janissary, you may remember, who talked Turkish and English too. With him I embarked at the bottom of that funereal cypress grove (vulgarly called the little burying-ground) which you and I have often traversed when the turtle-doves were cooing from the old evergreens, and though we had not the precise identical "boatie" to carry us over the Golden Horn which so often shot us across the Bosphorus in days of yore, yet there was a boat as like to it as one caique can be to another, and there were the very morocco cushions on which we used to lounge, and two out of three boatmen were the same that rowed me, when you (instead of Mustafa) were at my side. Over we glided to the Stambol shore, and walked about from street to street, from bazar to bazar, till I was fairly tired. It is the month of Ramazan

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and the whole Turkish world seemed to be engaged either in shopping or in going to Mosque. Guess what a difference since you were here, when I tell you that I went into the slave market and through a part of the Seraglio Garden without being stopped or questioned. . . . The daily crowds of people in the bazar during this season are very great, but I observe very few turbans and a considerable increase of hats—soldiers numerous in every direction. In other respects the town is very much what we left it in 1827. There are still considerable traces of the great fire which took place in the preceding summer, and though the Sultan has built several new offices, and made the inhabitants in many places give their shops a smarter appearance, the general tendency is evidently towards decay and depopulation. Public buildings, such as fountains, oratories, landing stairs, and, above all, the pavement, are in a wretched state of dilapidation. Barracks and palaces form the principal objects of novelty, and the old tower of Galata is undergoing a thorough repair. The roof is a cone covered with lead and surmounted with a fine gold spear-head. Unfortunately the cone is too small for the tower, so that the whole edifice presents the appearance of a wax candle, somewhat burnt down, which had been put out with an extinguisher taken from a taper. The old Seraskier too has hoisted a new tower, very much like a lighthouse, in place of the old janissary tower which you must remember. As for Pera, it is a perfect wreck, and the new attempts at building are few and small, and of slow progress. I came up from Therapia—or rather down—in the steamer the day before yesterday, and am still under the Consul's roof. He gives me a floor to myself, and the windows of the room I am writing in look out upon the Sea of Marmora, Scutari, and Seraglio Point, Princes' Islands, and the old mountains of Asia. This is always an agreeable prospect, and at this moment it is doubly so, for the weather is fine, and the sun is looking out of a blue sky upon water nearly as blue.

To Lord Palmerston, XVIII. 17 March

The toleration of Christians which he noticed in the bazars had its counterpart in the Seraglio. When he had his audience of the Sultan, he was surprized to find the old humiliating etiquette abolished, and various new and improved features introduced into the ceremony. The guards presented arms to the Elchi for the first time, the Sultan held a friendly conversation with him instead of the old rule of set speeches, and even the staff of the embassy came in for the imperial notice. Such things had never before been known. "The ancient feeling of affection towards Great Britain," reported the pleased ambassador, "has greatly revived in the Court

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and partly in the Cabinet of Constantinople." He wrote cheerfully to his Wife :— 1832 ÆT. 45

To his Wife, Pera, 24 March

I was received very graciously by the Sultan, and with circumstances of more than usual distinction. All the gentlemen with me were admitted into his presence and introduced separately to him, and he gave me a diamond snuff-box and a horse, &c. The box I hesitated to accept, but seeing a look of rising annoyance, I thought it best to take it, subject to the King's permission. I was right in supposing that they were a little afraid of me from the recollection of past circumstances, and I have laboured hard to overcome the impression, and I really believe with the fullest success. So at least I am assured on all sides. You may therefore consider the outworks as carried, but a hard struggle remains for the citadel, and some days must still elapse before I can quite know what to think of it. . . .

Therapia, 26 March

I embarked in the steamer and came up to this place in an hour and a quarter. It was a delightful passage, the air mild, the water unruffled, and a blue sky dappled with light clouds, and spring busy upon the hills, strewing their green slopes with daisies and violets, and bringing out the husbandmen in groups to trim their vines. Along the shore too there were whole lines of people—Turks, Jews, and Christians, in their various costumes, eager to look at the steamer, and amused with the alarm of the boatmen, whose caiques were caught among the waves raised by its passage.

As I am in a boasting humour, I may as well tell you that I have just received a letter from Lord Heytesbury at Petersburg, telling me that the Russian Government is full of praises on account of my conduct both in Greece and here. So it seems that for once in my life I have had the good fortune to please everyone, which gives me a shrewd suspicion that I have done very little good, for when much good is done you may please one party indeed, but you can hardly please all.

MEMOIRS.

"I was now on the scene of action. My colleagues in the approaching negotiation were the Russian minister and the French Chargé d'affaires. The Russian was M. Buteniev, the Frenchman M. de Varennes, both very estimable members of diplomacy, and no less anxious than myself to obtain the Porte's consent to our proposals.

"I have already stated my apprehension that the terms I had to offer, and theirs were the same, would not suffice to carry our point. Swayed by a religious feeling, the Turks

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will never cede territory, except under the pressure of positive necessity. The Greeks are the last to whom they would willingly make a sacrifice of that kind. To sell any portion of the land acquired by their ancestors under the shade of the Prophet's banner is in their view a shame and a sacrilege. Moreover, the amount of purchase money to be paid by Greece in return for the required cession was limited, and of little value but what it derived from the guarantee of the Allies. So deep was my conviction of its insufficiency, that I looked about for some additional means, if possibly such could be found, for overcoming the scruples of the Porte. It happened that just at this time Mohammed Ali was acting in a manner to make him more than usually an object of suspicion at Constantinople. I had heard something of this jealousy in Greece, and fresh information shewed that the fear of danger from Egypt might be expected to work powerfully on the Sultan's mind. The occasion was not to be neglected, and I was fortunate enough to find a secret channel, by which impressions derived from that source might be made to favour our proposals.

"In a quarter of Stambol, called the Fanar, there lived a Greek with whom I had long been acquainted (his name was Stefanaki Vogorides). He possessed that sort of talent which, used with much patient and timid discretion, had gradually earned him a position of some consequence among the leading Turks, and even a degree of influence at the Seraglio. I had reason to believe him well disposed towards the English interests, at least so far as they might tally with his own. I made up my mind, therefore, to throw out a line for his co-operation, but it was necessary to proceed with great circumspection. The slightest alarm given to his timidity would be certain to shut him up, if not to make him a dangerous confidant. A friendly communication took place, and we agreed to meet. His house, at some considerable distance up the Golden Horn, was to be the scene of our interview. I promised to go at night, and he undertook to send his own boat for my conveyance. The night appointed for my visit chanced to be most boisterous. A strong north gale with driving rain blew down the harbour. I had to walk no small

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distance to the water, and then to embark alone on its troubled waves. On board I crouched in utter darkness under my umbrella, and shivered to the blasts that rushed over it. The return was so far better that the wind no longer beat against our teeth.

"My conversation with the agent in question led to a satisfactory understanding between us. He engaged to work in my favour with the Sultan; I displayed a readiness to consult his Majesty's wishes to the full length of my tether. A confidential intercourse under his auspices would be maintained simultaneously with the official negotiation. Secrecy was an indispensable condition, and the port now brought into view could only be approached by delicate steering among rocks and quicksands. On one side, I should have to act independently of my colleagues, whose knowledge of the plan would ensure a failure; on the other, to awaken the Sultan's hopes of eventual assistance from England, without committing my Government or compromising my own character."

The physician of the embassy was employed as a secret go-between, and thus the matter was kept entirely out of the ears of the regular interpreters. One of Canning's letters to Doctor MacGuffog is worth quoting, since we find in it for the first time an expression of those hopes of Turkish reform which afterwards became so prominent a part of the creed of the Great Elchi:—

To Dr. MacGuffog, 30 March

Instead of having my feet in hot water, I am sitting up to the chin in ink. A messenger came in from England this morning and has given me as much to do as my ride hitherto enables me to digest. It is now your turn to be tormented. Let our friend know of the messenger, and tell him that I cannot give him a greater proof of confidence then by sending him the enclosed bulletin. Read it over to him, and if he wishes it, let him take notes of its contents, but I should not like him to have a copy of it.

Your next object,—illustrious Plenipo.!—must be to learn the impression made on our friend's mind by the conversation of yesterday, and to ascertain what he has done, or means to do in the way of reporting. If he seems to wish it, and there be still time, I can send him some notes in aid of his report; but I am inclined to think that he will understand the proper mode of proceeding better than I do.

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In talking of this, you may let out that I had expected rather more from the proposed interview. No want of friendly expression, it is true, but I confess that I had expected something more distinct in the way of overtures, and more of progress towards a settlement of the grand affair.—I repeat that these delays are ruinous. Tell him it is because I want to see the Porte more free to advance his present system of improvement—favourable alike to the preservation of her own power, and to the happiness of her Christian subjects,—that I am anxious for her to lose no time in coming to an agreement with us.—I want to see her in a situation to receive the full tide of European civilization, to enlist the whole force of the country in support of its independence, to take her proper place in the general councils of Europe, and to base her military and financial systems on the only true foundations of security for persons and property. Beg of him to reverse this picture, and to imagine the Sultan wasting the remains of his strength in civil war with Egypt, alienating himself from his natural and most tried friends by rejecting their proposals, making himself unpopular at home by half-measures of innovation, without carrying them far enough to acquire confidence and sympathy abroad, and left to struggle as he best may in the toils which cunning aided by superior discipline has wound so dexterously around him. I say that it would be better for him to revive the Janissaries, to resume the turbans and pelisses of ancient times, and to demand the restoration of Greece. The choice lies between *fanaticism* and *discipline*; there is no middle line.

MEMOIRS.

"Negotiations in Turkey, whether open or secret, are not apt to move by rail. Months were consumed in the two-fold process by which I hoped to attain the desired end. We were deep in July before we arrived at the desired goal, nor did I get rid of the cough which crowned my nocturnal adventure until I anchored once more in the waters of Napoli di Romania, and imbibed the rays of a Southern sun.

"It would answer no good purpose to explore the labyrinth of papers and conferences which encumbered the pathway to a successful issue. They differed little from other negotiations of the day. I stood in need of every appliance to obtain the necessary ascendancy. One cause of difficulty had been foreseen in the outset. The Grand Vezir was employed on special business in one of the distant provinces, and I knew from experience that the Porte would be likely to use his absence as a pretext for reference and delay. I had drawn Lord Palmerston's attention to the circumstance, and obtained

his permission to send a confidential agent to the Vezir's headquarters. Mr. David Urquhart, who was recommended to me on account of his personal acquaintance with that minister, undertook the service, and gave me no cause to repent of the precautionary measure. I found it necessary to take the embassy into my own hands. The exercise of this power was left to my discretion, and though it caused me some regret to supersede the chargé d'affaires, Mr. Mandeville, I could not hesitate to do so in the interest of my negotiation. Turks revolt from the idea of two co-existing Kings of Brentford. A plurality of ships, on the contrary, commanded their respect, and I took care to have a sufficient number at my disposal from time to time. These were precautions of an auxiliary nature, but a stumbling-block of large dimensions lay at my very door. I knew for a certainty that the head interpreter was not to be trusted. I knew it, but could not venture to put him aside; more danger lay in the suspending than in employing his services. I thought it best to have a frank explanation with him at once. Delicacy was out of the question: my opinion of his character was no secret. I told him at our first meeting in so many words that it was unchanged; that nevertheless I would not make a scandal without fresh cause; the sole test of his conduct, in my judgment, would be a success; if my ship went down, his boat should infallibly share its fate. He bowed, and silently accepted the terms. My communications with the Porte continued to pass through him, but of those with the Sultan he had of course no hint whatever. The former took colour chiefly of course from the ministers; the latter had less of outline, but a more substantial reality. In both departments the progress, if any, was step by step."

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To Lord Palmerston, 30 April

I am like a schoolboy looking to the holidays, and shall be more grievously vexed than ever if we do not get through our work before the end of May. Yet who can venture to reckon upon anything like certainty in treating with these portentous Turks? The *second* line I presume we might have at once; but I am unwilling to give up the *first*, as long as there is a tolerable chance of obtaining it. The events in Greece are not favourable to our purpose, and I see by the Malta newspapers that cargoes of shells are going to Egypt

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from England, which will not help us now that the Sultan is given to reading newspapers.

"The Sultan in his way fought as hard with me behind the scenes, as his ministers did with my colleagues and me in front of them. An appearance at least of concession in some particulars became a necessity. I yielded to the pressure so far as to consent that the new frontier line of Greece should be shortened, without receding, by having its termini east and west, at the respective Gulfs of Volo and Arta; the waters of both being thrown open to the trade and vessels of either state. This arrangement, to speak truly, involved a very small sacrifice, and with it, the permanent advantage of a more complete separation.

"As soon as my understanding with the Sultan was complete, there remained the task of making its result acceptable to my colleagues, and working it with their concurrence and with that of the Turkish plenipotentiaries, into the form a regular convention. To accelerate these operations, a little innocent stage effect,—what the French would call a 'coup de théâtre'—was brought into play. In the midst of one of our joint conferences, a messenger direct from the palace suddenly made his appearance, and announced the Sultan's desire that we should agree to that conclusion, which really seemed to promise satisfaction to all parties. Such an intimation could obviously have no binding effect on the representatives of the Alliance, but it created a general inclination to seek the solution of all remaining difficulties, in a fair consideration of his Majesty's wishes. Thus it was that we at length reached our goal. The several points of agreement were thrown into a conventional form, and a final meeting was appointed for signing the document.

"We fondly imagined that the cup and lip were now brought into contact, and that any apprehension of further disturbance would be entirely misplaced. Our place of meeting was an Imperial kiosk on the European side of the Bosphorus, half way between Therapia and Yeniköi. We entered upon business soon after ten o'clock one morning, and broke up at three the next. There was an interval for dinner, and no doubt, the pipe as usual played its part. The

rest of the sixteen hours passed away on wings laden with cavil, expostulation, and complaint. Our Musulman antagonist [Suleyman Nejib Efendi] began by opening a fire of small shot upon our lines. From mere politeness we gave way on matters of no essential consequence: he took courage, and endeavoured to wring more serious concessions from us. Our refusals provoked him; he was reminded that we had met to sign and not to dispute. He declared that he would rather cut off his right hand than put his signature to such a convention. We took the liberty of telling him that if he cut off one hand, he would still have to sign with the other. At last it became necessary to threaten him with the Sultan's indignation. Even the fear of that peril did not immediately subdue him. Weariness and despair at length came to our aid, and the hateful convention received his signature, before the light of another sun had fully risen upon its pages. 1832 ÆT. 45 22 July, 3 A.M. XLVIII.

"Such were the means, such were the slow and weary steps, by which the new Hellas was lifted up to that great mountain ridge, whence the eye of the traveller may range unchecked over the pastures of Thessaly. Six and forty years have closed over that memorable transaction. So long have the Greeks enjoyed the fertile territory, which was then shaken out of the Sultan's grasp for their benefit, and so long have they left the price of that cession a dead weight on the resources of their confiding benefactors."

Announcing the termination of this fatiguing negotiation Canning told Palmerston:—

To Lord Palmerston, 22 July

You can hardly refuse to join with me in swearing at the Turks. No man in Christendom can have an idea of what we have gone through. I defy even a Dutch negotiation to be worse. At length we are fairly delivered from our burden, and if you are satisfied, I shall soon forget my vexation. . . .

My colleagues have behaved exceedingly well throughout the negotiations. We have never had a difference of opinion, and to make up matters with the Turks, we have just been dining with one of the plenipotentiaries, who, in spite of his beard and his Koran, drinks champagne like a Christian.

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In return for this entertainment the British ambassador feasted five or six of the chief Turkish grandees, and then prepared to set forth on his way rejoicing, as he always rejoiced, on turning his back on the "old grinding mill" at Pera.

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"The main object of the mission was now accomplished, and my thoughts were at liberty to prepare for an early departure, but I could not of course embark without taking leave of the Sultan. I was given to understand that my final audience would be confidential, and that the occasion would be used to apprize me of his Majesty's reliance on the good will of England, in case his relations with Egypt should assume a hostile character. [In fact, direct proposals for a defensive alliance were mooted by the Sultan himself in August.] My friend Vogorides would act as interpreter, and a special agent would be sent to London on the Sultan's behalf. These were delicate matters it must be allowed, and I felt keenly the danger of saying too much or too little. In one case, I might cause very serious embarrassment at home; in the other, I might throw the Sultan at once into the arms of Russia. Subsequently, when I had access to the Turkish instructions, it relieved me from much anxiety to find that they tallied entirely with the language I had held. Whatever pledge was implied in that language I amply redeemed, by submitting to my chief the expediency of sending a small squadron to keep watch over the ambitious movements of Mohammed Ali.[1] That no such course was taken may or may not be regretted; but the truth is that Lord Grey, our then Prime Minister, having no ships to spare on the existing establishment, could not make up his mind to apply to Parliament for more.

To Palmerston, cipher, 9 Aug.

"The audience went off as I had been led to expect. It

6 Aug.

[1] The exact terms of the language used to the Sultan conveyed no definite pledge; but Canning certainly expected that some substantial support would be given. On 19 December, in forwarding to the Foreign Office the reports of Captain Chesney, "a very intelligent and enterprizing officer," who, with much "zeal and public spirit," had performed his "useful, voluntary, and unpaid labours" on behalf of a closer connexion between England and India, by way of the Euphrates, Canning also enclosed with approbation a memoir of that officer on the best means to be taken to check the progress of Mohammed Ali in Syria. Chesney was a warm admirer of Canning, and the other returned the esteem.—*Life of General F. R. Chesney*, pp. 189, 348.

To Palmerston, 26 Oct. 19 Dec. 1832, & 15 Aug. 1833

took place in the Palace of Istavros Serai on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. For reasons already stated, my own official interpreter attended me not. The Caliph was extremely gracious. For the first time he received me on his legs. None of his ministers was present. At the close of our political conversation, he caused me to be invested with his Grand Order ; the insignia being his portrait in miniature, attached to a gold chain and set in diamonds. I never saw him again, but the outlines of his character and person, as they appeared to me in his life-time, may here find an appropriate place. It may be said that a sovereign is always sitting for his picture. From me Sultan Mahmud shall have neither malice nor flattery. 1832 ÆT. 45

" Resolution and energy were the foremost qualities of his mind. His natural abilities would hardly have distinguished him in private life. In personal courage, if not deficient, he was by no means superior. His morality, measured by the rules of the Koran, was anything but exemplary. He had no scruple of taking life at pleasure from motives of policy or interest. He was not inattentive to changes of circumstance, or insensible to the requirements of time. There was even from early days a vein of liberality in his views ; but either from want of foresight, or owing to a certain rigidity of mind, he missed at critical times the precious opportunity and incurred thereby an aggravated loss. His reign of more than thirty years was marked by disastrous wars and compulsory cessions. Greece, Egypt, and Algiers escaped successively from his rule. He had to lament the destruction of his fleet at Navarino. On the other hand, he gathered up the reins of sovereign power, which had fallen from the hands of his immediate predecessors ; he repressed rebellion in more than one of the provinces, and his just resentment crushed the mutinous Janissaries once and for ever. Checked no longer by them, he introduced a system of reforms, which has tended greatly to renovate the Ottoman Empire and to bring it into friendly communion with the Powers of Christendom. To him, moreover, is due the formation of a regular and disciplined army, in place of a factious fanatical militia, more dangerous to the country than to its foes. Unfortunately his

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habits of self-indulgence kept pace with the revival of his authority, and the premature close of his life superseded for a while the progress of improvement. Mahmud when young had rather an imposing countenance; his dark beard set off the paleness of his face, but time added nothing to its expression. His stature was slightly below the average standard, his countenance was healthy, he wrote well, he rode well, and acquired a reputation for skill in archery. It may be said with truth, that whatever merit he possessed was his own, and that much of what was wrong in his character and conduct, resulted from circumstances beyond his control. Peace to his memory!

"After my departure from Napoli, the civil dissensions had not only continued, but assumed a more threatening and dangerous aspect. The Conference acting in London had taken my suggestions into consideration, and in consequence of their being adopted, orders had been sent out to Greece with a view of giving them the desired effect. A duplicate of the instructions was addressed to me, and it so happened that it reached me some two or three days after I had learnt from Mr. Dawkins that matters were coming to an immediate extremity between the adverse parties. I had a fast-sailing cutter at my disposal, and it occurred to me on a calculation of time and distances, that my duplicate, if sent on at once, might possibly arrive before the original, and prevent a fatal explosion. Acting on this hope, I earned the satisfaction of learning afterwards that my despatches had reached Mr. Dawkins on the morning of a day which was to have been terminated by the capture of Fort Palamidi and the subversion of the existing Government. The Greeks were happily spared a scene of this perilous and disgraceful kind, but Count Agostino's position was no longer tenable, and his retreat upon Petersburg left no doubt as to the source from which he had derived his political inspirations. On his way to Odessa, he stopped a few days in the Bosphorus. His vessel cast anchor between Buyukderé, where the Russian minister resided, and Therapia, where I was living. With M. Butiniev he was in frequent communication; the British Embassy had not the fortune to receive even a card from the ex-Vice-President. With his expulsion ended the Capodis-

trian Administration of Greece, which at first a necessity, and in its progress a questionable benefit, was finally shaken off as a galling and unprofitable burthen.

"But little remains for me to note. The heats of July had set in when I found myself free to embark. The *Barham*, a magnificent frigate commanded by Captain Pigot, and managed in its details of service by a first lieutenant, who was afterwards distinguished as Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, received me on board. While we were getting under weigh, I was called to perform an act of justice, which caused me no small vexation. My secret intermediary with the Sultan had not disregarded his own interests while promoting the success of those negotiations, which it was my province to conduct. The island of Samos was about to obtain an independent administration, and Vogorides wished to be its governor, with the title of prince. I was heartily disposed to befriend him in this respect, but with the condition that a free constitution should be secured to Samos and its inhabitants. At the moment of embarkation, it came to my knowledge that the prince *in petto* had obtained the Sultan's consent to his appointment and left the Samians to whistle for their constitution. It looked as if I had been purposely entrapped. In fact, it was too late for me to take any counter step. There was no room even for explanation. All I could do was to shew my indignation by protesting, and bundling out of the ship an antique statue, which I had received some days before from my ingenious auxiliary.

"Under this passing cloud the sails were set, and I turned my back once more on the city of Constantine. Napoli di Romania lay in our way, and we sailed up the gulf, but with no intention of making any stay in its waters. A deputation was sent off to me, headed by Colocotrones, and composed of other notables, more or less distinguished by their conduct or position.

"After the usual exchange of compliments and news, I was requested to state my opinion as to what should be the policy of Greece, when left to the enjoyment of its newly acquired independence. My first reply was an expression of surprize, that having worked out their freedom at so much cost, they

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should look to a stranger, however desirous to help them, for advice as to their future course. They were not discouraged by the evasion, but returned more pressingly to the charge. Finding it useless to parry their advances any further, I said, that since they appeared to value my opinion in good earnest, I would not withhold it, more especially as it might be conveyed to them in half a dozen words. Your immediate business, I continued, is to repair the ravages of war, to plough your lands, to build ships, and above all to increase your families. Material prosperity is the true basis of moral and political advancement; institutional securities come in their turn. A strong hand is your first need. They smiled and thanked me, but I much doubt their having given much heed in practice to my counsels, frank and simple as they were. The convictions which then possessed me on this subject have never varied, but the Greeks do not see with my spectacles. Their *grande idée* is a pernicious illusion. The Turkish Empire is not yet weak enough to become their prey, but it may be used as their garden and field of productive industry. Grant them a natural ambition—they must still employ the means required for its success. Efforts beyond their strength, immoral enterprizes, exaggerated pretensions, can only end in failure and humiliation. They have to strike root into a soil, which many stubborn conditions of their present existence concur to circumscribe. They have to gather strength from without as well as from within. Their true policy consists in meriting the confidence of Europe, and cultivating the good-will of their neighbours, at the same time that they give free play to the springs of internal progress, and uphold for their protection the authority of law in all its departments."

He was not, however, deceived by the apparent unanimity of the deputation. Writing from Ancona, he said:—

To H. Parish, 3 Sept.

The compliments and attentions which I received from all sides did not blind me to the true state and position of affairs. Whatever the mass of the population may be, and I am willing to believe it good, there is no denying that the leaders, with few exceptions, are anything but patriotic. No one will make the smallest sacrifice of

his individual interests for the public welfare. The curse you speak of is in their selfishness, and latent activity and courage are rendered useless by this vice. 1832 ÆT. 45

On his return to England in September he was greeted with applause on all sides. Palmerston wrote, "I congratulate you with all my heart upon your safe return from your successful and brilliant mission;" and presently sent him the following official letter of royal approbation :— 17 Sept.

Upon the termination of your Excellency's embassy to the Sublime Porte, I have received the King's especial commands to signify to your Excellency his Majesty's gracious approbation of the whole of your conduct during your official residence at Constantinople, and particularly during the course of the very arduous negotiation which was trusted to your Excellency in concert with the representatives of France and Russia for the improvement of the boundary of Greece. His Majesty considers the success with which that important negotiation has been crowned, to be mainly attributable to the distinguished ability which your Excellency individually has displayed in the conduct of it; and to the spirit of conciliation by which you have been able during the progress of discussions of tedious duration to maintain the harmony of the three Powers, parties to the treaty for the settlement of Greece, and to preserve unimpaired the friendly disposition of the Sultan towards Great Britain, even whilst you were inducing his Highness to acquiesce in arrangements to which, although they were really advantageous to him, his first impressions and personal feelings were naturally repugnant. It is with great pleasure that I find myself the instrument of conveying these gracious sentiments of his Majesty to the knowledge of your Excellency. Fr. Lord Palmerston, 19 Oct.

Hardly less pleasant was the news he received from David Morier of Talleyrand's gracious approval :—

Sitting next to old Talleyrand yesterday at dinner at Lord Granville's, in my new and to me most unexpected character of plenipot., he informed me of the news just received of your complete success at Stambol. I can't express with what sincere delight I heard this *Doyen* of European diplomacy speak with admiration of my old master, and attribute to your sole management so great a triumph in the science of negotiation. From D. R. Morier, 3 July

His friends were naturally jubilant at the happy termination of the mission. Gally Knight, who had been with

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him in Italy when he resigned the embassy because Lord Aberdeen would not do what Lord Palmerston had now authorized, was particularly delighted :—

18 Sept. From H. G. Knight.

I congratulate you also most sincerely on your success at Constantinople.—Few men have the opportunity of so completely reaping the reward of their rectitude as you have had on the present occasion.—I call to mind *our conversation at Rome*, my knocking up your *attaché* at midnight, from a fear that I had said too much to encourage you to adopt the course which you were well enough disposed to prefer—your subsequent adoption of that very course, in spite of all the sacrifices which it then entailed, your temporary eclipse, and now—your final triumph—really it is complete in all its parts—and I have a great mind to write the *Canningiad*, an epic in 20 books, to give it immortality.

MEMOIRS.

"On reaching the old metropolis in September 1832, my wife received me in our newly bought house, with a boy, newer still, in her arms. The joy of returning to a peaceful home was enhanced by the kind approval with which I was greeted by Palmerston. He placed his hand upon my shoulder, and, to use his own words, said, 'Canning, you are the man.' How could I be otherwise than flattered by so expressive a welcome? Yet, strange to say, a few weeks later, while I was still but the length of a single street, and that a short one, from his abode in Great Stanhope Street, he never disclosed the slightest wish to learn what I thought of the Greeks in their actual condition, or of what remained to be done, in order to place the administration of their country on a firm and suitable footing. His choice of a Bavarian lad to wear the crown of Greece had nothing but the rarity of candidates to recommend it. The Regency constructed under his auspices could hardly have been formed of elements more incongruous and unpromising. The character of Prince Otho, which in later years operated so fatally on the interests of Greece, might easily have been ascertained from the books of the Jesuits by whom he was brought up, and without pretending to any peculiar sagacity, I could have pointed out the danger of setting up three Regents invested with coördinate powers. The Greeks had already broken into three parties,

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and they would be sure to paralyze the action of the Government by sowing disunion among its directors, one of whom was to be the nominal chief, *primus inter pares*, an object of jealousy to his colleagues, and himself exposed to the temptation of coveting a more than equal share of authority. There may have been reasons for incurring the hazards of a distracted Regency, but if the measure was unavoidable, the results of that necessity are not the less to be deplored. To say the least, we were unfortunate in what was done for Greece, at a time when its future destinies were in the mould: nor were we more happy in what we declined to do for Turkey at the same decisive period. It followed upon the Sultan's disappointment, that in despair of getting help from England, he turned with open arms towards Russia, and, come what might, accepted the aid of a Russian army encamped within the forts of the Bosphorus, and also within sight of his capital. The ground we then lost was indeed recovered some ten years later, but at no small expense, in the very teeth of France, and even at the risk of a general war."[1]

[1] A small part of this and the four preceding chapters has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for August and November, 1878, and was reprinted in Lord Stratford's *The Eastern Question* (Murray, 1881).

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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